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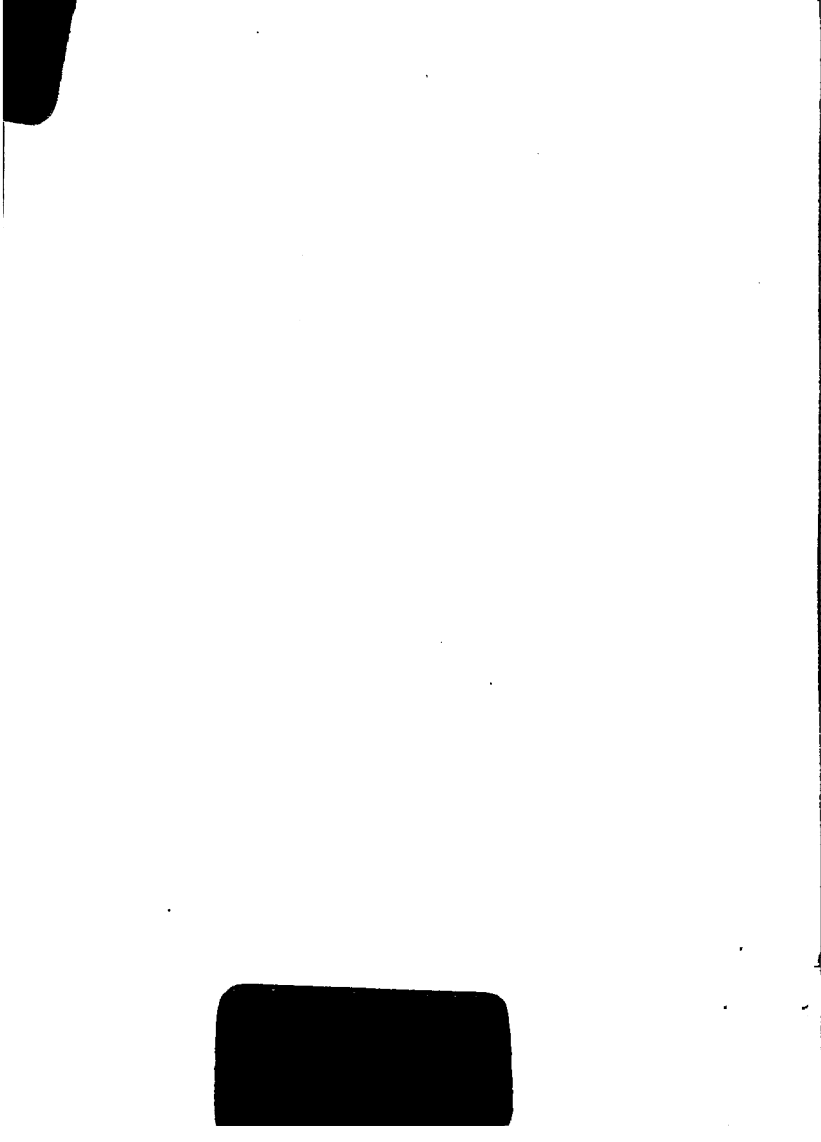
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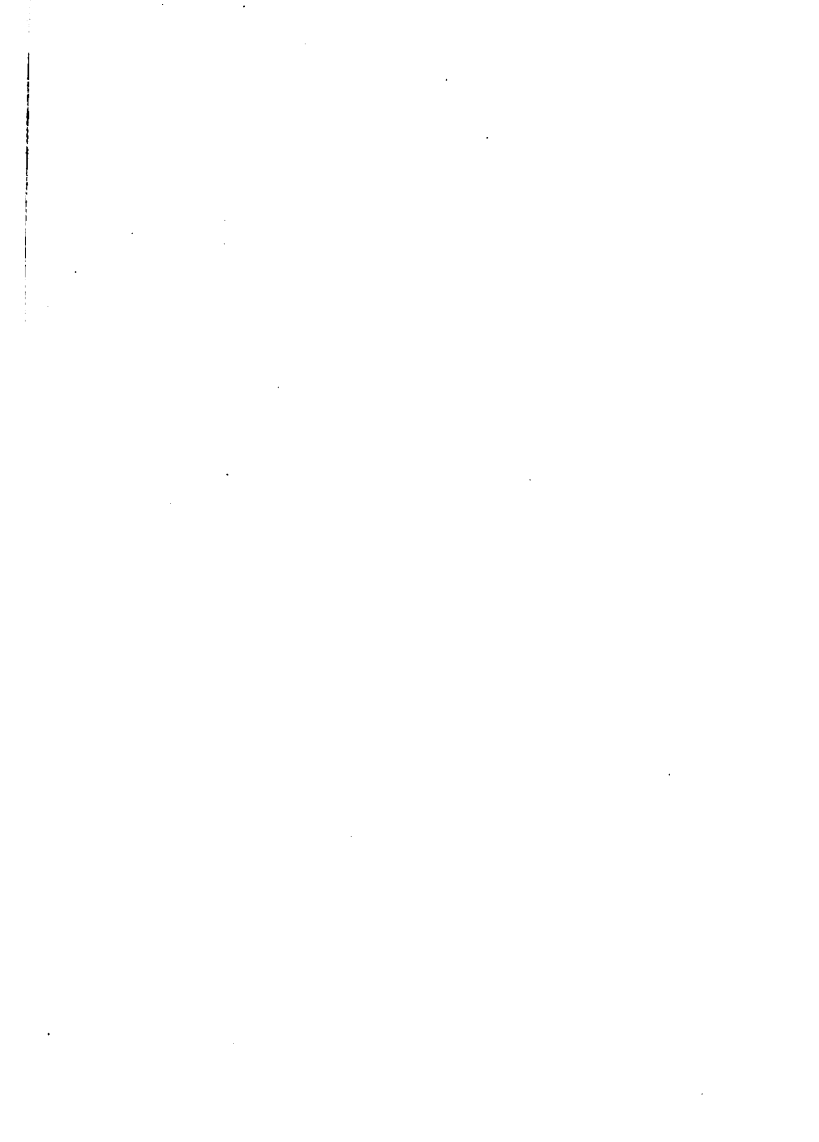


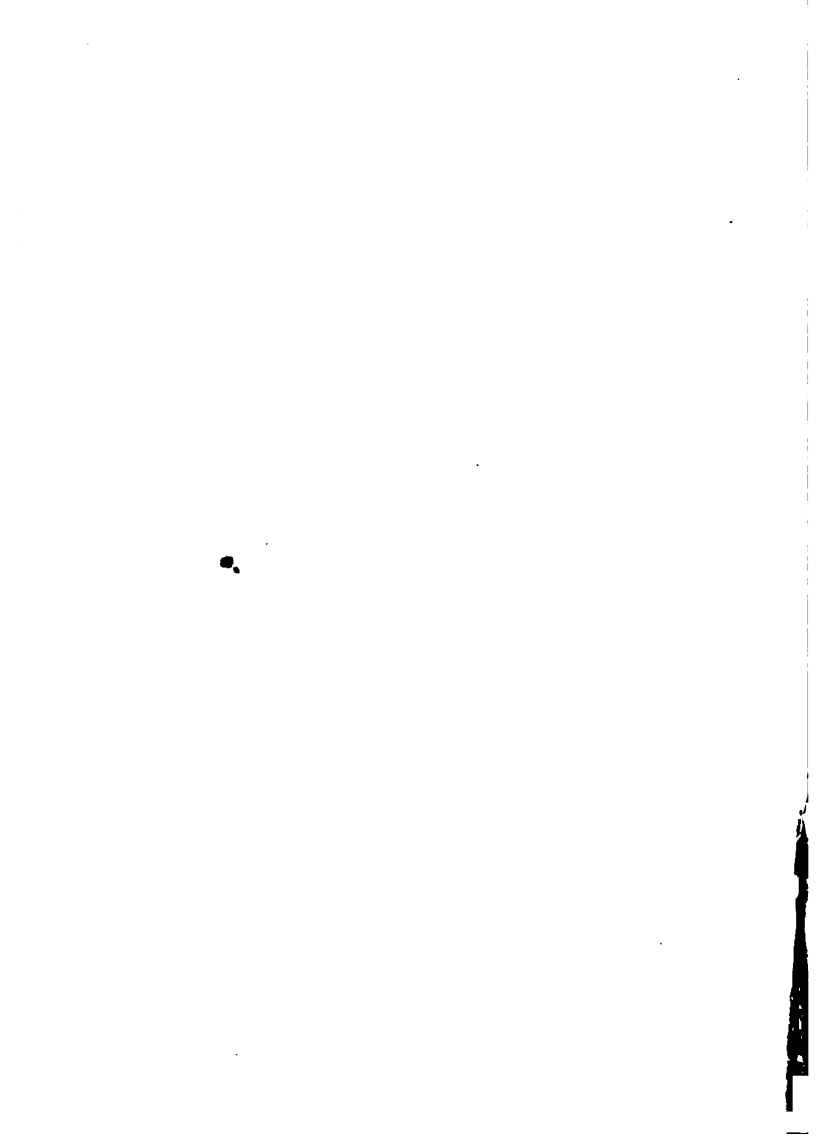
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THE  
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OF

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN THOUGHT.

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VOLUME VI.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE was originally started as a monthly, at ten cents a number, \$1.00 a year, its contents being limited to choice selections from English and continental magazines and reviews, thus occupying a field similar to the old and excellent Littell's Living Age and Eclectic Magazine, discarding, however, all fiction and distinctively light literature, and supplying the very best that they contain, at about one fourth their cost.

In consonance with the maxim, "what is worth reading is worth preserving," a form of publication was adopted with a special view to convenience for reference and binding, and beginning with September, 1880, each issue forms a complete bound volume. This innovation is recognized as being of very great value to real students of literature.

Beginning with the issue for December, 1880, American topics, treated by American thinkers and writers of established reputation in literature, are introduced. THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE undertakes to occupy so high a stand that it shall be considered an indispensable part of the library of every American who aspires to the broadest culture, and desires to keep fully abreast with the progress of American and transatlantic thought. The contents of any volume will indicate how well it succeeds in this ambitious attempt.

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# THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

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VOLUME 6, DECEMBER, 1880.

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## COLLEGE EDUCATION.\*

AN ADDRESS BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

*Gentlemen of the Literary Societies:*—I congratulate you on the significant fact that the questions which most vitally concern your personal work are, at this time, rapidly becoming, indeed have already become, questions of first importance to the whole nation. In ordinary times, we could scarcely find two subjects wider apart than the meditations of a school-boy, when he asks what he shall do with himself, and how he shall do it, and the forecastings of a great nation, when it studies the laws of its own life and endeavors to solve the problem of its destiny. But now there is more than a resemblance between the nation's work and yours. If the two are not identical, they at least bear the relation of the whole to a part.

The nation, having passed through the childhood of its history, and being about to enter upon a new life, based on a fuller recognition of the rights of manhood, has discovered that liberty can be safe only when the suffrage is illuminated by education. It is now perceived that the life and light of a nation are inseparable. Hence, the Federal Government has established a NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, for the purpose of teaching young men and women how to be good citizens.

You, young gentlemen, having passed the limits of childhood, and being about to enter the larger world of manhood, with its manifold struggles and aspirations, are now confronted with the question, "What must I do to fit myself most completely, not for being a

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\* This address was delivered before the literary societies of the Hiram, Ohio, Eclectic Institute, the institution over which General Garfield formerly presided, in June, 1867. It has never before been printed in a form to be accessible to the general public. The freshness, clearness, and vigor of the thoughts presented on the subject of education make it as valuable reading now as at the time it was delivered. Its present publication has the approval of the author.—Editor of the LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

citizen merely, but for being 'all that doth become a man,' living in the full light of the Christian civilization of America?" Your disenthralled and victorious country asks you to be educated for her sake, and the noblest aspirations of your being still more imperatively ask it for your own sake.

In the hope that I may aid you in solving some of these questions—I have chosen for my theme on this occasion:

#### THE COURSE OF STUDY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES—AND ITS ADAPTATION TO THE WANTS OF OUR TIME.

Before examining any course of study, we should clearly apprehend the objects to be obtained by a liberal education.

In general, it may be said that the purpose of all study is twofold: to discipline our faculties, and to acquire knowledge for the duties of life. It is happily provided, in the constitution of the human mind, that the labor by which knowledge is acquired is the only means of disciplining the powers. It may be stated, as a general rule, that if we compel ourselves to learn what we ought to know, and use it when learned, our discipline will take care of itself.

Let us then inquire what kinds of knowledge should be the objects of a liberal education? Without adopting in full the classification of Herbert Spencer, it will be sufficiently comprehensive, for my present purpose, to propose the following kinds of knowledge, stated in the order of their importance:

*First.* That knowledge which is necessary for the full development of our bodies and the preservation of our health.

*Second.* The knowledge of those principles by which the useful arts and industries are carried on and improved.

*Third.* That knowledge which is necessary to a full comprehension of our rights and duties as citizens.

*Fourth.* A knowledge of the intellectual, moral, religious, and æsthetic nature of man—and his relations to nature and civilization.

*Fifth.* That special and thorough knowledge which is requisite for the particular profession or pursuit which a man may choose as his life work, after he has completed his college studies.

In brief, *the student should study himself, his relations to society, to nature, and to art—and above all, in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature and art, to God, the Author of them all.* Of course, it is not possible, nor is it desirable to confine the course of development exclusively to this order—for truth is so related and correlated, that no department of her realm is wholly isolated. We cannot learn much that pertains to the industry of society, without learning something of the material world, and the laws which govern it. We cannot study nature profoundly without bringing ourselves into communion with the spirit of art, which pervades and fills the universe. But what I suggest

is, that we should make the course of study conform generally to the order here indicated; that the student shall first study what he needs most to know; that the order of his needs shall be the order of his work. Now it will not be denied that from the day that the child's foot first presses the green turf, till the day when, an old man, he is ready to be laid under it there is not an hour in which he does not need to know a thousand things in relation to his body, "what he shall eat, what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed." Unprovided with that instinct which enables the lower animals to reject the noxious and select the nutritive man must learn even the most primary truth that ministers to his self-preservation. If parents were themselves sufficiently educated, most of this knowledge might be acquired at the mother's knee, but, by the strangest perversion and misdirection of the educational forces, these most essential elements of knowledge are more neglected than any other.

School committees would summarily dismiss the teacher who should have the good sense and courage to spend three days of each week, with her pupils, in the fields and woods, teaching them the names, peculiarities, and uses of rocks, trees, plants, and flowers, and the beautiful story of the animals, birds, and insects, which fill the world with life and beauty. They will applaud her for continuing to perpetrate that undefended and indefensible outrage upon the laws of physical and intellectual life, which keeps a little child sitting in silence, in a vain attempt to hold his mind to the words of a printed page, for six hours in a day. Herod was merciful, for he finished his slaughter of the innocents in a day; but this practice kills by the savagery of slow torture.—And what is the child directed to study? Besides the mass of words and sentences which he is compelled to memorize, not one syllable of which he understands, at eight or ten years of age he is set to work on English Grammar—one of the most complex, intricate, and metaphysical of studies, requiring a mind of much muscle and discipline to master it. Thus are squandered—nay, far worse than squandered—those thrice-precious years, when the child is all ear and eye, when its eager spirit, with insatiable curiosity, hungers and thirsts to know the what and the why of the world and its wonderful furniture. We silence its sweet clamor, by cramming its hungry mind with words, words—empty, meaningless words. It asks bread, and we give it a stone. It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house. It would be foreign from my present purpose, to consider farther the subject of primary education—but it is worthy your profoundest thought, for "out of it are the issues of life." That man will be a benefactor of his race, who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education. I, for one, declare that no child of mine shall ever be *compelled* to study one hour, or to learn even the English alphabet, before he

has deposited under his skin, at least, seven years of muscle and bone.

What are our seminaries and colleges accomplishing in the way of teaching the laws of life and physical well-being? I should scarcely wrong them, were I to answer, nothing; absolutely nothing. The few recitations which some of the colleges require, in Anatomy and Physiology, unfold but the alphabet of those subjects. The emphasis of college culture does not fall there. The graduate has learned the *Latin* of the old maxim, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," but how to strengthen the mind by the preservation of the body, he has never learned. He can read you, in Xenophon's best Attic Greek, that Apollo flayed the unhappy Marsyas and hanged up his skin as a trophy, but he has never examined the wonderful texture of his own skin, nor the laws by which he may preserve it. He would blush, were he to mistake the place of a Greek accent, or put the ictus on the second syllable of Eolus; but the whole circle of the "*liberalium artium*," so pompously referred to in his diploma of graduation, may not have taught him, as I can testify in an instance personally known to me, whether the *jejunum* is a bone or the *humerus* an intestine. Every hour of study consumes a portion of his muscular and vital force. Every tissue of his body requires its appropriate nourishment, the elements of which are found in abundance in the various products of nature; but he has never inquired where he shall find the phosphates and carbonates of lime for his bones, albumen and fibrin for his blood, and phosphorus for his brain. His Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Anatomy and Physiology, if thoroughly studied, would give all this knowledge, but he has been intent on things remote and foreign, and has given but little heed to those matters which so nearly concern the chief functions of life. But the student should not be blamed. The great men of history have set him the example. Copernicus discovered and announced the true theory of the solar system, a hundred years before the circulation of the blood was known. Though, from the heart to the surface, and from the surface back to the heart of every man of the race, some twenty pounds of blood had made the circuit once every three minutes, yet men were looking so steadily away from themselves, that they did not observe the wonderful fact. His habit of thought has developed itself in all the courses of college study.

In the next place, I inquire, what kinds of knowledge are necessary for carrying on and improving the useful arts and industries of civilized life? I am well aware of the current notion, that these muscular arts should stay in the fields and shops, and not invade the sanctuaries of learning. A finished education is supposed to consist mainly of literary culture. The story of the forges of the Cyclops, where the thunderbolts of Jove were fashioned, is supposed to adorn elegant scholarship more gracefully than those sturdy truths which are preaching to this generation in the wonders of the mine, in the

fire of the furnace, in the clang of the iron mills, and the other innumerable industries which, more than all other human agencies, have made our civilization what it is, and are destined to achieve wonders yet undreamed of. This generation is beginning to understand that education should not be forever divorced from industry; that the highest results can be reached only when science guides the hard of labor. With what eagerness and alacrity is industry seizing every truth of science and putting it in harness! A few years ago, Bessemer, of England studying the nice affinities between carbon and the metals, discovered that a slight change of combination would produce a metal possessing the ductility of iron and the compactness of steel, and which would cost but little more than common iron. One rail of this metal will outlast fifteen of the iron rails now in use. Millions of capital are already invested to utilize this thought of Bessemer's, which must soon revolutionize the iron manufacture of the world.

Another example: The late war raised the price of cotton, and paper made of cotton rags. It was found that good paper could be manufactured from the fiber of soft wood, but it was expensive and difficult to reduce to a pulp, without chopping the fiber in pieces. A Yankee mechanic, who had learned in the science of vegetable anatomy that a billet of wood was composed of millions of hollow cylinders, many of them so small that only the microscope could reveal them, and having learned also the penetrative and expansive power of steam, wedded these two truths, in an experiment which, if exhibited to Socrates, would have been declared a miracle from the gods. The experiment was very simple. Putting his block of wood in a strong box, he forced into it a volume of superheated steam, which made its way into the minutest pore and cell of the wood. Then, through a trap-door suddenly opened, the block was tossed out. The outside pressure being removed, the expanding steam instantly burst every one of the million tubes; every vegetable flue collapsed, and his block of wood lay before him a mass of fleecy fiber, more delicate than the hand of man could make it.

Machinery is the chief implement with which civilization does its work; but the science of mechanics is impossible without mathematics.

But for her mineral resources, England would be only the hunting park of Europe, and it is believed that her day of greatness will terminate when her coal-fields are exhausted. Our mineral wealth is a thousand times greater than hers, and yet without the knowledge of Geology, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, and Chemistry, our mines could be of but little value. Without a knowledge of Astronomy, commerce on the sea is impossible, and now, at last, it is being discovered that the greatest of all our industries, the agricultural, in which three-fourths of all our population are engaged, must call science to its aid, if it would keep up with the demands of civilization. I need not



enumerate the extent and variety of knowledge, scientific and practical, which a farmer needs in order to reach the full height and scope of his noble calling. And what has our American system of education done for this controlling majority of the people? I can best answer that question with a single fact. Notwithstanding there are in the United States 120,000 common schools, and 7,000 academies and seminaries; notwithstanding there are 275 colleges where young men may be graduated as Bachelors and Masters of the liberal arts, yet in all these, the people of the United States have found so little being done, or likely to be done, to educate men for the work of agriculture, that they have demanded, and at last have secured from their political servants in Congress, an appropriation sufficient to build and maintain, in each State of the Union, a college for the education of farmers. This great outlay would have been totally unnecessary, but for the stupid and criminal neglect of college, academic, and common school boards of education to furnish that which the wants of the people require. The scholar and the worker must join hands, if both would be successful.

I next ask, what studies are necessary to teach our young men and women the history and spirit of our government, and their rights and duties as citizens? There is not now, and there never was on this earth a people who have had so many and weighty reasons for loving their country and thanking God for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, as our own. And yet, seven years ago, there was probably less strong, earnest, open love of country in the United States than in any other nation of Christendom. It is true, that the gulf of anarchy and ruin into which treason threatened to plunge us, startled the nation as by an electric shock, and galvanized into life its dormant and dying patriotism. But how came it dormant and dying? I do not hesitate to affirm that one of the chief causes was our defective system of education. Seven years ago there was scarcely an American college in which more than four weeks out of the four years' course were devoted to studying the government and history of the United States. For this defect of our educational system I have neither respect nor toleration. It is far inferior to that of Persia three thousand years ago. The uncultivated tribes of Greece, Rome, Lybia, and Germany surpassed us in this respect. Grecian children were taught to reverence and emulate the virtues of their ancestors. Our educational forces are so wielded as to teach our children to admire most that which is foreign, and fabulous, and dead. I have recently examined the catalogue of a leading New England college, in which the Geography and History of Greece and Rome are required to be studied five terms; but neither the History nor the Geography of the United States are named in the college course, or required as a condition of admission. Our American children must know all the classic rivers, from the Scamander to the Yellow Tiber, must tell you the length of the Appian Way, and of the canal

over which Horace and Virgil sailed on their journey to Brundisium, but he may be crowned with Baccalaureate honors without having heard, since his first moment of Freshman life, one word concerning the 122,000 miles of coast and river navigation, the 6,000 miles of canal, and the 35,000 miles of railroad, which indicate both the prosperity and the possibilities of his own country.

It is well to know the history of those magnificent nations whose origin is lost in fable, and whose epitaphs were written a thousand years ago; but if we cannot know both, it is far better to study the history of our own nation, whose origin we can trace to the freest and noblest aspirations of the human heart—a nation that was formed from the hardest, purest, and most enduring elements of European civilization—a nation that, by its faith and courage, has dared and accomplished more for the human race in a single century than Europe accomplished in the first thousand years of the Christian era. The New England township was the type after which our Federal Government was modeled; yet it would be rare to find a college student who can make a comprehensive and intelligent statement of the municipal organization of the township in which he was born, and tell you by what officers its legislative, judicial, and executive functions are administered. One half of the time which is now almost wholly wasted, in district schools, on English Grammar, attempted at too early an age, would be sufficient to teach our children to love the Republic, and to become its loyal and life-long supporters. After the bloody baptism from which the nation has arisen to a higher and nobler life, if this shameful defect in our system of education be not speedily remedied, we shall deserve the infinite contempt of future generations. I insist that it should be made an indispensable condition of graduation in every American college, that the student must understand the history of this continent since its discovery by Europeans, the origin and history of the United States, its constitution of government, the struggles through which it has passed, and the rights and duties of citizens who are to determine its destiny and share its glory.

Having thus gained the knowledge which is necessary to life, health, industry, and citizenship, the student is prepared to enter a wider and grander field of thought. If he desires that large and liberal culture which will call into activity all his powers, and make the most of the material God has given him, he must study deeply and earnestly the intellectual, the moral, the religious and the æsthetic nature of man; his relations to nature, to civilization, past and present; and above all, his relations to God. These should occupy nearly, if not fully, half the time of his college course. In connection with the philosophy of the mind, he should study logic, the pure mathematics, and the general laws of thought. In connection with moral philosophy, he should study political and social ethics, a science so little known either in colleges or Congresses. Prominent

among all the rest should be his study of the wonderful history of the human race, in its slow and toilsome march across the centuries—now buried in ignorance, superstition, and crime; now rising to the sublimity of heroism, and catching a glimpse of a better destiny; now turning remorselessly away from, and leaving to perish, empires and civilizations in which it had invested its faith, and courage, and boundless energy for a thousand years, and plunging into the forests of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, to build for itself new empires better fitted for its new aspirations; and, at last, crossing three thousand miles of unknown sea, and building in the wilderness of a new hemisphere its latest and proudest monuments. To know this as it ought to be known, requires not only a knowledge of general history, but a thorough understanding of such works as Guizot's "History of Civilization," and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," and also the rich literature of ancient and modern nations.

Of course our colleges cannot be expected to lead the student through all the paths of this great field of learning, but they should at least point out its boundaries and let him taste a few clusters from its richest vines.

Finally, in rounding up the measure of this work, the student should crown his education with that æsthetic culture which will unfold to him the delights of nature and art, and make his mind and heart a fit temple where the immortal spirit of Beauty may dwell forever.

While acquiring this class of knowledge, the student is on a perpetual voyage of discovery—searching what he is and what he may become—how he is related to the universe, and how the harmonics of the outer world respond to the voice within him. It is in this range of study that he learns most fully his own tastes and aptitudes, and generally determines what his work in life shall be.

The last item in the classification I have suggested—that special knowledge which is necessary to fit a man for the particular profession or calling he may adopt—I cannot discuss here, as it lies outside the field of general education; but I will make one suggestion to any of the young gentlemen before me who may intend to choose, as his life-work, some one of the learned professions. You will make a fatal mistake if you make only the same preparations which your predecessors made fifty or even ten years ago. Each generation must have a higher cultivation than the preceding one, in order to be equally successful, and each must be educated for his own times. If you become a lawyer, you must remember that the science of law is not fixed like geometry, but is a growth which keeps pace with the progress of society. The developments of the late war will make it necessary to rewrite many of the leading chapters of international and maritime law. The destruction of slavery and the enfranchisement of 4,000,000 of colored men will almost revolutionize American jurisprudence. If

Webster were now at the bar, in the full glory of his strength, he would be compelled to reconstruct the whole fabric of his legal learning. Similar changes are occurring both in the medical and military professions. Ten years hence the young surgeon will hardly venture to open an office till he has studied, thoroughly, the medical and surgical history of the late war. Since the experience at Sumter and Wagner, no nation will again build fortifications of costly masonry, for they have learned that earth-works are not only cheaper, but a better defense against artillery. The text-books on military engineering must be rewritten. Our Spencer rifle and the Prussian needle-gun have revolutionized both the manufacture and the manual of arms—and no great battle will ever again be fought with muzzle-loading muskets. Napoleon at the head of his Old Guard could to-day win no Austerlitz, till he had read the military history of the last six years.

It may perhaps be thought that the suggestion I have made concerning the professions will not apply to the work of the Christian minister whose principal text-book is a divine and perfect revelation; but in my judgment, the remark applies to the clerical profession with even more force than to any other. There is no department of his duties in which he does not need the fullest and the latest knowledge. He is pledged to the defense of revelation and religion; but it will not avail him to be able to answer the objections of Hume and Voltaire. The arguments of Paley were not written to answer the skepticisms of to-day. His "Natural Theology" is now less valuable than Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator," or Guyot's lectures on "Earth and Man." The men and women of to-day know but little and care less about the thousand abstract questions of polemic theology which puzzled the heads and wearied the hearts of our Puritan fathers and mothers. That minister will make, and he deserves to make, a miserable failure, who attempts to feed hungry hearts on the dead dogmas of the past. More than that of any other man it is his duty to march abreast with the advanced thinkers of his time, and be not only a learner but a teacher of its science, its literature, and its criticism.

But I return to the main question before me. Having endeavored to state what kinds of knowledge should be the objects of a liberal education, I shall next inquire how well the course of study in American colleges is adapted to the attainment of these objects. In discussing this question, I do not forget that he is deemed a rash and imprudent man who invades with suggestions of change these venerable sanctuaries of learning. Let him venture to suggest that much of the wisdom there taught is foolishness, and he may hear from the college chapels of the land, in good Virgilian hexameter, the warning cry, "*Procul O! procul este profani!*" Happy for him if the whole body of alumni do not with equal pedantry respond in Horatian verse, "*Fenum habet in cornu; longe fuge.*" But I protest that a

friend of American education may suggest changes in our college studies without committing profanation or carrying hay on his horns. Our colleges have done, and are doing, a noble work, for which they deserve the thanks of the nation, but he is not their enemy who suggests that they ought to do much better. As an alumnus of one which I shall always reverence—and as a friend of all—I will venture to discuss the work they are doing. I have examined some twenty catalogues of eastern, western, and southern colleges, and find the subjects taught, and the relative time given to each, about the same in all. The chief difference is in the quantity of work required. I will take Harvard as a representative, it being the oldest of our colleges—and certainly requiring as much study as any other. Remembering that the standard by which we measure a student's work for one day is three recitations of one hour each, and that his year usually consists of three terms of thirteen or fourteen weeks each, for convenience sake I will divide the work required to admit him to college, and after four years to graduate him, into two classes: \*

1st. That which belongs to the study of Latin and Greek; and 2d, that which does not.

Now from the annual catalogue of Harvard for 1866-67 (page 26) I find that the candidate for admission to the Freshman class must be examined in what will require the study of eight terms in Latin, six in Greek, one in Ancient Geography, one in Grecian History, and one in Roman History, which make seventeen terms in the studies of class first. Under the head of class second, the candidate is required to be examined in Reading, in common school Arithmetic and Geography, in one term's study of Algebra, and one term of Geometry. English Grammar is not mentioned.

Thus after studying the elementary branches which are taught in all our common schools, it requires about two years and a half of study to enter a college; and of that study seventeen parts are devoted to the Language, History, and Geography of Greece and Rome, and two parts to all other subjects!

Reducing the Harvard year to the usual division of three terms, the analysis of the work will be found as follows: not less than nine terms of Latin—there may be twelve if the student chooses it; not less than six terms of Greek—but twelve if he chooses it; and he may elect, in addition, three terms in Roman History. With the average of three recitations per day, and three terms per year, we may say that the whole work of College study consists of thirty-six parts. Not less than fifteen of these *must* be devoted to Latin and Greek, and not more than twenty-one to all other subjects. If the student chooses he *may* devote twenty-four parts to Latin and Greek, and twelve to all other subjects. Taking the whole six and a half

\* The course and method of studies at Harvard have been greatly changed since this was written (1867).—Editor of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

years of preparatory and college study—we find that to earn a Bachelor's diploma at Harvard, a young man, after leaving the district school, must devote four-sevenths of all his labor to Greece and Rome.

Now what do we find in our second, or *unclassical* list? It is chiefly remarkable for what it does not contain. In the whole programme of study, lectures included, no mention whatever is made of Physical Geography, of Anatomy, Physiology, or the general History of the United States. A few weeks of Senior year given to Guizot and the History of the Federal Constitution, and a Lecture on General History once a week during half that year, furnishes all that the graduate of Harvard is required to know of his own country and the living nations of the earth.

He must apply years of arduous labor to the history, oratory, and poetry of Greece and Rome, but he is not required to cull a single flower from the rich fields of our own Literature. English Literature is not named in the curriculum, except that the student may, if he chooses, attend a few general lectures on modern literature.

Such are some of the facts in reference to the educational work of our most venerable college, where there is probably concentrated more general and special culture than at any other in America.

I think it probable that in some of the colleges the proportion of Latin and Greek to other studies may be less, but I believe that in none of them the preparatory and college work devoted to these two languages is less than half of all the work required.

Now the bare statement of this fact should challenge and must challenge the attention of every thoughtful man in the nation. No wonder that men are demanding, with an earnestness that will not be repressed, to know how it happens, and why it happens, that, placing in one end of the balance all the mathematical studies, all the physical sciences, in their recent rapid developments; all the study of the human mind and the laws of thought; all principles of political economy and social science, which underlie the commerce and industry and shape the legislation of nations; the history of our own nation—its constitution of government and its great industrial interests; all the literature and history of modern civilization—placing all this, I say, in one end of the balance, they kick the beam when Greece and Rome are placed in the other. I hasten to say that I make no attack upon the study of these noble languages as an important and necessary part of a liberal education. I have no sympathy with that sentiment which would drive them from academy and college as a part of the dead past that should bury its dead. It is the *proportion* of work given to them of which I complain.

These studies hold their relative rank in obedience to the tyranny of custom. Each new college is modeled after the older ones, and all in America have been patterned on an humble scale after the universities of Europe. The prominence given to Latin and Greek

at the founding of these universities was a matter of inexorable necessity. The continuance of the same, or anywhere near the same, relative prominence to-day, is both unnecessary and indefensible. I appeal to history for the proof of these assertions.

Near the close of the 5th century we date the beginning of those dark ages which enveloped the whole world for a thousand years. The human race seemed stricken with intellectual paralysis. The noble language of the Cæsars, corrupted by a hundred barbarous dialects, ceased to be a living tongue long before the modern languages of Europe had been reduced to writing.

In Italy the Latin died in the 10th century, but the oldest document known to exist in Italian was not written till the year 1200. Italian did not really take its place in the family of written-languages till a century later, when it was crystallized into form and made immortal by the genius of Dante and Petrarch.

The Spanish was not a written language till the year 1200, and was scarcely known to Europe till Cervantes convulsed the world with laughter in 1605.

The Latin ceased to be spoken by the people of France in the 10th century, and French was not a written language till the beginning of the 14th century. Pascal, who died in 1662, is called the father of modern French prose.

The German as a literary language dates from Luther, who died in 1546. It was one of his mortal sins against Rome that he translated the Bible into the uncouth and vulgar tongue of Germany.

Our own language is also of recent origin. Richard I., of England, who died in 1199, never spoke a word of English in his life. Our mother tongue was never heard in an English court of justice till 1362. The statutes of England were not written in English till three years before Columbus landed in the New World. No philologist dates modern English farther back than 1500. Sir Thomas More (the author of "Utopia"), who died in 1535, was the father of English prose.

The dark ages were the sleep of the world, while the languages of the modern world were being born out of chaos.

The first glimmer of dawn was in the 12th century, when in Paris, Oxford, and other parts of Europe, universities were established. The 15th century was spent in saving the remnants of classic learning which had been locked up in the cells of monks; the Greek at Constantinople, and the Latin in the cloisters of Western Europe.

During the first three hundred years of the life of the older universities it is almost literally true that no modern tongue had become a written language. The learning of Europe was in Latin and Greek. In order to study either science or literature these languages must first be learned. European writers continued to use Latin long after the modern languages were fully established. Even Milton's great "Defense of the People of England" was written in

Latin—as were also the “*Principia*,” and other scientific works of Newton, who died in 1727.

The pride of learned corporations, the spirit of exclusiveness among learned men, and their want of sympathy with the mass of the people, united to maintain Latin as the language of learning long after its use was defensible.

Now mark the contrast between the objects and demands of education when the European universities were founded—or even when Harvard was founded—and its demands at the present time. We have a family of modern languages almost equal in force and perfection to the classic tongues, and a modern literature, which, if less perfect in æsthetic form than the ancient, is immeasurably richer in truth, and is filled with the noblest and bravest thoughts of the world. When the universities were founded, modern science was not born. Scarcely a generation has passed since then without adding some new science to the circle of knowledge. As late as 1809 the *Edinburgh Review* declared that “lectures upon Political Economy would be discouraged in Oxford, probably despised, probably not permitted.” At a much later date, there was no text-book in the United States on that subject. The claims of Latin and Greek to the chief place in the curriculum, have been gradually growing less, and the importance of other knowledge has been constantly increasing; but the colleges have generally opposed all innovations and still cling to the old ways with stubborn conservatism. Some concessions, however, have been made to the necessities of the times, both in Europe and America. Harvard would hardly venture to enforce its law (which prevailed long after Cotton Mather’s day) forbidding its students to speak English within the college limits, under any pretext whatever; and British Cantabs have had their task of composing hexameters in bad Latin reduced by a few thousand verses during the last century.

It costs me a struggle to say anything on this subject which may be regarded with favor by those who would reject the classics altogether, for I have read them and taught them with a pleasure and relish which few other pursuits have ever afforded me. But I am persuaded that their supporters must soon submit to a readjustment of their relations to college study, or they may be driven from the course altogether. There are most weighty reasons why Latin and Greek should be retained as part of a liberal education. He who would study our own language profoundly must not forget that nearly thirty per cent of its words are of Latin origin—that the study of Latin is the study of Universal Grammar, and renders the acquisition of any modern language an easy task, and is indispensable to the teacher of language and literature, and to other professional men.

Greek is, perhaps, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never been equaled in purity



of style and boldness of expression. As a means of intellectual discipline its value can hardly be overestimated. To take a long and complicated sentence in Greek—to study each word in its meanings, inflections and relations, and to build up in the mind, out of these polished materials, a sentence, perfect as a temple, and filled with Greek thought which has dwelt there two thousand years, is almost an act of creation; it calls into activity all the faculties of the mind.

That the Christian oracles have come down to us in Greek, will make Greek scholars forever a necessity.

These studies, then, should not be neglected; they should neither devour nor be devoured. I insist they can be made more valuable and at the same time less prominent than they now are. A large part of the labor now bestowed upon them is devoted, not to learning the genius and spirit of the language, but is more than wasted on pedantic trifles. More than half a century ago, in his essay entitled "Too much Latin and Greek," Sydney Smith lashed this trifling as it deserves. Speaking of classical Englishmen, he says: "Their minds have become so completely possessed by exaggerated notions of classical learning, that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the public feelings—look to all the terms of applause A learned man!—a scholar!—a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epitaphs of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning; it is Chemistry, or Political Economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the *Æolic* reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in  $\omega$  and  $\mu$ . . . . The object of the young Englishman is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever cross his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley or Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great king of Prussia, who entertained great doubts whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in  $\mu$ ." He concludes another essay written in 1836 with these words: "If there is anything which fills reflecting

men with melancholy and regret, it is the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek."

To write verses in these languages, to study elaborate theories of the Greek accent, and the ancient pronunciation of both Greek and Latin, which no one can ever know he has discovered, and which would be utterly valueless if he did discover it; to toil over the innumerable exceptions to the arbitrary rules of poetic quantity which few succeed in learning and none remember—these, and a thousand other similar things which crowd the pages of Zumpt and Kühner, no more constitute a knowledge of the spirit and genius of the Greek and Latin languages than counting the number of threads to the square inch in a man's coat and the number of pegs in his boots, makes us acquainted with his moral and intellectual character. The greatest literary monuments of Greece existed hundreds of years before the science of Grammar was born. Plato and Thucydides had a tolerable acquaintance with the Greek language; but Crosby goes far beyond their depth.

Our colleges should require a student to understand thoroughly the structure, idioms, and spirit of these languages, and to be able by the aid of a lexicon to analyze and translate them with readiness and elegance. They should give him the key to the store-house of ancient literature, that he may explore its treasures for himself in after-life. This can be done in two years less than the usual time, and nearly as well as it is now done.

I am glad to inform you, young gentlemen, that the Trustees of the institution in this place have this day resolved that in the course of study to be pursued here, Latin and Greek shall not be *required* after the Freshman year. They must be studied the usual time as a requisite to admission, and they may be carried further than Freshman year as elective studies; but in the regular course their places will be supplied by some of the studies I have already mentioned. Three or four terms in general literature will teach you that the republic of letters is larger than Greece or Rome. The Board of Trustees have been strengthened in the position they have taken, by the fact that a similar course for the future has recently been announced by the authorities of Harvard University. Within the last six days I have received a circular from the Secretary of that venerable college, which announces that two-thirds of the Latin and Greek are hereafter to be stricken from the list of required studies of the college course.

I rejoice that this movement has begun. Other colleges must follow the example, and the day will not be far distant when it shall be the pride of a scholar that he is also a worker, and when the worker shall not refuse to become a scholar because he despises a trifter.

I congratulate you that this change does not reduce the amount of

labor required of you. If it did I should deplore it. I beseech you to remember that the genius of success is still the genius of labor. If hard work is not another name for talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. In the long run, the chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do. Do not trust to what lazy men call the spur of the occasion. If you wish to wear spurs in the tournament of life, you must buckle them to your own heels before you enter the lists.

Men look with admiring wonder upon a great intellectual effort, like Webster's reply to Hayne, and seem to think that it leaped into life by the inspiration of the moment. But if, by some intellectual chemistry, we could resolve that masterly speech into its several elements of power, and trace each to its source, we should find that every constituent force had been elaborated twenty years before, it may be in some hour of earnest intellectual labor. Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle cannot ever make soldiers, or win victories.

And finally, young gentlemen, learn to cultivate a wise self-reliance, based not on what you hope, but on what you perform. It has long been the habit at this institution, if I may so speak, to throw young men overboard and let them sink or swim. None have yet drowned who were worth the saving. I hope the practice will be continued, and that you will not rely upon outside help for growth or success. Give crutches to cripples, but go you forth with brave, true hearts, knowing that fortune dwells in your brain and muscle, and that labor is the only human symbol of Omnipotence.

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## FUTURE GOVERNMENTAL CHANGES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The tendency of events and the progress of political ideas and material improvement in this country towards producing a more compact, powerful, and homogeneous national life must be recognized by every student of public affairs. Indeed, this tendency is as wide as civilization, and we in America are only floating upon the broad, strong current of the times. In our own day, it has changed Germany from an aggregation of feudal states into a consolidated empire; it has destroyed the petty Italian principalities and built up in their stead a great nation; it has even proved too powerful for the vis inertie of Asiatic peoples, and has greatly modified the Chinese government, while wholly revolutionizing that of Japan. On our own continent it has produced the Canadian Dominion and has converted the United States from a loosely cemented confederacy into a nation, which its people spell with a big N, and to which

they accord ample powers for self-defense and self-perpetuation. That this tendency is bound to produce important changes in our governmental system before its force is spent, is a conclusion we cannot resist. It is the purpose of this article to consider what these changes are likely to be. In the discussion of the subject we shall enter upon a sea of speculation, but we shall not be without compass or chart. The course of nations is shaped by general laws which, if only half perceived as yet, still furnish some clue to the future, and we have in our recent history many landmarks that show the direction we have pursued and are still pursuing.

One thing we may be satisfied of at the start: constitutional restrictions will not long fetter the people in their efforts to realize the ideas of a broader and more potent nationality, which are now germinating in their minds. The day of the worship of old forms and instruments has gone by. The old belief in the infallibility of the constitution, which exercised a profound influence upon the political thought and activity of the country during the first half of the century, no longer exists. It received a rude shock when the civil war made it apparent that the so-called sacred instrument had failed to make any clear provision for the unity and perpetuity of the nation. For it was an open question whether the right of secession existed or not. In the North, we maintained with much passionate logic that there was no such right. We were perfectly sincere, and we could not, in the heat of the struggle, see the possibility of anybody honestly holding a different opinion upon the question; but, now that we look back through the clear glass of history, we are bound to admit that our opponents were also sincere and that a fatal defect in the constitution had made honest difference not only possible but inevitable, as soon as there should arise a desire on the part of any portion of the population to sever their connection with the Union. A question which ought to have been settled by the framers of the organic law was thus left for another generation to settle with the sword. Four years ago this infallibility notion, or rather, what there was left of it after the war and the adoption of the three war amendments, got a severe blow when the country was brought face to face with the fact that there was no adequate provision in the once venerated instrument for determining a disputed presidential election.

At the time, by the employment of an improvised and extra-constitutional makeshift, we managed to tide over the danger; but it still exists, and until it is removed by a new amendment it will be liable to make shipwreck of the public peace at each recurring quadrennial election. And now, as the eyes of the people have been opened to these two enormous defects in the constitution, they begin to wonder that the instrument was ever held in such extraordinary reverence. They see that it is a coat which, although shaped with a great deal of skill, required patching in ten places before it had

been worn two years, and which, in spite of its excellent seams and its wonderfully elastic material, has been so far outgrown that it begins to constrain the movements of the nation. The fourteenth and fifteenth patches do not fit in well with the original material, and much of the old stuff is quite threadbare. The question may soon arise whether it would not be better to provide a new garment rather than to go on mending the old one.

Whether the growing man shall be fitted with a new garment outright, or the old one shall be still further renovated and extended from time to time, is a question we need not here discuss, feeling confident that important governmental changes, which begin to be demanded by public opinion, will be effected in one way or the other, and will not long be hindered by a paper constitution made before the age of steam and telegraphs, when the country had a scant three millions of inhabitants, and its chief city was no larger than the Newark or New Haven of to-day. The important changes which begin to outline themselves in the future may, I think, be grouped in three classes.

#### I. CHANGES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF.

Such changes will undoubtedly be in the direction of greater unity, simplicity and strength. The powers of the state will be to a considerable extent absorbed in the national government, and the doctrine of state sovereignty, which has now very little vitality, save in the South, will be wholly abandoned. I would not venture to predict, however, that state lines will be eradicated. State governments have a strong hold upon local pride and sentiment, apart from their utility, which grows less and less from year to year, and they will doubtless survive as convenient municipal organizations and agencies of the central power after they have been shorn of all claim to semi-independence and sovereignty. We may be sure that the constitution under which the hundred and fifty million inhabitants of this nation will live at the close of the twentieth century, will contain no such clause as that in the present instrument reserving to the states or the people all powers not expressly granted to the national government. The clause will be much more likely to appear in an inverted form so as to reserve to the national government and the people all powers not expressly granted to the states.

It would, perhaps, be interesting to consider whether the demands of the new era on which we are entering—an era when the form and workings of government will be as sharply discussed as in the period following the adoption of the constitution—will result in popularizing the senate by making it consist of the representatives, not of states of unequal size, but of districts of like population, whether the presidential office will be made less political and more purely executive, and whether the members of the cabinet will be made responsible to Con-

gress instead of the creatures of the president; but there are other questions of more immediate concern. A change in the manner of electing the president and vice-president is demanded alike by prudent statesmanship and by the good sense of the people. No reason for perpetuating the present clumsy and antiquated system can be assigned of sufficient force to weigh for an instant against its manifest disadvantages, its undemocratic character, and the positive dangers inherent in it. The original theory of choosing a select body of men in each state to cast the vote of the state for the chief magistrate of the nation and his possible substitute was not a bad one, but the people would not consent to be shut out from a direct influence on the election. So, by the sole force of public sentiment they long ago made the electors mere voting machines. If some of these machines should vote in a different way from that in which they were chosen to vote and thus change a result, the country might be brought close to the brink of civil war; and if, in the absence of any constitutional power to settle disputes in the counting of the returns by Congress, partisanship and not fairness should control, it might easily be hurled over the brink. It will be folly to presume much longer on the calmness and wisdom of the people which luckily got us out of our snarl in 1877. Man is a fighting animal, we must remember, and there are few things he has fought over so much in the course of the world's history as disputed questions of the right of kings, parliaments, or parties to administer government. We need not here review the many new methods proposed for the election of president and the counting of returns. The simplest is the best—and that is a direct vote of the people for the candidates. Sooner or later, I am convinced, we shall come to this method. There may be a transition period, during which the plan of voting by congressional districts will be adopted, but the sentiment of solidarity, which is constantly increasing among the people, will in the end bring about a direct popular election. Accompanying such a system must, of course, be a provision for counting the vote and settling disputes as to the validity of returns. This power, we may be confident, will not be lodged in Congress, which is a body necessarily partisan in its character, but in a judicial tribunal placed above the hazards and temptations of party strife, like the Supreme Court.

I doubt whether the proposition for lengthening the term of the president to six or seven years, accompanied with a prohibition against re-election, which found a good deal of favor a few years ago, will ever be adopted. Four years is a good deal longer period now than when the constitution was framed, if time be measured by thoughts and events, by the progress of ideas, the fluctuations of opinion, and the development of material interests. More of the current of the nation's life flows through four years in these swift, eager, quick-thinking and quick-acting times, than filled full the

measure of twelve in the days of stage coaches and weekly papers. Once in four years is not too often for the people as a whole to express their verdict upon the conduct of the national administration and the course of the party controlling it. As to a disqualification for re-election, such a change in the constitution would no doubt be demanded if an unpopular president should succeed in foisting himself upon his party by the action of office-holders and machine managers, but that is a contingency not greatly to be apprehended; and if it should occur, the remedy would lie with the people, who could easily be rid of him by electing the opposition candidate. At all events it is more probable that the people will take the risks of the present system rather than tie their own hands so that they could not re-elect a president whom they might greatly desire to retain in office for a second term. If any changes are made in the powers of the executive, we may expect that they will be in the direction of limiting the exercise of the power of removing and appointing public officers and of maintaining a policy in opposition to that of the legislative branch of the government. We cannot well conceive of additional power being given to the president without investing him with the functions of a dictator or an absolute monarch. He has practically more power already than the sovereign of any constitutional monarchy. The tendency of the times the world over is decidedly hostile to the concentration of governmental functions in the hands of the chiefs of states, whatever may be their titles, and this tendency, which overthrew MacMahon in France and threatens the life of Alexander in Russia, will prevent any drift in the direction of Cæsarism in the United States.

If we should have a general revision of the constitution, something will no doubt be done in behalf of our ex-Presidents. The country would be willing to make such provision for them as would enable them to live in dignified retirement, without seeking office or engaging in business. Perhaps it would go further and see that it might at the same time make this provision for them, and obtain their services where their knowledge of the governmental machine would be peculiarly valuable. This it could do by making them life-senators—the best possible disposition that could be made of them. Something ought also to be done to add to the dignity and usefulness of the office of Vice-President. At present that officer is of no more value than a fifth wheel to a coach. Foreseeing that this would be the case, Franklin proposed, satirically, that he should be styled His Most Superfluous Highness. He presides over the Senate, when he chooses, it is true, but the Senate has always a member of its own body ready to take the chair with the title of president *pro tem*, and few Vice-Presidents have devoted themselves diligently to the only function they can constitutionally exercise. The fact that they have no power to appoint committees, or shape legislation, and that the Senate will not permit itself to be held down to its own rules,

soon causes them to weary of their machine-like duties. The office cannot well be abolished, for if it did not exist the presiding officer of the Senate would succeed to the Presidency in case of the death of the incumbent, and if he should belong to the party defeated in the last preceding presidential election, an entire change of administration would take place in the midst of the quadrennial period, when the constitution contemplates stability of executive policy. The purpose of having a second officer elected, is to secure against the contingency of death, an unbroken four years possession of the Executive by the party triumphing in a presidential election. To this end the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted. The original instrument provided that the candidate having the second largest number of votes for President, should be Vice-President. This was soon seen to be a vicious arrangement, because it was sure to produce a Vice-President belonging to the party opposed to the President, and gave to that party a direct interest in the President's death. The best suggestion I have heard relating to the Vice-President is, that he should be made, *ex officio*, a member of the Cabinet and the Governor of the District of Columbia. This would give him a position of dignity and importance. A large portion of his time would be occupied with the affairs of the District, which will need an intelligent and responsible head, as the City of Washington increases in population, and develops more and more of the characteristics belonging to the capital of the most powerful nation on the globe. The time is not far distant when Washington will possess great galleries, museums, and national schools of science, art, and philosophy, and will draw to itself thousands of cultured people from all parts of the land. The position of chief magistrate of a community representing the whole country, could with great propriety be given to the second officer of the Government elected with the President, by the whole people.

Another structural change in the Government will probably be the admission of Cabinet ministers, to seats in the House, where they can be questioned without resort to resolutions of inquiry, and answer without the slow formality of written communications. Many abuses would be prevented if every member of the Cabinet were liable to instant inquiry as to his acts, and much more harmonious relations would exist between the men who vote the money to carry on the government and the men who spend it. This beneficial arrangement was not provided for when the constitution was framed, and has been delayed since, on account of the theory of three separate and independent departments of the Government—a theory, I venture to say, which was never sound, and will not long survive. Government is essentially a unit. It has many functions, but only one essence. The notion that its various functions are separate entities, organized to balance and antagonize each other, arose from the need felt by our forefathers to protect the people against a repeti-



tion of the oppressions which had led to the Revolution. Government a century ago was conceived of in this country, as it is now in Russia, as a thing hostile to the liberties of the people. Now that the practicability of making it the servant of the people has been fully demonstrated, there is no reason for preserving the supposed safeguard of counterbalanced powers. Another change, which may be foreseen from the present course of affairs is, the enlargement of the Cabinet by the establishment of a Department of Commerce and Public Works, to have charge of river and harbor improvements, railways in which the nation has a part proprietary interest, the execution of measures for developing our foreign commerce, and the enforcement of any regulations which may be adopted concerning interior trade and travel. Of this I shall speak in the next division of the subject.

## II. CHANGES AFFECTING INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

We may safely predict that the tendency towards unity and homogeneity of national life, which is fast destroying the old theories of State sovereignty and strengthening the authority of the central Government, will result in the exercise by that government of a much larger measure of control over matters relating to domestic and foreign commerce, and over the chief industries of the people. I do not mean control in the sense of interference, restraint, and exaction, but in that of intelligent oversight and assistance. The notion that the Government ought to do little besides coin money, carry the mails, and fight the Indians has pretty much vanished, and in its stead is coming the conception not of a paternal power, but of a potent force springing from the will and energies of all citizens—a gigantic corporation in which every voter is a stockholder—powerful in the measure of its greatness to promote the general good. This conception, once developed in the public mind, will require that the power conferred by the people, shall be exercised for the benefit of the people to a far greater extent than heretofore. It would be difficult now to mark out distinctly the channels in which the new governmental activities will run, but I think we can outline a few of the more important. A more extensive liberal and systematic scheme of harbor improvements will be prosecuted. National, and I may add, natural water ways will be opened or improved. Many of the canal schemes broached during the past few years are absurd; but some possess evident merit. It is foolish to talk of cutting a canal through the Alleghany Mountains in Virginia, or of uniting southern rivers, which have not commerce enough to pay for dredging them out. We do not need a ship canal around Niagara Falls, because we shall have Canada before long, and the Welland canal will answer all purposes. We do need, however, a ship canal connecting the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. The great inland water

way, which, with but a single break of about twenty miles, extends along the entire Atlantic coast, from Norfolk to Florida, crossing the bays and inlets, and sheltering itself behind the islands, will some day be opened to the free passage of coasting steamers. The peninsula of Florida will be pierced by a canal which will save vessels bound to and from Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston six hundred miles of sea voyage. The canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi will be widened so that large steamers can load at Chicago for New Orleans. An effort to reclaim the rich swamp lands along the Mississippi River will also, we may assume, fall within the province of the Government. When the arable lands of the Far West are occupied, the fact that there exist in the very heart of the continent, millions of acres of the most fertile soil on the globe will arrest public attention, and some thoroughly scientific plan of reclaiming this land, will be carried out, even though it be at the expense of half a century of steady effort, and hundreds of millions of dollars. The nation must undertake this task, because it is impossible in the nature of things for states or local communities to grapple with it, since the system must be a general one, and the benefits would accrue to the entire Mississippi Valley and less directly to the country at large.

I shall not weary the reader by going at length into the much-discussed question of governmental control over railroads. All who agree with the general argument of this article will, I think, admit that the present system of state control is inadequate, unsatisfactory, and also illogical, since the roads have, by consolidation, become national highways, making no account of state lines. Just how far the government will go, or ought to go, in the direction of regulating the construction and operation of these chief arteries of inland commerce is a question not yet ripe for answer, but we can scarcely doubt that before the present century expires there will be a comprehensive system of national legislation covering the entire subject, protecting the public from unjust discriminations and exactions, and the companies from such legislative infringements upon the rights of property as were recently attempted in Wisconsin, securing stockholders against being fleeced, and bondholders against schemes for defrauding them, and requiring that the principle of serving and benefiting the public shall be placed by the companies next after that of earning a fair return for the capital invested.

For the management of river and harbor improvement, the control of light-houses and life-saving stations, the execution of such legislation as may be adopted for the regulation of railways, and for originating or considering plans for the promotion of our foreign trade, we shall eventually, as I have before suggested, have a department of commerce and public works, the head of which will be a cabinet officer. Such a department has now a better reason for existing than has the Interior Department, which is nothing but a bundle of

bureaus tied together arbitrarily and having no natural relation to each other, and in the future it will be a necessity.

A radical change in our public land system is urgently demanded and cannot much longer be delayed. Already the wasteful practice of lavishing immense gifts upon railway corporations has been stopped by the force of public opinion; but a great deal more than this negative action needs to be taken to make the most of what remains of our unoccupied domain, and secure good conditions for its settlement. Our present system of homesteading, pre-emption, and sale was devised to fit the rich prairie region, where the soil is of nearly uniform quality and where surveys can be applied to the surface of the country almost as easily as to a sheet of paper. Now settlement has almost reached the verge of the strictly arable belt, and is scattering itself over an immense territory where agriculture can only be carried on in strips and patches along narrow valleys capable of irrigation, and where pasturing and mining must be the chief industries. In this region it is absurd to require that the homesteader should obtain only 160 acres, when he needs four square miles for a cattle rancho, or to insist that his land shall be taken in an exact square when he wants to practice irrigation, and can only use a strip a few yards wide on the borders of a stream. Separate regulations applying to the arable, irrigable, pasturage, mining, and timber districts are demanded, and a much closer and more intelligent treatment by the government of the whole question of how best to deal with the vast arid, semi-arid, and mountainous district which forms the heart of the continent. This immense area of grassy plains, mountains, elevated valleys, and sandy deserts can never be more than very sparsely populated. It will always furnish elbow-room and breathing-space for a class of people who fret under the restrictions of close contact with their fellows.

Eight or ten years ago the postal telegraph question was pretty sharply discussed in Congress and in the public prints. Nothing came of the discussion, for two reasons: One was a disposition to wait and observe the workings of the plan just adopted in Great Britain, and the other was a general conviction that our post-office system was not perfect enough to take upon itself the business of the telegraph. Since then great progress has been made by the post-office in the direction of efficiency, accuracy, and dispatch. Three successive Republican administrations have given continuity of official tenure to most of the employees of the post-office department at Washington and of the chief offices throughout the country, and the result is a pretty good civil-service system. The fast-mails, the railway post-offices, the money-order system, and the letter-carrier system have all been added to the old postal arrangements within the past few years. There can scarcely be a doubt now that a telegraph system could also be advantageously added. True, we hear complaints of the English postal telegraphs, but nobody in England

seems to seriously contemplate a return to the old corporations' lines. Probably our post-office people would do much better with the telegraph, after a little experience, than the English are doing, because our officials are more enterprising, quick-witted, intelligent, and polite than are those of the old country. The argument in favor of a postal telegraph has never been successfully controverted. It is, in brief, as follows: Telegrams are letters sent by wire instead of by rail or other slower conveyance. If the government attends to the carriage and delivery of one kind of missive it ought, logically, to do the same for the other. It can do the work more cheaply than any private corporation, because it has a force of officers and employees, and could undertake the additional labor with comparatively little additional expense. It can give the public what no company can or will give—a cheap uniform rate on telegrams, as it has already done on letters. The present system of telegraph rates resembles the postal system of forty years ago, when it cost ten cents to send a letter from New York to Buffalo, and twenty-five cents to Chicago. The postal telegraph could be operated without loss at a very low rate. Probably a charge of ten cents for all messages inside the United States would be sufficient. Small villages that are now without telegraph facilities, because there is no profit to be made out of them, would be reached by the postal telegraph, the postmaster being at the same time the telegraph operator. The telegraph would be popularized and its uses greatly extended. Sooner or later these arguments will prevail over the opposition of powerful monopolies, the dullness of the Congressional mind, and the lingering remnant of the old loose-government theory. We are a wonderfully smart people, but we are sometimes woefully behind the rest of the world. We borrowed postage-stamps, the uniform postal rate, and the money-order system from Europe, and we shall soon borrow the postal telegraph.

### III. CHANGES AFFECTING SOCIAL LIFE.

It would be a matter of profitless, though perhaps entertaining, speculation to attempt to indicate the possible effects upon the social structure that may come from the gradual strengthening and broadening of the powers of the national government. In one or two directions, however, there are important changes which may be pretty clearly foreseen already. Either by a constitutional amendment, or by a provision in a new constitution, full control over marriage and divorce will be, I venture to predict, vested in Congress, and a system of simple, clear, and liberal laws will be adopted, prescribing what shall constitute legal marriage, recognizing the equal rights and duties of the sexes in this relation, and specifying the causes and methods of divorce. The marriage institution, which lies at the foundation of modern

society, should have the protection of the general government, and should not be made the sport of conflicting state laws and judicial decisions. At present there is a confused jumble of laws, customs, and court rulings regulating marriage and divorce. What is marriage in one state is no marriage at all in another. A man legally divorced in one part of the country, may find himself in a felon's cell for marrying again in another. In some states neither witnesses, record, nor license is required to make the marriage ceremony binding. In others all these adjuncts and formalities are necessary. Mere cohabitation constitutes a marriage in some, while in others it goes for nothing. The divorce laws are still more conflicting and confusing, and their liability to frequent alterations tends to bring discredit upon the marriage covenant. A vast amount of litigation, social disorder, and immorality would be prevented, and the marriage institution guarded from the attacks of communists, sentimentalists, and religious fanatics, by the adoption of uniform regulations of equal force in all parts of the country, making marriage a civil contract, and plainly defining the grounds for its dissolution. Of course there would exist under a national statute, as now under the multitude of state statutes, wide differences of opinion as to what should be sufficient cause for divorce; but the subject could be dealt with more wisely by the class of men who represent large interests and large constituencies in Congress than by the class that go to the state legislatures. At all events we should have uniformity where we now have confusing diversity, and additional security would be given to a tie which the present tendencies of society cause to be lightly assumed and lightly broken.

The strong government towards which we are steadily tending will also, we may believe, treat the immigration problem with more intelligence and far-seeing patriotism than has been bestowed upon it heretofore. It will exercise its right to say what sort of materials are to be accepted from the old world for building up the future American race. Hitherto we have been the dumping-ground for the rubbish of all nations. Mixed with a great deal of good sturdy material, we have had to take the runaways, rascals, paupers, criminals, and the brutally ignorant which Europe has thrown out upon our Atlantic coast; and to make the matter worse, our Pacific shores swarm with yellow heathen from China, whose only merit is industry, and who come with no purpose of staying and no adaptability for being assimilated with the native population. They disturb the healthful course of industry, prevent the development of a stable, wealth-producing American laboring population, and exploit the country with the sole view of carrying as much of its wealth back to Asia as possible. On the eastern slope of the continent foreign ruffians fill our jails, foreign paupers crowd our almshouses, and foreign voters corrupt the governments of our cities. The stream

of American life which ran clear and swift during the early part of the century is clogged and polluted with these vile elements. I have no sympathy with the passionate nativism of the know-nothing movement of twenty-five years ago, and do not believe it will ever be revived; but I do think a government which claims the right to keep diseased cattle out of the country, has the right to keep out morally and physically diseased human beings. The "refuge of the oppressed of all nations" talk does very well for Fourth of July oratory, but it is the part of statesmanship to realize that America belongs first of all to Americans and their descendants, and that if we are to share our heritage with people from other lands we have the right to insist that they shall not come to subsist upon our charity, or to rob us, or to spread a moral pestilence. We have the right, further, to require that they shall be of a stock which will mix well with our own, and go to strengthen and beautify the coming American race. Our duty to posterity and to civilization demands that we should save this continent, of which we are the custodians, from being the scene of the jealousies and strifes of clashing races, and should do what in us lies to give it a homogeneous population, competent to develop its wonderful resources, and to lead the intellectual and material progress of the world. The practical step which the government can take in this direction is to assume control of the whole matter of immigration, require an inspection at foreign ports by our consuls, or by special agents appointed for the purpose, of all emigrants destined for our shores, prescribing qualifications as to moral character and ability for self-support, and prohibiting ship-masters from bringing over any persons not provided with certificates issued after such inspection.

#### IV. CHANGES IN FOREIGN POLICY.

We have happily got beyond the bumptious, bullying stage of our national career when we thought we were sufficient unto ourselves and had no need of the friendship of other countries, and imagined that we could whip all creation if it dared interfere with us. We have also got rid of the rude fillibustering spirit which accompanied that era of our growth. We talk very little about our manifest destiny; we neither patronize nor browbeat the weaker nations upon this continent, and we are not constantly reminding European powers that they have no right to hold any possessions on this side of the Atlantic, and that they continue to hold them only by our forbearance. In a word, we no longer resemble a hot-headed youth, drunk with success and a sense of his own half-used powers; but we are like a sober, full grown man, busy with the labors and problems of life, and too much occupied in cultivating his own domain to covet those of his neighbors. The time will doubtless come, however, when we shall make larger efforts, stimulated by a wise government policy, to extend our com-

merce throughout the world, and when we shall seek, with prudence, patience, and sagacity to bring all lands and regions in North America under our control. In that time we shall foster our mercantile marine, instead of burdening it with imposts and shall give it the protection of a powerful navy. A railroad through Mexico, Central America, and the Isthmus to South America, will be constructed with American capital as a national undertaking of immense future importance. The Panama Canal, whether built by De Lesseps or by our own engineers, will be completely under American control. The Canadian provinces, inhabited as they are by people of our own race and language, accustomed to public education and self government, will be brought to see how barren of promise is their colonial condition and how greatly their material and intellectual development will be furthered by a union with us. Without compulsion or unfriendliness on our part, but simply as the result of a wise persistent policy looking to their voluntary annexation, they will finally become states of the American Union. We shall thus receive an accession of nearly four millions of population and shall obliterate our only long inland frontier, and open to our people whatever resources the extreme north may have hidden behind the screen of Canadian lethargy.

The West India Islands and the tropical continental lands of Mexico and Central America, with their degraded mixed populations and their climate working against the development of a vigorous, progressive race, are not likely to be made partners in our governmental system—not, at least, until they can be thoroughly regenerated by fresh blood and the influences of Anglo-Saxon civilization. They may, however, come into a condition of partial union and be brought within the range of our postal and customs system; and thus be fully opened to our commercial, mining, and agricultural activities. There can be little doubt that before the tendency towards gigantic nationalities is exhausted and replaced by another form of development, the whole of North America will be brought under one government, and that that government, imperial in power, though not in form or name, will be the government of the United States. The energies of a people who in two generations have subdued and civilized the whole continent west of the Alleghanies, will not be pent up within other barriers than those nature has herself set. The Rio Grande will prove no such barrier upon the south nor the lakes upon the north; nor will the narrow sea that separates our southern states from the rich islands of the Antilles long keep those islands strange and foreign to us.

When these changes come about; when the national government gathers to itself new powers, brings its activities closer home to the business affairs and personal concerns of the citizen, and adopts an imperial policy towards the whole North American continent, will not the substance, if not the form of individual liberty be lost? This

question has doubtless been running along in the reader's mind parallel with the suggestions and predictions offered in this article. My answer will be *no*. I see no signs of a disposition on the part of the American people to yield one iota of the right of self-government. They will shift governmental functions from the state to the nation, and enlarge the scope of these functions when they think it can be done for the public benefit, but in so doing they will in no wise abandon the foundation idea upon which our system is based, that all just powers of government are derived from the people. The tendency of the age is towards the acknowledgment of this principle even in the old hereditary monarchies. Kings are proud to rest their title on the will of the people. With the solitary exception of Germany, there has been substantial progress within the past few years in every country of Europe towards the recognition of popular rights. It is not reasonable to suppose that here in America, with our universal education, our independence and manliness of character, and our inestimable inheritance of just ideas as to the nature of governmental powers, we are going to face about and march to the rear towards absolutism or aristocracy. If such a thing should ever come to pass it will be the result of a decline in civilization the world over, and the decline will be final, for there is no barbaric race, with rude virtues, shut up in any forest of the North, like the Goths and Vandals of old, to come forth and regenerate the world.

Another question will doubtless be asked. How long will this tendency towards powerful central governments, which we feel in common with the rest of the world, continue to operate? And if it is not a finality, what is to come after it? That it will outlast our time and the times of our children's children we can scarcely doubt. What will come after it, therefore, concerns us little, but, scanning the lessons of history, we may foresee that the pendulum will swing to the other side, and that the next great progressive movement of civilization will be made by the aid of small, highly organized states, at peace with each other, working out in friendly rivalry the problems of the development of the human race.

E. V. SMALLEY.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION.

It may be well here to mention, what has not always been sufficiently observed, that the distinction between continuous empire, and empire severed and dispersed over sea, is vital.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for September appeared an article from the pen of Mr. George Anderson, M.P., on the future of the Canadian Dominion. It forms one of a great number of pamphlets.



articles, and essays which have been written during the past few years, urging the federation of England and her colonies in one great empire. The writers on this subject have generally extended their views to the whole of the English colonies. Mr. Anderson confines himself to Canada, as being in every sense the premier colony, and as the one whose claims to complete independence will first come up for consideration before English statesmen. The writer is evidently prompted by patriotic motives, and is penetrated by a strong desire to contribute something of value towards the solution of a confessedly difficult problem. He wishes to see England and Canada united in a federal empire, apparently because he thinks such a result would be beneficial to England and to her great colony likewise. While admiring Mr. Anderson's spirit, I cannot adopt his conclusions; and I propose, therefore, to state briefly the case on behalf of the annexation of Canada to the United States. In taking up this position I am aware that I am advocating what is regarded—and naturally regarded—in England as the unpopular side. However, I do so solely because I am convinced of the futility of schemes for a Britannic federation. As an Englishman, my natural bias would be towards the side represented, not only by Mr. Anderson, but by Mr. Forster, Mr. Childers, and other prominent British statesmen, and by a considerable number of Canadians.

Mr. Anderson is undoubtedly right in asserting that this important question is rapidly coming on for practical solution. The *status quo* cannot, so far as Canada is concerned, be maintained for many years longer. The development of the United States, and the growing discontent of Canada herself, alike forbid it. An enormous territory of three and a half millions of square miles, with an increasing population, with growing commerce, with great cities rising to affluence and renown, cannot be much longer retained as a mere colonial appendage. It will not do to say that the Canadians have perfect freedom and self-government, that the authority of the crown is still more nominal than in England, and that, therefore, Canada possesses all the substantial elements of national life. The very fact that Canada has certain elements of a vigorous nationality which, if placed under favorable conditions, would develop, only renders the feeling of colonial status and the rank of a mere dependency more irksome to an ambitious people. Canada has really no national life; she is entirely provincial; and this provincialism is, to her best citizens, a cause of growing dissatisfaction with the position in which they find themselves. When they were a small and feeble folk, the condition of colonists did not appear to them in itself disagreeable; but now that "the little one has become a thousand," the mere colonial status is strongly resented by that self-respecting dignity in the absence of which the opinions of the Canadians, whatever they were, might safely be disregarded. It is to be feared that this attitude of the Canadian mind is scarcely understood in this country. The bulk of

English people, after all, hardly realize the fact that Canada is as large as Europe; they have heard it as a geographical fact, but they do not understand it as a practical reality. John Bull has a notion, which it is by no means easy to dislodge from its placid resting-place in his cranium, that other peoples, even although their territory would absorb his island twenty times over, must or ought to feel it a great privilege to be politically connected with him in some way or other. The union may be of the most fragile description; it may confer upon him no advantage whatever; but his love of prestige is gratified, and his "imperial instincts" lead him to feel some kind of genuine satisfaction. It is necessary, however, for John Bull to understand that the rising nationalities of great continents *may* take a different view, and that they certainly will not consent to remain permanently in the position of mere colonists. The impatience of the slightest "imperial" control, and the taxing of the products of the mother country, are quite sufficient proofs of this. If the infant is so vigorous, so little amenable to home influences, what will the adult be? All profitable discussion of this question, therefore, must proceed on the assumption that the present relations of England and Canada are essentially transient, and cannot be maintained beyond a few more years. The ground being thus cleared, three alternatives present themselves: Canada may become an independent republic; or she may enter into some future Britannic federal empire; or she may become absorbed into the United States.

Now, in common with most persons who have given any attention to the subject, I believe the first of these courses to be impracticable. Canada could not maintain her independence. If any dispute arose between her and her great southern neighbor which involved war, she would speedily succumb, and would be annexed to the United States. Canada is not sufficiently permeated by any vigorous sentiment of nationality to resist the powerful attractive force of the American democracy. She answers to Leigh Hunt's conception of the United States: "As a nation, I cannot get it out of my head that the Americans are Englishmen with the poetry and romance taken out of them; and that there is one great counter built along their coast from north to south, behind which they are all standing like so many linen-draper's. They will be far otherwise, I have no doubt, in time, and this unchristian opinion of them have come to nothing." Certainly this is a sufficiently ludicrous picture of the Americans of the present day, who are diverging more and more from the English type, who have the beginnings of a new literature, and in whom we can already detect the germs of an altogether new national life. But it is much in accord with the actual condition of the Canadian people, who want alike the grandeur and dignity of the old nations of Europe, and the marvelous force and colossal energy of the United States. Canada seems to lie stranded there among the snows and ice of the North, separated alike from the historic culture of

Europe and from the heroic aspirations of America; sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States. It is interesting materially to the British laborer and food-consumer; it has not a shadow of intellectual significance for the thinker. This may not be its fault; it is, at any rate, its misfortune—a misfortune which seems to remove it from the category of possible independent nationalities. It may be said that the United States are being colonized now rather by stomachs than by brains; but the United States are a nation with grand traditions. The colonization of New England; the planting of Pennsylvania; the revolutionary struggle, which, as represented in Franklin, Samuel Adams, and Jefferson, was rather a development of the great intellectual movement of the eighteenth century than a mere contest against the English King and Parliament; the anti-slavery contest; and, finally, the Civil War—all these developments of the great modern democratic movement have made of America a land of ideas, and have invested even the young raw States of the West with a halo of poetry and romance. As compared with this, Canada has merely to tell of upwards of a century of stagnant provincialism, relieved only by a third-rate insurrection. I have spoken of the existence of the United States as a barrier to the formation of a Canadian nation. Mr. Anderson says:—"There is surely abundant room on that huge continent for two great nations side by side to wage an honorable rivalry in subduing the forces of Nature to the needs and use of man." I am inclined to doubt this. To those who merely look at the material side of the question it may seem quite possible that two, or even twenty, nations should exist on the North American continent. That continent is more than double the size of Europe, and is incomparably richer in natural resources; and it is true that Europe sustains a great number of separate nationalities. But the nations of Europe have been formed in natural methods; they are of different languages, races, religions, traditions. Any division of North America into separate nationalities must be an artificial work. There we see at the present moment a marvelous blending of peoples into one new nationality; in short, while the European development has been heterogeneous and dispersive, the American process is collective and homogeneous. America welcomes and assimilates all peoples, and produces in the next generation a new type of national life. And surely one Europe is enough in the history of the world. It is quite unnecessary that the costly experiment should be in any way reproduced on the soil of a free continent. I have no sympathy with those who would make of America another Europe—a continent of frontiers, of soldiers, and of governments overshadowing the people. Something quite different is, I believe, in store for America and the world. The essential condition of American progress is internal peace. In spite of her vast recuperative powers, the Civil War inflicted on her a blow which

is still felt. The enfranchisement of her people was a grand accomplishment, but it was paid for at a great price. The American system, with its State interdependence, and its international court of justice, presents the natural condition for an orderly peaceful development—a condition which cannot be obtained in Europe, with its separate nations and consequent standing armies. The two systems are mutually exclusive. The establishment of a separate Canadian republic would put an end to this state of things, or rather would prevent its complete realization. The tendency of the North American continent is to union and amalgamation; a Canadian republic would be an artificial graft. This, of course, supposes the permanence of such a republic. But the essentially artificial nature of the whole thing would so speedily become apparent, the *raison d'être* of a separate State would be so difficult to find, the State would be so small, so powerless, when compared with the great Republic, that, sooner or later, Canada would be drawn into the embrace of the Union. That thinly-peopled federation of States along the Atlantic seaboard which began to exist as a separate power a century ago, has, I repeat, proved itself to possess a vast assimilative force. The South, the Mississippi region, California, Texas, and Oregon have all been drawn in. The British Government, until recently by no means well-disposed towards the United States, have been unable to prevent this absorption of vast territories by the Union. In the case of the Maine boundary, Great Britain gave up the larger and more valuable part of the territory in dispute; and the dispute respecting the Oregon boundary was settled distinctly in favor of the United States. It is quite certain that a weak Canadian Government could not, except with external support, stand against a power such as this. If, however, she obtained outside help, she would practically be, whatever she might call herself, a subject power. She could not be regarded as in any sense independent. But what reason is there to suppose that Canada would choose to stand permanently aloof from the adjacent Republic? Would it be to her interest to do so? By reason of her comparatively small resources she could not compete with the Union in offering attractions to the great European immigration, and upon that only could she rely for fresh stores of strength and wealth. By becoming merged in the United States she would at once enjoy the benefit—heretofore denied—of free trade with all the rest of the vast federation, and she would at once be relieved from the anxiety which must ever be occasioned by the immediate presence of an all-powerful and possibly hostile neighbor, separated from herself by no natural or well-defined boundary. The pressure of natural forces and self-regarding motives would impel the young and weak State into a union with the great and vigorous neighboring Republic, and the dream of a separate nationality would have vanished.

I think, then, we may safely disregard the first of these altern

tives; that of a separate national independence. It is impracticable, and presents to our imagination no very attractive picture. Let us consider, then, the second of these alternatives—that advocated by Mr. Anderson—viz., incorporation in some way into a future federal British empire.

If this alternative is to be impartially weighed and considered, the English critic must endeavor to perform a by no means congenial task—viz., to divest himself, as far as possible, from English bias. This nation has built up a vast colonial system in distant continents, and her people are naturally proud of her achievements. They dwell with feelings of pride on the morning drum-beat of the garrisons which, as Daniel Webster said, "journeying with the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircle the whole earth with the martial airs of Great Britain." The possible break-up of this "empire" is not viewed with complacency—nay, is scarcely tolerated, even in thought, by most Englishmen. But in reality what is the character of this "imperial" dominion? Compare it, not with a unified State such as France or Russia, but with a federation such as the United States. Every law passed by Congress is binding on all parts of the Union—in Texas or Oregon, as well as in New York or Massachusetts. The constitution, with all its amendments, is in force equally in every State, and it can, as a matter of fact, be enforced by federal officers. All parts of the Union are in easy and rapid communication with one another, and all form vital constituent elements of the same nation. This indeed is the crucial point. The United States are one nation, or are, at any rate, fast becoming so. But the British Empire—what is it? Our laws do not apply to our colonies, and if they did, the home authorities would have no means of enforcing them. From two of our most important colonies we are separated by 4,000 leagues of sea, and it can scarcely be said that they and we have an interest in common. We can no more interfere in the affairs of Victoria, or Tasmania, or Ontario, than in the affairs of the French Republic. There can, in short, be no empire—as the word "empire" has hitherto been understood—where the sovereign power cannot promulgate its decrees, and has no power of enforcing them if promulgated. So that the British Empire, when subjected to the tests of a cold criticism or a calm analysis, is found to have a subjective rather than an objective existence. It is much more an affair of the imagination than of the actual world. If Canada were separated politically, as she is now separated economically and practically, from England, what difference would it make to a single Englishman? We should only be relieved from the function of sending out a *roi fainéant* to Ottawa. We should lose no Canadian Empire, simply because we have none to lose: we cannot carry out our will in Canada, and our "empire" there is consequently an imaginary one. The case must therefore be met on rational grounds, and not on grounds of false sentiment and illusion. We must get rid of what

Mr. Spencer calls the "patriotic bias," and endeavor to view things in their universal aspect and relations. That we have real and substantial elements of Imperial power is true. Our commerce covers the globe; our ships are on every sea; the carrying trade of the world is almost entirely in our hands. But when we talk of such a thing as our Canadian Empire, we are talking of something, I must repeat, which has no existence.

Now, I find that those who advocate the amalgamation of Canada in some future British federal empire, approach the question from the purely English point of view. Mr. Anderson, for example, says: "We in the old country, while considering this question, cannot forget that all those vast western territories from which the Dominion tariff shuts out our trade are properly our own;" and then he goes on to detail the vast expenditure incurred by England in securing her Canadian colonies. But this is somewhat illusory. The great enterprise which will forever be associated with the names of Wolfe and Chatham was not undertaken, so far as England was concerned, so much for the object of colonizing as for the object of destroying French supremacy. The European battlefield was, for the time being, transferred to American soil; the struggle for the balance of power was being waged in a distant continent. So far as it was a war for colonization, it was a war conducted and supported by the colonists themselves. The force sent against Louisburg was made up of Americans, whose descendants are now citizens of the United States. Of the American colonies, Massachusetts sent 7,000 troops, Connecticut 5,000, and New Hampshire 8,000. England had as much claim by right of conquest and expenditure of treasure to the Ohio valley, now included in the United States, as to Canada itself. An ignorant person who heard Mr. Anderson's statement would naturally suppose that this country, by means of unparalleled sagacity and magnanimity, had expended her resources in securing for her children new homes across the Atlantic. The colonizing conception was an entirely Transatlantic one; the English object was the destroying of French supremacy in America. The statement that Canada is "properly our own" seems to partake too much of the spirit that in former times dominated our whole colonial policy. Our colonies were regarded as existing simply for our own sake, for rendering this country great and prosperous. We have long professed to renounce this spirit, and, if we are to be sincere, we must renounce all its works. If we look at the matter impartially, we must soon find out that Canada is not "properly our own," any more than a child who has grown to years of discretion "belongs" to his parents. Canada belongs only to its inhabitants, and its future is to be determined solely by considerations of their interests and their progress. In the "Wealth of Nations" (book iv. c. 7), Adam Smith says:—

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hat way, therefore, has the policy of Europe contributed either to the establishment or to the present grandeur of the colonies of America? In y, and in one only, it has contributed a good deal. *Magna virum mater!* and formed the men who were capable of achieving such great actions, laying the foundation of so great an empire; and there is no other quarter world of which the policy is capable of forming, or has ever actually and formed, such men. The colonies owe to the policy of Europe the educational great views of their active and enterprising founders; and some of the st and most important of them, so far as concerns their internal govern- owe to it scarce anything else.

nuch, then, we may admit—that Canada owes to England her and training, and certain small loans from time to time, to Mr. Anderson refers. Now, these things can scarcely be held ect, to any appreciable degree, the political relations of the countries. We do not usually expect the whole future of a sing child to be sacrificed to the caprices of an exacting and a parent, even although that parent has performed the usual al duties of supplying sustenance and training. Nor ought e expect this rising colony, covering such a large and fertile f the earth's surface, to consider anything except her own pros- and development. At any rate, if we do expect more than ur expectations will hardly be gratified. Doubtless, whenever paration comes it will be easy; there will be no open wounds, he case of England's older American colonies; for certain it ; England will use no force to retain the connection between la and herself. The lesson of a hundred years ago will never gotten. But it is desirable that England should not only ce in the inevitable, but acquiesce with grace, glorying in the th and manhood of her vigorous Transatlantic progeny, and g cheerfully to see the colony take that course which will best. cé to growth and progress. I dwell at some length upon this, se I think it essential that the Canadian question should be ed from the Canadian point of view—that is to say, from the of view of real Canadian interests, and not from the English erial" stand point. It is not in reality an English question, ngland cannot be greatly affected, one way or another, by any l union. Such a union would not add a square mile to Eng- territory, or bring her a yard nearer to her Canadian sister. or Canada it is a question of the first magnitude, affecting her future course. The future of an immense young country is considered before the feelings and susceptibilities of an old y separated from her by 3,000 miles of sea. The question, ore, is entirely and absolutely a Canadian question, to be decided erences to Canadian stand-points, to be dissociated in the mind ny "imperial" policy on the part of Great Britain, and to be ched solely with the object of conferring benefits on Canada, eloping her resources, of improving the condition of her people, f opening up this vast district of the continent of North

America to the enterprise, the industry, and the genius of the colonists of Europe. We have then to ask ourselves this question, and this question only: Is it for the material, intellectual, and political interests of the people of Canada that she should become merged in some future British federation? Will such a solution of the problem best promote her growth, the development of her resources, and the character of her people? This is the main question.

If Canada becomes an integral part of the proposed British federal empire, she will become connected, as far as this country is connected, with the political system of Europe. If any complication arises in Europe, we become involved, or at any rate think we are involved (which amounts to the same thing), in the difficulty. By treaty after treaty, by the most solemn public avowals, by participation in European conferences and congresses, England has declared herself an integral factor in the European system. The non-intervention policy of Cobden has no strong hold on the English mind. The extraordinary enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone evoked by his vigorous speeches with reference to our policy in Turkey; the sympathy, accompanied by active deeds, accorded by England to Greece and Montenegro; the result of the late elections, when the national confidence in Mr. Gladstone was so signally proved; the composition of the present Government and Parliament; all indicate that English politicians are still determined to make our influence felt both by moral and, if need be, by material means, on the Continent. Lord Beaconsfield's mistake was not in making use of England's influence, but in using it on behalf of a bad cause. The friends of absolute non-intervention should bear this in mind. The late Liberal victory was not their triumph; it was Mr. Gladstone's. They repudiated Mr. Gladstone's policy in 1876-77 more strongly than they did that of the Tory Government; indeed, they gave general support to Lord Derby so long as he was at the Foreign Office. But England, in pronouncing for Mr. Gladstone's principles and method, has decisively rejected the views of the non-intervention school. I am not now condemning or approving this verdict. I simply record it as a fact that the English people are in favor of a moderate but also firm and vigorous continental policy. If Canada joins us in a federal union, she must be a party to that policy. It must be her policy as much as England's. If she is averse to it, any federal union between the two countries would, I venture to assert, be absolutely impossible. Even if Canadian ministers sat in the British Cabinet, that Cabinet would be composed mainly of Englishmen, would certainly be under the guidance of an English Premier, and would most assuredly be under the pressure and influence of public opinion here as truly as it is at present. The fact that it met in London, and that the Parliament would meet in London, would subject both to London and English influence in a way in which they would not be open to influence from Quebec or Montreal. Even in the United States,



Congress is far more amenable to Eastern than to Western opinion. What would be the condition of things in the case of two countries separated by 3,000 miles of ocean?

Politicians of the "Jingo" stamp would doubtless be delighted to welcome such a union. It would gratify their "imperial instincts." It might enable them to bully Russia, or even to menace Germany. It would be the very jubilee of *Chaurinism*. But are the Canadians willing to be made use of in such a cause? Have they no nobler ambition? Do they wish to fling themselves into the whirlpool of European strife and bloodshed? Surely they have a duty which they owe to themselves and to the continent they inhabit. Washington, in his farewell address to the American people, advised them to have as little political, as much commercial intercourse as possible with the European nations. The United States have followed their great hero's advice, with wonderful advantage to themselves. Are not Canadian interests practically identical with those of the United States in this respect? That which is to the interest of one half the North American continent would seem to be to the interest of the other half. But this policy is not compatible, in letter or spirit, with the intervention in the affairs of Europe of an Anglo-Canadian empire. And if such an event were brought to pass, if Canada did begin to interfere as a member of the British Empire with European matters, it is exceedingly probable that, in self-defense, the United States would find themselves compelled to abandon Washington's maxim, and would accordingly begin to interfere too. And thus America would be transformed from a peaceful continent of discovery and progress into a second edition of Europe, involved in European affairs, forming its own alliances and possibly enlarging the area of disturbance and bloodshed. Such a condition of things would result in the extension of the European military system to America, to the development there of an interest in warlike things, and to a corresponding neglect of the most important home interests. Even if there were nothing more serious, there would be an absurd and senseless rivalry between the two American nationalities. This solution of the problem therefore would not apparently promote the best interests and the industrial growth of Canada. But there might possibly arise more serious consequences than mere foolish rivalry between Canada and the United States. Speaking of the Americans, Mr. Anderson says, "Their Monroe doctrine is not by any means dead, and their hankering after the possession of Canada is a desire that only waits for its opportunity." I believe that there is at present no strong desire in the United States for the acquisition of Canada. The Americans regard the Dominion with a kind of half-contemptuous indifference. But if Canada became a member of a brand-new imperial confederation, the attitude of the American people would undoubtedly be changed. The Monroe doctrine is certainly not dead, as we have recently had occasion to observe in the discussions

of Congress relative to the proposed Panama Canal. The existence of a not very large or formidable colony, whose institutions are in close resemblance to those of the United States, though technically a violation of the so-called Monroe doctrine, Canada being nominally the possession of a European monarchy, is not perhaps practically regarded as such. It is, after all, only a colony, with no national life or feeling. But let that colony become a member of a federal empire, its leading public men transformed into marquises and earls, with aristocratic ideas from England taking root in the soil of the new world, and is it probable that the United States would find it convenient to forget the Monroe doctrine? The Washington Government has constituted itself the guardian of the political complexion of the American continent; and the existence of the Spanish republics in the southern division, and the overthrow of the Imperial Government in Mexico, testify to its effective force. The United States indeed control the American continent in a sense in which no other power controls any of the other continents. It seems to me, therefore, that any attempt to extend English influence (for that is the real meaning of any scheme of the kind) in America must involve us in unpleasant differences with the Government and people of the United States.

I have assumed above the possibility of English aristocratic ideas taking root in American soil. Of course I believe such a hypothesis really untenable, partly because I believe the federation scheme to be itself untenable, partly because I feel certain that aristocratic notions could find no permanent footing in America. That the North American continent has been consecrated to democracy is a fact which every one must recognize. State churches were transplanted there, and other English institutions were taken over, but they have all perished before the genius of political equality. And in spite of the mimic court at Ottawa, and of the knighthoods which Canadian statesmen condescend to receive in common with successful London haberdashers and iron-mongers, Canada is democratic. Though she seems to a great extent sundered from the republican energy of the continent, yet she has all the democratic forms, and much of the democratic temper. Ontario is probably far more really democratic than Massachusetts was half a century ago. She is not hampered by ancient traditional abuses; she is not weighed down by the burden of a decaying feudalism. Now, even if English statesmen had no such object consciously in view, they could not avoid imparting to Canada, in the event of a federal union and a common government, some of the aristocratic notions which still prevail here. If Canada resisted the court influences too strongly, it would be sufficient indication of the incongruous nature of the union. If she had not sufficient energy to resist the dominant English ideas, the result would be the Anglicizing of Canada, and the transference of English imperial policy to America. This, we may depend upon it, would be by no

means congenial to the United States, and indeed could not and would not be tolerated by that nation. Even if the latter result did not ensue (as it certainly would), I have no wish, either for the sake of England or of Canada, to see the independent citizens of the west transformed into Anglican courtiers or peers of the "United Empire." It is not necessary that we should protest against this in the name of liberty and progress, but simply in the name of common sense. The peerage is already becoming sufficiently odious and sufficiently ridiculous for the people of this country, and we may shortly expect to see a determined attack made upon it. Shall we then extend its absurdities to a young community, marked out by nature and ordained by the course and manner of its development for the realization of democratic principles and ideals? The time past of our national life may have sufficed for garters and ribbons, and stars and crosses, and all the baubles inseparably connected with titled aristocracy; and any Radical who would lend himself to the extension and perpetuation of this sort of thing is false to his principles and professions.

Mr. Anderson, like most promoters of an Anglo-Canadian federation, conveniently omits any practical suggestions as to the method of working the proposed federal government. He just glances casually at that which is in reality a fatal obstacle to the "imperial" dreams of the promoters of this scheme. He asks: "Would British statesmen and politicians be ready to admit colonial rivalry for parliamentary honors and for ministerial places? Would they consent to cut down a certain number of home constituencies to make room for colonial? And what of the House of Lords? Would it be ready to welcome within its august portals a reasonable number of colonial peers, whether life or hereditary? The second of these questions should rather be put to British constituencies themselves than to statesmen and politicians; and the answer they would make is not doubtful. It will be no easy matter for Mr. Gladstone's administration to conceive, prepare, and carry their next Reform bill, owing to the opposition which is likely to arise from the smaller constituencies. These places have, or think they have, their vested interests to defend. They will object to be effaced for the sake of populous Lancashire or Durham; and are they more likely to succumb to the claims of Ontario or Nova Scotia? The very question suggests at once its own answer. Nor would British statesmen be much more likely to admit colonial rivalry for ministerial places. The difficulty in forming the present Cabinet lay in the question, "Whom can we afford to exclude? There is no difficulty from dearth of candidates; the point is to select one from half a dozen equally competent men." And what kind of a Cabinet could be formed? Half the posts in the present Cabinet are distinctively English offices; and of the other half it is absolutely certain that such important positions as Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, Indian Secretary, would, in any instance,

be retained by Englishmen. English statesmen may wish for a great empire, but there is one passion even stronger in their breasts—the determination, namely, that England herself shall never be effaced. The English people will never consent to lose their individuality in a heterogeneous welter of States. As to the third of the questions, I have already urged objections to the creation of colonial peers; and I will only add, that there is absolutely no reason to suppose that the House of Lords would welcome life-peers from Canada. The probabilities are all the other way.

I have always understood that all our leading statesmen, on both sides, were totally opposed to converting Parliament into a federal assembly. This, indeed, is the chief objection urged against the Irish demand for home rule. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Forster, Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington, are all at one on this point. Mr. Fawcett has said that no English statesman can ever entertain the idea. The great debate in the House of Commons in 1874 on Mr. Butt's resolution turned almost entirely on the possibility of federation. Every responsible statesman in the House rejected the policy of federation as utterly impossible in relation to the British Government. The British Parliament, they declared, can only exist as the Parliament of a composite state, not as a federal assembly. But if Canada be admitted to a federal union, Parliament will become a federal body, and the case for Irish home rule will have been conceded. The Irish are at least as truly a nation as the Canadians. Are there Catholic and Protestant factions among the former? So there are among the latter. And if this be the case, we shall require, as Mr. Forster has pointed out, a Supreme Court, similar to that of the United States, above Parliament. The supremacy of Parliament will be gone, and a new federal assembly will sit, itself amenable in certain cases to a new court of justice. All this will scarcely recommend itself to English people, whatever may be thought of it by Canadians. But other considerations suggest themselves. It is necessary to inquire what are the conditions of a federation. This question has been answered by Mr. J. S. Mill, in his work on "Representative Government." He there lays down three conditions as essential. These are: that there should be a sufficient amount of mutual sympathy among the populations; that the separate States be not so powerful as to be able to rely, for protection against foreign encroachment, on their individual strength; and that there be not a very marked inequality of strength among the several contracting States. These conditions do not appear to be fulfilled in the proposed federation. "Mutual sympathy" here does not simply mean that there would be no marked disposition to quarrel on the part of the members of the federation. It means much more than that. It signifies a unity of aim and purpose, a common interest, a common sentiment of nationality, a feeling on the part of the several populations that they *must* be bound

together, a cohesive force that shall resist all assaults. This is not, I venture to think, nor ever will be, the case with England and her colonies. The second condition does not exist, for England would always be able to rely, for protection against foreign encroachment, on her individual strength. And assuredly she ought so to rely; for nothing would be more unjust, nothing would be more detrimental to the growth of Canada, than any attempt to make Canadians fight the battle of England against Russia or Germany or Austria, in a cause with which populations on the other side of the Atlantic would have no concern. The third condition is still more utterly wanting. There would be a very "marked inequality of strength among the several contracting States." Some persons might be disposed to cite the case of Germany in answer to Mr. Mill; pointing out the immense predominance of Prussia in the German Empire over all the other States. To this I must reply that the German Empire is no true federation; it is simply a Prussianized Germany, the production of which has been the great object of Prince Bismarck's life. The proposed British federal empire would, in like manner, if it were possible to form it, be simply an Anglicized federation, the objections to which I have already indicated.

There are other practical objections against this proposed federation which have been set forth with such ability by Mr. Mill in the work already alluded to, that I cannot do better than reproduce his words:

The feelings of equity, and conceptions of public morality, from which these suggestions emanate, are worthy of all praise; but the suggestions themselves are so inconsistent with rational principles of government, that it is doubtful if they have been seriously accepted as a possibility by any reasonable thinker. Countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions for being under one government, or even members of one federation. If they had sufficiently the same interests, they have not, and never can have, a sufficient habit of taking counsel together. They are not part of the same public; they do not discuss and deliberate in the same arena, but apart, and have only a most imperfect knowledge of what passes in the minds of one another. They neither know each other's objects, nor have confidence in each other's principles of conduct. Let any Englishman ask himself how he should like his destinies to depend on an assembly of which one third was British-American, and another third South-African and Australian. Yet to this it must come, if there were anything like fair or equal representations; and would not every one feel that the representatives of Canada and Australia, even in matters of an imperial character, could not know, or feel any sufficient concern for, the interests, opinions, or wishes of English, Irish, and Scotch? Even for strictly federative purposes, the conditions do not exist, which we have seen to be essential to a federation. England is sufficient for her own protection without the colonies; and would be in a much stronger, as well as more dignified position, if separated from them, than when reduced to be a single member of an American, African, and Australian confederation. Over and above the commerce which she might equally enjoy after separation, England derives little advantage, except in prestige, from her dependencies; and the little she does derive is quite outweighed by the expense they cost her, and the dissemination they necessitate of her naval and military force, which, in case of war, or any real apprehension of it, requires to be double or treble what would be needed for the defense of this country alone.

In this passage Mr. Mill argues against the admission of Australia and South Africa as well as Canada to any such confederacy as that proposed; and indeed it is necessary to consider the case of these other colonies. The arguments which apply in the case of Canada equally apply in these other instances. Spite of the much greater distance, it would be as easy or difficult to federate Australia and New Zealand with Great Britain, as to join Canada in the same federal union, since, in the former instance, the question is not complicated by the close proximity of a great republic, such as the United States.

There is one other practical difficulty which I must not omit to mention—that is, the kind of legislation on which the proposed federal assembly would be engaged. What kind of bills would be introduced into such a Parliament? Would the same questions be discussed that are now dealt with by our actual Parliament? What have been the principal subjects of discussion during the past session? Compensation to Irish tenants in certain distressed districts; ground game; the case of Mr. Bradlaugh; the liability of employers in the case of persons injured while employed in their service; the burial of dissenters from the Anglican Church—all these questions are purely home questions, which can only be appreciated and understood in any practical sense by persons living within the four seas. It would be as rational to invite representatives from New York or Illinois, from Prussia or Bavaria, to discuss these questions in a Parliament in London, as to ask the assistance of members from Quebec, Manitoba, or British Columbia. And during the next two or three decades we may look forward to a discussion of home questions in Parliament more vigorous, more intense, more earnest, than England has experienced since the Reform bill of 1832. Vital questions are at stake which will be fought out with almost unequalled bitterness. The attitude of the House of Lords towards Mr. Forster's very small Irish measure sufficiently indicates the jealousy of land-law reform entertained by the privileged class. Look, too, at the large question of the Established Church. The bare notion of inviting Canadians to discuss and take part in settling these purely English questions seems to me, I must confess, too absurd to be seriously entertained by any thoughtful politician. But if this proposed federal union were carried into effect, either this would be the result, or an entirely new federal assembly would be constituted over and above the English Parliament. The ancient Parliament of England, hitherto supreme in the state, would, by the latter plan, be reduced to the condition of the Prussian Landtag, or the Legislature of New York. We may feel tolerably certain that neither of these schemes will ever be proposed, much less carried, by any English statesman. It is easy to talk vaguely about a great British federated empire so long as we do not come to details. But these glittering bubbles of federation have an unpleasant tendency to dissolve in the stern grasp

of the political student. The fact is that the one fatal obstacle to all proposals of the kind is that the various factors of the British Empire cannot constitute one nation. Cordial alliance, intimate and friendly union, are within their reach, but the hard facts of Nature forbid any closer tie. Intimacy is possible: a common nationality is impossible. Mr. Anderson says that Canada "must be allowed to feel through all her nerves and fibers that she has a share in our national life, that she contributes in some way to the framing of our imperial policy, and that she participates fully in our greatness and glory." Well, so far as I am aware, no British statesman has any desire to prevent Canada from feeling all this, *if she can*. There is no question of "allowing;" the question is of her ability to share in another life than hers. The great question for England is, how to get rid of her feudal and monarchical remains in the easiest way, and with the least turmoil, so as to permit the free growth of the new Commonwealth. But this question has no interest for Canada. She has no feudalism, no monarchy, no official priesthood, no hereditary chamber; her institutions are democratic, born of the present, the outcome of the new life and political genius of our age. The two peoples are different in their circumstances, their environment, their political and social customs, their habitual thought and sentiment. We can no more transport English life, English national feeling, to American soil and keep it so, than we can transport our humid atmosphere, our cold summers, our November fogs. If we send out emigrants from England, in a few years they will have become American. The structure of their minds, the cast of their thought, will have been modified by the new life in the new world, with its new wants and its new habits. Now, although great changes are in preparation at home, although the Established Church and hereditary system will shortly be attacked with great vigor, and doubtless with ultimate success, yet it is highly probable that the stubborn and vigorous Conservatism of England will for many years be able to resist the Radical onset. It is perhaps true that some great European convulsion, some resistless revolutionary movement, some new intellectual revolt against traditional superstitions, might possibly shake the English system to its foundations. But, in the absence of any such disturbing element, it may be expected that reformers at home will wage a long warfare against the existing order of things. Privilege is strongly fortified, firmly intrenched, and if it learns the art of conciliation and concession, may yet keep its throne for some time. Now, what would be the attitude of the Canadians towards all this? Would they be expected to hold aloof from these controversies? How could they if they were represented in the Parliament which meets to discuss and settle them? If they are not represented in that Parliament, then, as I have before said, a new federal assembly must be in some way constructed, a proposition which no English statesman could for one moment accept.

In this country the time-honored Parliament of Westminster must and will, so long as she exists, be supreme. It seemed at one time impossible to prevent the falling into pieces of the American Union, in consequence of the different kind of life and social customs and habits, and traditional opinions which prevailed in the Northern and Southern States respectively. Yet they were territorially united and had been accustomed for many years to act together. How much more difficult would be any amalgamation of countries so radically different, and so distant as England and Canada. An old English cathedral joined on to the façade of the Grand Opera in Paris would not be more utterly incongruous and ludicrously disproportionate. The impossibility then of effecting any closer rapprochement between England and Canada than now exists; the impossibility of the Canadian people sharing in the real life of the English nation; the impossibility of constructing legislative machinery to meet the emergencies of the case, and the impossibility of working such machinery if constructed, make up a grand total of impossibilities which present a full and final answer to the promoters of an Anglo-Canadian federal empire.

Having endeavored to state the objections which may be entertained to the erection of Canada into an independent republic, or to her union with Great Britain in a new federal empire, I now come to the third alternative—viz., annexation to the United States. This will, I firmly believe, be found to be the only rational solution of the problem, as it is the one which commends itself to an impartial mind, swayed by no national prejudice, and calmly looking facts of Nature and history in the face. I may probably, in the first place, be reminded that, however the Americans may feel about it, such a solution would be extremely distasteful to the Canadians. It is said that the United States are not loved by their northern neighbors, and that Canada would shrink from an intimate union with the Republic. To this I would reply first, that Canada will ultimately consult her interests and will be governed accordingly; and that great facts of Nature will overcome mere temporary repugnance to that which will be found advantageous. In the second place, far too much has probably been made of the supposed dislike felt by Canadians of their enterprising neighbors. Petty jealousy, small bickerings, trade rivalries, the little quarrels that constantly arise between those who live very much together—all these have been magnified into a sort of international hatred. The Canadians and Americans have really the same interests. The tariffs do more to keep them asunder than anything else; and, if united, these tariffs, together with the artificial boundary, would, ipso facto, cease. In the third place, there cannot be greater rivalry or jealousy, and there must be far more compatibility of temperament between the United States and Canada now, than existed a hundred years ago between the several States. Consider the elaborate arguments of the Federalist by which



Hamilton, Madison, and Jay sought to get the States to consent to coalesce in the new federation. Even after the experiences of the war with England, it was well-nigh impossible to bring about the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. At the present time Ontario has far more in common with New York and Michigan than ever New York itself had with the Carolinas. Massachusetts and Georgia were not so closely allied before the "more perfect union" as are Manitoba and Minnesota, or British Columbia and Oregon. Mississippi and Louisiana are further removed even now, politically as well as physically, from the great centers of American political and commercial life, than are New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The federal system, wisely administered, meets the necessities of each case. I believe, therefore, that this objection has little weight.

The most important argument in favor of the annexation of Canada to the Union is that the country belongs to the American continent. If any one would have us believe that Canada ought to be permanently connected with some European country, the onus probandi lies with him. Such an arrangement takes the Canadian people out of their sphere, and transfers their interests and sympathies to a distant continent from which Nature has widely sundered them. Besides, the configuration of the American continent is as distinctively favorable to a unity of nationality and of polity as that of the European continent is to diversity of nationality. The boundary between the United States and Canada is, throughout almost its entire length, an imaginary line. The great lakes form the only natural division. One of the strongest objections to the formation of the Southern Confederacy was that two great nations would be divided from one another by an artificial boundary, necessitating pickets, and garrisons and troops, and endless custom-houses—all impeding the development of American civilization. The same objection applies to the existence of the Dominion of Canada, either as an independent commonwealth, or as an integral factor in a British federal empire. No gulf sunders the one land from the other, naturally, commercially, socially, or religiously. If British statesmen deliberately create such a gulf, they will be responsible for seeking to reproduce on the soil of the new world the feuds, strife, and misery of the old. The continent is one, and should be the home of one people.

Again, the absorption of Canada into the Union would be an easy and natural process. If Anglo-Canadian confederation were seriously proposed, the practical political difficulties in the way would be, as I have endeavored to indicate, well nigh insuperable. The whole political machinery of two countries would require to be overhauled and rearranged. The ancient English system would be thrown quite out of gear, and the most troublesome complications would inevitably ensue. There would be no precedents, no traditions—dear to the official English mind—to fall back upon: all

would be novel, intricate, embarrassing. But the annexation of Canada to the Union would be, comparatively speaking, mere child's play. The various provinces—Quebec, Ontario, etc.—would simply become States of the Union, self-governing, as before, but sending representatives and senators to Washington. The great outlying districts, as yet unpeopled, would, like the north-western districts of the United States, be divided into territories. All local government would go on in just the same way as before, and no man would perceive the change until he began to breathe the new life of the young republic. In several small matters, the most important of which is coinage, the two countries are already at one. The rest would come in due time. Following upon such a union, the population of Canada would speedily greatly increase, and her resources be developed. A great deal of speculation is often indulged in by the English papers as to the reason why Canada does not increase more rapidly in population. The country has been held by England for 120 years, and yet the whole population is not so large as that of the State of New York. We are told by competent persons that, so far as the west is concerned, the soil is as good as the Western States of the Union; and yet Wisconsin and Minnesota grow with marvelous rapidity, while the corresponding Canadian territory remains, comparatively speaking, almost stagnant. Emigrants from the old countries are now flocking across the Atlantic in unprecedented numbers, and yet Canada seems to get few of them. If there is no appreciable difference in soil or climate, if the chances of gaining wealth are about equivalent on either side of the line, the reason for this preference shown for the United States by the emigrant would seem to be due to political and social causes. Doubtless there is more imagination and greater political activity in the minds of the peasants and workmen who fill the great ships which sail from Hamburg and Bremen, Liverpool and Glasgow, than the world has given them credit for. Perhaps the bread that perisheth is not all in all to them. I think it certain that the Irish and Germans who are now invading America in such numbers distinctly prefer to live under a great republican government, in a land separated entirely from the old world, in a nation where "all men are born free and equal," in a country in which their children will be born republican citizens, owning no allegiance to any old-world sovereign. The exalted destiny of the American Republic has probably touched the imagination of the European peoples, who desire to share its glory, and who are not ambitious of becoming, even though only in name, the "subjects" of an English queen. This may be thought fanciful and sentimental, and, by some English people, unpatriotic. My answer to the former charge is, that I believe it to be true to fact, and that which corresponds to the deepest reality will always contain elements of fancy, sentiment, and imagination. In reply to the

latter possible charge, I would repudiate and denounce that miscalled patriotism which is blind to great facts.

A further reason for the amalgamation of Canada with the Union is that it restricts the possible area of war. Federation with England would not accomplish this object; indeed, I have already indicated my belief that it might not improbably lead to a renewal of European strife on American soil—a disastrous result to be deprecated by every lover of his race. All so-called patriotism pales before this grand aspiration for an American continent sacred to peace and concord. With the flame of humanity kindled in our breasts, all meaner passions, all less worthy aims will disappear. The happiest, brightest guarantee for the future of the world would be the progressive, peaceful development of an united American people. The reflex influence of such a people on Europe would be incalculable. It would be the pacific conquest of torn, distracted bleeding Europe by the mighty union of free peoples, the force of whose example it would be impossible to resist. Divide America, and you diminish its influence over Europe, as well as hinder its own development; unite America, and you have the strongest lever for securing the progress of Europe; and, I will venture to add, the civilization of Asia likewise. Already America has helped to widen the English franchise, to disestablish the Irish Church, and to humanize the English political system generally. She has contributed to the new life, which, spite of the reaction, is still active in Spain, and she has given a powerful impulse to the consolidation of the French Republic. The friends of the Confederacy in England knew well that, if the Southern slave-owners could manage to tear the Republic asunder, they would materially weaken the influence of American democracy, and so give a longer lease of life to the feudalism of Europe. The development of America means the increase of political freedom in the European countries. Let the influence of America be extended by the enlargement of her borders, and the gathering into one great nationality of the mighty forces of a continent, and she will do yet infinitely more.

I have placed at the head of this paper a quotation from Mr. Gladstone's "Kin Beyond Sea." What I have written has been simply an extension of this; but I add a word or two as to the particular question of "continuous empire." The great wars waged during the last quarter of a century have nearly all been for contiguous territory. Germany might, it is conceivable, under the vigorous guidance of Bismarck, have secured territory in Africa for colonization; but that astute statesman has preferred to consolidate his country's possessions, and only to acquire land continuous with that already possessed. The acquisitions of Russia have been of the same nature. The Northern States were taunted with "fighting for empire;" but they had the sagacity to perceive that no dominions severed from themselves by the sea would compensate for the loss of the great

States continuous with their own boundaries. The only considerable country that possesses a Chamber containing representatives from distant places separated from herself by the sea, is France. But the only colony of any importance which France possesses is Algeria, a country only a few hours' sail from French seaports, and presenting no analogy whatever to the case of Canada. When General Grant indicated a desire to annex San Domingo to the Union, public opinion was entirely opposed to any such procedure. The tendency, therefore, at the present time is to consolidation, it being felt that the difference between continuous empire and empire severed by sea is, as Mr. Gladstone says, "vital." The natural course, therefore, for Canada would be to approximate towards the American Union; federal connection with a country 3,000 miles away would be an unnatural and impolitic course. In the one case, the representative system would easily meet the new requirements of the case; in the other, a strain would be put on that system which, I venture to think, it would not bear. The representative principle may be the great discovery of modern politics; but it was never meant to apply to such a strange and improbable instance as that of the attempted union of Canada and England into one federal system.

One word as to the result of the annexation of Canada to the United States on the United States themselves. That such an annexation would greatly enlarge the conceptions and imagination, and add to the dignity of the Canadians, is pretty certain. But what effect would it have on the Union? It might perhaps seem at first sight that the Union would become so immense that an excessive decentralizing tendency would speedily make itself felt, and that the control of the Executive at Washington would become more and more feeble in the extreme limits of the vast Republic. That is indeed a possibility; although the Executive could never become so feeble as an Executive in London would be. But is it not more probable that the new population thus brought into the Union would strengthen the hands of that party which seeks to make of America one nation, which upholds the Federal Government at Washington, and labors to render more intense political, social, and commercial unity? Would the citizens of Montreal, Toronto, and Halifax, or the farmers of the west, be likely to give much countenance and support to the Democratic party? Would they not be more likely to fall into line with the Northern States? Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield represent more probably the type of statesman who would find favor in the newly-annexed States; and the Republican platform would more probably be approved by three fourths of the Canadians than the Democratic. The national and rational party would thus be reinforced, and the "solid South" be counterbalanced by a large and constant Northern vote. The United States, too, would be likely to become to England a much less foreign nation than otherwise she seems destined to be. The immense German immigration must

vitality modify the structure and type of American nationality; and influence the complexion of American thought and feeling. Any way, America may be expected to produce a new national type: that much is certain. But by the annexation of Canada she will gain men of solid manly English worth, of good sense and sterling honesty; and she will thus be able to draw upon a vigorous reserve force to uphold public order against the possible wilder developments of social democracy. Canada, too, will long retain her special English feeling and sympathy with the old country, and will thus infuse into the American Republic a greater love and respect for the English nation. We should therefore lose nothing but a sham prestige, while we should gain a more hearty American friendship than we have yet experienced—a friendship which would not be marred by frequent misgivings arising out of an English colony subject to the invasion of the United States, such as have embittered our intercourse with America ever since the War of Independence.

It is necessary to bring this paper to a close. I must again express my consciousness of performing therein a function the discharge of which does not seem natural to an Englishman. The "Imperialists" would naturally regard me as a kind of *advocatus diaboli*. Their opinion, however, I do not consider of great value. But there is another, and a large class, of worthy, honest, well-meaning people, who feel a pride in the consciousness that they are citizens of an Empire on which, as they have heard from childhood, the sun never sets. These people cannot bear the thought of a dissolution of the Empire, and some of them have really thought, in a vague way, that federation can easily be brought about. I regret to dispel their fond illusions; but, as a serious political thinker, I am compelled to do so, for the reasons already alleged. Similar arguments would, of course, apply to the case of Australia and the other colonies—similar, but not identical, and perhaps not applying at present with such great force. Canada is the premier colony, and her destiny will be considered before that of the others. And will you, it is asked, reduce England to her former condition? Will you take from her the proud post of the hegemony of a world-wide Empire, and make of her again a mere European island commonwealth? I do not propose to "do" anything. My whole argument is that Nature and the course of human affairs have done and are doing something which we can in no way prevent, and for which it is vain and idle to grieve. I, for one, hope that Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, at any rate, may be induced to retain their colonial connection for some time yet. They have not at present the materials of a real nationality, and they are gainers by the connection in almost every respect. But even if we lost these, as we are likely to do one day, we have the great Indian Empire, with its 200,000,000 of human beings, a mighty inheritance which will tax more and more the genius and resources of the statesmanship of England. Nature and history have

given us this much, and would fain urge us not to expend useless strength in "hatching vain empires." But once again I would insist that the question is not to be approached from the English, but from the colonial side. Justice and magnanimity will prevail over "Imperial instincts," in the long run. If we seek for and insure in the first place the progress and development of our colonies and through them of the world, we shall be the benefactors of mankind. If we do not act thus, we may benefit the world also, but we shall injure ourselves. The new lands are rich and great, and the new people are certain to grow and prosper. In order to do so, they should be left freely to find their own affinities. In the case actually under consideration, who can doubt what these are? England is yet a great and rich country, with vast power and force; but America has the promise of the future. Only the man who is blinded by what he falsely calls patriotism can doubt that for one moment. It is for Canada to consider the future, not the present; or the present only in so far as it may affect the future. If she consults her own interests (and no other question ought to come into consideration), she will declare for union with that great people with whose far-reaching future the interests of mankind are indissolubly united.

One final word. Although I believe a British Federal Empire to be an impossibility, yet all ties between us and our colonists need not be broken because they have come of age, and claim their independence, and seek their natural alliances. A league of English-speaking peoples is one of the grand possibilities yet folded in the future. Of that league the United States must hold the hegemony, by virtue of power and greatness. But will not all English-speaking people look up with reverence to the land of their fathers, the island-home from which have gone forth the peaceful conquerors of the earth?—WILLIAM CLARKE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, POET AND ESSAYIST.

## PART I.—POET.

Ingenious reader, I will not disguise from you the nature of this essay. It might be an extended Saturday Review article, or a sort of crotchety, uncut-leaf-skimming affair, or a Spectator article founded on a single sentence somewhere in the preface, or a short Quarterly, designed to show off the reviewer, which it seems is the chief, if not the only, function of most new books.

I, too, am a reviewer. I have views on all Mr. Lowell's subjects. I differ from him here and there, am quite ready to supply gaps and various kinds of padding, to light up with my own intelligence several problems which he finds a little stiff, and to make his own very wide reading appear scanty in comparison with my own astonishing research. I should sometimes like "to talk down" upon him after the manner of the omniscient critic who, having picked up all he knows of the matter from your own book, proceeds to bandy words with you, and alternately pats you on the back and pooh-poohs you.

I feel quite equal to a little of this light business in twenty pages, but then, where would Mr. Lowell be?—Why, where he was before, and "he is passing well there," you say, "in native worth, a name and a presence respected and loved throughout two worlds." "Yes," I answer, "but he may be *catalogued* again, for all that."

We are all familiar with the illustrated catalogues sold at the National Gallery, where certain pictures are singled out, roughly sketched and sapiently annotated thus, "a copy with slight alterations," or "fine windy landscape, dark and mysterious."

Well, that is precisely the nature of these two essays—not a dry catalogue, bare names and dates, but an appreciative one—ay, and a somewhat selective one—for, as J. R. L. says, "There is a smack of Jack Horner in us all, and a reviewer were nothing without it;" and then—well, if the irrepressible *ego* must peep out here and there, I warrant you he will be sparing alike with his *parce precor* or his *plaudite*, and hardly more offensive than good Launcelot Gobbo, when he occasionally steps forth with his "*Ergo!* old man, I beseech you!"

There is a certain class of people for whom it seems we must write certain paragraphs as regularly as we put flower-pots on sticks for snails to crawl into. They insist on their attention being first called to what is unimportant. Their only object in reading different authors is to cheapen one by the other, and spot the repetitions—like people who travel solely with a view to discovering the same wines at every hotel. Let us uncork for them at once their sour *vin ordinaire* and have done with it.

Does Mr. Lowell write like other people? Yes, and unlike other people, too. Does he copy, imitate, plagiarize? By all means, and a good deal more besides. Well, and what does it matter if his early poems flash at times with a certain sympathetic luster? Beethoven wrote like Mozart, and Mozart like Haydn, and Keats, we are told on the best authority, wrote like the authors he happened to be reading.

When Lowell writes,

Wise with the history of its own frail heart,  
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,

we seem to hear Wordsworth; and the lady Rosaline, of whom he declares,

Thou look'd'st on me all yesternight :  
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright, etc.,

did not live a hundred miles from "Oriana," "Mariana," *et id omne genus*.

Is not Mr. Bryant's delicate love of the woods in "The Oak" and the "Birch Tree?" does not Scott sing in "Sir Launfal?" and mark, dear Snail, before you enter your pot, the most curious rings of Moore and Poe mixed up together in--

O my life, have we not had seasons  
That only said, live and rejoice !  
That asked not for causes and reasons,  
But made us all feeling and voice ;

When we went with the winds in their blowing,  
When nature and we were peers,  
And we seemed to share in the flowing  
Of the inexhaustible years ?

Have we not from the earth drawn juices  
Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?  
Have I heard—have I seen  
All I feel and I know ?  
Doth my heart overween ?  
Or could it have been  
Long ago ?

and Echo seems to answer:

Ualume ! Ualume !

The unhappy lot of Mr Knott, with its—

Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,  
And safe upon the garden wall  
All night kept cat-a-wauling,

is quite *à la* Hood, is it not? and "An Ember Picture" is quite *à la* Longfellow.

Every poet abounds in similar phenomena; if, for instance, George Herbert writes:



*Immortal Love*, author of this great frame,  
 Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,  
 How hath man parcelled out thy glorious name  
 And thrown it on the *dust which thou hast made*,

and Tennyson writes:

Strong son of God, *Immortal love*

Thou madest death, and lo! thy foot  
 Is on the skull *which thou hast made*,

put in thy horns, O Snail, but otherwise no one is much moved by the striking coincidence, and Mr. Lowell is the last person, as we shall notice by-and-by, to scorn or deny the tributaries which have washed down their many golden sands into his bright lake.

It is a so tolerably idle to inquire whether Mr. Lowell is more of a poet than a teacher, or more of a teacher than a poet. "Here's Lowell," he writes anonymously of himself,

Who's striving Parnassus to climb  
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;  
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

He never learnt it—he never meant to learn it. Song, satire, and parable—more and more as he lives and ponders and pours forth—are all so many pulpit illustrations or platform pleas. But the world calls him poet, and thereby confers upon him a higher kind of excellency than any ambassadorial rank. And the world is right. The key-note is struck early in the poems ranging from 1839-49. "The leading characteristics of an author who is in any sense original . . . may commonly be traced more or less clearly in his early works." And what he says of Carlyle is also true of himself, for in his earliest writings "we find some not obscure hints of the future man." Indeed, the early poems are as good as texts—the tales and works are the homilies.

The deep religious instinct emancipated from all forms, but vibrating with the fitful certainty of an Æolian harp to "the wind which bloweth where it listeth," this is the first thing in Lowell's mind, as it is the second in Longfellow's, and the third in Bryant's:

There is no broken reed so poor and base,  
 No rush the bending tilt of swamp-fly blue  
 But He therewith the ravening wolf can chase  
 And guide his flock to springs and pastures new;  
 Through ways unlooked for and through many lands,  
 Far from the rich folds built with human hands,  
 The gracious footprints of His love I trace.

In harmony with which wider prospects the Bible-thumber is aptly rebuked:

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,  
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone:  
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,  
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

And next to this deep love of God, of which more hereafter, is our poet's love of man. It is the love of the man in all men, of the woman in every woman—the true enthusiasm of humanity—which

Sees beneath the foulest faces lurking  
One God-built shrine of reverence and love.

Further in harmony with which essential humanity, his pity for the frail and erring is characteristically edged with the fiercest scorn:

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet  
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair  
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at meat  
With Him who made her such, and speak'st Him fair,  
Leaving God's wondering lamb the while to bleat  
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air.

With the clear-headed young poet, a man already counts only for one, and every one to be weighed in the same balance. Burns's "A man's a man for a' that" of en rings in our ears—it flashes out in "Where is the true man's Fatherland?" and broadens at length into that long magnificent and victorious cry for freedom which rings like a clarion high above all other voices throughout the remainder of Lowell's poetical works.

This note once firmly struck, all further trifling is at an end. He may have sung with a Tennysonian ring:

... on Life's lonely sea,  
Heareth the mariners  
Voices sad, from far and near,  
Ever singing full of fear,  
Ever singing drearily.

But this spirit once touched by

That sunrise whose Memnon is the soul of man,

he is on his way attended by a nobler vision of melody than that of any siren of Fairyland:

Thou alone seemest good,  
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose desire  
Can light in mildest souls quick seeds of fire,  
And strain life's chords to the old heroic mood.

It was a passion rising legitimately out of the love of man—that enthusiasm, that grace so Pauline, so rare. And although the harp is new and the minstrel young, we may well revive such noble preludings as:

Men I whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women I who shall one day bear  
 Sons to breathe New England air,  
 If ye hear without a blush,  
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
 Like red lava through your veins,  
 For your sisters now in chains—  
 Answer I are ye fit to be  
 Mothers of the brave and free?

And how pertinent, yet how fanatical and visionary, must some lines have seemed to those who dared not side with truth,

Ere her cause brought fame and profit, and 'twas prosperous to be just!

Listen to the advance guard of Slavery Abolition:

They are slaves who fear to speak  
 For the fallen and the weak;  
 They are slaves who will not choose  
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
 Rather than in silence shrink  
 From the truth they needs must think;  
 They are slaves who dare not be  
 In the right with two or three.

Slaves they might be, but in those days to be in the right with two or three meant to be assaulted in public, as was Senator Sumner by Senator Brooks in 1856, for speaking against slavery in the House. It meant to find oneself in the tight boots of those two judges who, in the famous "Dred Scott Case," 1857, stood firm against the five other judges who were for the extradition of a slave captured in a free State. Yes; and the sort of high thinking and plain speaking which did more than anything else to remedy this state of things, and to blow the liberation spark into a sacred flame, is to be found in such pathetic utterances as—

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;  
 Man is more than Constitutions: better rot beneath the sod,  
 Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

And again:

It's true to God who's true to man; whatever wrong is done  
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
 That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base  
 Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

Never did a man trust himself more unreservedly to the guidance of a "blazing principle"—never did "principle" bring a man through more triumphantly! As a thinker and a writer, better than a legislator, Lowell could afford to be uncompromising in his allegiance to the rights of man, to humanity, to freedom—and he was. He helped to strengthen by those few early flights of song the hands of the actors, and to comfort the hearts of the people. He was one of the first to feel and to cry aloud that—

Still is need of martyrs and apostles!

And those typical lines, not against slavery only, but against the

Mexican war in the crisis of 1845, are amongst the noblest and broadest of all his verses:

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong.

And further on:

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne:  
Yet that scaffold aways the future, and behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

But, alas! of exhortation and invective the world seemed weary. Men soon discovered that shams could do the one and fanatics the other. Mr. Lowell retired into his armory, looked at his revolver, his blunderbuss, his broadsword hanging over the mantelpiece, thought how he had let his barrels off one after another, and how sturdily he had laid about him. Then he got somewhat tired, wondered why he had not done more execution, why the people did not read and buy more. Presently a long, thin siletto caught his eye. It glittered in a neglected corner; it had, indeed, never been known to fail in his hands, but had seldom been used. One merit it possessed—it never rusted, it was always ready. Its name was "Wit."

Whilst Beecher fulminated with his anti-slavery speeches, and Mrs. Stowe sentimentalized in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Lowell betook himself year after year to poke up the Constitution in the ribs with that incomparable series of "digs" so widely known as the "Biglow Papers." "I soon found," writes he, "that I held in my hand a weapon, instead of the fencing-sick I had supposed." From the Mexican War of 1845 to the close of the Great Rebellion in 1865, people looked to the "Biglow Papers" not only as a current expression of the best aspirations of National America, but as a running commentary and judgment upon prominent events and persons. Nor is it possible to enter into the "Biglow Papers" without a rough, though definite, idea of the ingredients of American character and the course of American history.

The kernel of the United States is that New England of Massachusetts and Connecticut "which the English Puritans built when they only thought to build Zion." Amidst all subsequent accretions and modifications, there is a Puritan vigor and enthusiasm at the root of the American character that came from those early settlements. It is possible to talk nonsense about the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower*, who went across the sea alone in a bark of 10 tons with forty-one souls on board, and who, when they landed, "knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning." Still, their work and their

influence are alike unprecedented, save in the annals of the Hebrew race. Still, they are the men who discovered, as Mr. Green says, that "the secret of the conquest of the New World lay not in its gold, but simply in labor." Still, they remain, as Mr. Lowell remarks, the only people in modern times who went into exile solely for the privilege of worshipping God in their own way; and this latent idealism has passed into the nation. "To move John Bull, you must make a fulcrum of beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan." The religion of the Puritans is the religion of America, whenever she has time to remember that "God made the earth for man, not trade." Their faith is likely to survive every other; it is a singularly simple, vital sort of Trinity, and its three terms are—God, Man, and Work!

The modern American owns to three commanding dates—the *Mayflower* date, 1620, that formed the people's religion; the Independence of the United States, 1787, that formed the people's government; and the Restoration of the United States at the close of the Great Rebellion, 1865, which fixed America's position in the world as a great nation, as well able as, or better able than, England to control its vast outlying states, and to hold its own against all comers. In places Mr. Lowell speaks almost as if he had no country before the war—nor any so long as Victory trembled in the balance—so great, patriotic, and solidifying an influence does he attribute to the decisive Northern conquest.

The "Biglow Papers" cannot be read apart from a close reference to events between 1845 and 1865. The Mexican War in 1845, which "I consider," he writes, "a national crime," set these witty and wise satires a-going.

In 1848 all Europe was in a blaze of excitement about the French Revolution and the sudden success of Louis Napoleon. It was despotic power on the side of white bondage in Europe, just as much as Lincoln's armies were to be despotic against black bondage in America; the only difference being that Napoleons army put down liberty, and Lincoln's put down slavery. To a few sanguine Northerners it seemed, even in 1844, that the

Time was ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;  
Then let it come; I have no fear of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind

But there is nothing odder than this same "instinct." It lies dormant; it wakes and goes to sleep again; it is often at the mercy of circumstances, half driven, half led—a most obstinate beast when wanted to move on, and yet at critical moments apt to take the bit between its teeth and rush. The smart goadings of the "Biglow" diatribes show the progress of the abolition instinct under patriotic guidance.

Kossuth lands in 1851; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is published in 1852; the Duchess of Sutherland adopts an Englishwoman's address signed

by 576,000 against slavery in the same year. In 1859 a good many people think John Brown a hero for opposing the introduction of slavery into Kansas, and in 1860 the rest hang him. His soul, however, was generally understood to be "marching on," so much so that Abraham Lincoln—a notorious anti-slavery man—is elected President in the same year, 1860, and the secession of five slave states followed. At this moment it was not easy to see clear. Biglow saw quite clear, and was for going fast. Lincoln also saw clear, and was for going slow—that is to say until he had an army to go fast with—then he went very fast. The Puritan States of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania stood firm from the first. Then came the momentous years 1861—62, the rise of the great Federal generals M'Clellan and Sherman, the election of the Southern President Jeff. Davis—and Lincoln goes fast. In 1861 he calls for 42,000 volunteers and a loan of 250 millions of dollars, and lets the world know that he means to fight. In 1862 he calls for 300,000 more volunteers, and soon runs up the National Debt (paid off in 1836) to 1,222,000,000 dollars. This was smart, but the reader of Biglow will not fail to note the sensitive sneer at England's neutrality—and the open bitterness at that short-lived European recognition of the south, rescinded on the failure of the rebellion.

It is perfectly true that here in England we did not know which side would win—and as the slaves were not ours, we did not feel inclined to give the national abolitionists anything but a private moral support. France did the same, and we both got a thank-you-for-nothing at the end of the war.

I think in England most of us were of opinion that if the South *could* secede, it was sufficiently distinctive and powerful to take care of itself; otherwise, it was manifestly a rebel. Slavery was an element in the social life of another people which we abhorred and had abolished in our own, but which we would no more go out of our way to put down on a foreign soil than we should go about to put down capital punishment, the knout, polygamy, or restrictive tariffs abroad.

The independence of the Southern States was or was not a fact; we treated it as a fact, and we were wrong.

Slavery to us was an external question for internal legislation, but not for our legislation; we had dealt with it and done with it; we advised Brother Jonathan to do likewise; but from the first we meant to stand out of the quarrel just as we did in the Franco-Prussian war (as we ought to have done in the Crimean war), and we did stand out of it to such purpose that in 1881 we have the strongest Abolitionist in America as ambassador at the Court of St. James, and if we are to judge by his genial speeches and pleasant bearing amongst us, we have him here in no unfriendly spirit, although he has said some bracing things about us.

In 1862 the time seemed, indeed, "rotten ripe;" Lincoln suspends

the Habeas Corpus Act, and proclaims the Southern slaves free ; 1863 calls for 300,000 more volunteers, and proves by the response how complete is his mastery of the situation. Meanwhile Mr. Biglow is fain to tell us how monstrous speculation and corruption turns up in the army supplies ; but the rise of General Grant is the beginning of the end, and in 1864 McClellan actually declares for the Union as a bid for the Presidency, and even divides the Democratic party on the question ; but by this time about 2,000 battles had been fought : it was clear Lincoln would not give in ; it was clear that he was backed ; it was clear that slavery was doomed. In 1864 Lincoln was re-elected. In 1865 the flag of the Union once again floated over Charleston ; in 1865 Jeff. Davis the Southern President was captured ; slavery was abolished throughout America, and Abraham Lincoln was shot through the head at Ford's Theater, dying at 7.15 on April 15th.

Most people in America felt that the great event of the century was over, and the noble success of Lincoln's life had rendered his brutal assassination politically unimportant ; other men could finish his work, and they have finished it. The "Biglow Papers" show that work in progress ; and are as historically valuable as any State paper connected with the abolition of slavery. Mr. Lowell will undoubtedly take rank amongst American writers by them. In these satires he settles into his work with a will—he has an end, and he knows the means—he is thorough and exhaustive—slavery is looked at all round—not an argument is forgotten—the slave is placed, the master is placed, and the politician is placed. He paints at one time with a dab of color, at another he etches elaborately—but always with the same firmness and certainty of touch, and always equally deliberate—there is nothing of the greased lightning about his wit, it never plays about his subject, it always riddles it through and through. Those elaborate prefaces remind one of Walter Scott's protracted and realistic introductions—there is the same infinite leisure of reality about them, whatever apparent slang or frivolity there is in the form. This piercing reality redeems it ; behind the mask is a man terribly in earnest—but not over a crochet—over a passion which he knows sleeps in the hearts of all, and must be aroused—the love of freedom.

Trusting himself boldly to the deep and often stifled heart of the people, he chooses their very dialect. He has done for the American what Burns and Scott did for the Scotch vernacular—it is a bold experiment, one but half understood in this small island, but one which succeeded perfectly with the public addressed. Before the "Biglows," few people read Mr. Lowell ; since the "Biglows" few people have ceased to read him. And what is the plan of the "Biglows ?" who are the *dramatis personæ* ? and what, in short, are the poems about ?

The plan of these effusions is laid out in prose and poetry. The most whimsical prefaces, avowedly from the pen of the Rev. Homer

Wilbur, introduce the curious metrical exercises of Mr. Hosea Biglow and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin. But the subject-matter was momentous; then there was the "danger of vulgarizing deep and sacred convictions" by adopting a light, even comic, form. "I needed," says Mr. Lowell, "on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose I conceived the Rev. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry; and Mr. Biglow who should serve for its homely common sense, vivified and heated by conscience. I invented Mr. Birdofredum Sawin for the close of my little puppet-show;" he represents the "half-conscious immorality" of the period—"the recoil of a gross nature from puritanism"—he always tries to be on the winning side. He is of opinion that—

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
Et he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard.

He also is of opinion that—

The fust thing for sound politicians to larn is,  
Thet truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o' harness,  
Mus' be kep' in the abstract—

The poetical figures are Sawin and Biglow, but the whole show is animated by that great prose writer, the Rev. Homer Wilbur; he touches up their compositions, favors us with his own, and gives that variety of subject, together with a unity of purpose, to the "Biglows" which is one of their greatest charms. Around the stormy topics of war, slavery, and politics plays an incessant summer lightning of literary, antiquarian, and instructive social and domestic twitter.

The other characters may be dummies, but the Rev. Wilbur is positively alive—he is as solid and elaborate as Scott's Dominie Samson and dressed out with the apparently careless, but profound, art of Shakespeare's walking gentlemen. And then, he is absolutely new. Such a superfluously delightful personage has never been sketched before, and can never be sketched over again.

He must not be hurried over—though he is in small type, he is like a postscript which contains the pith of a letter, and embedded in those prolix and tediously amusing notes and prefaces are to be found some of Mr. Lowell's best thoughts and noblest paragraphs, in prose. We look in at the Rev. Homer Wilbur's at all hours of the day—we like to see the old fellow shuffling about his study, with an absurdly unconscious appreciation of his own importance—with his runic inscriptions, his Latin quotations, his eternal twaddle about the Ptolemies, Lacedæmonians, St. Anthony of Padua, or Pythagoras. Then, what more artless than his account of that great epic, in twenty-four books, on the taking of Jericho, "which my wife secreted just as I had arrived beneath the walls, and begun a description of the various horns and their blowers," or his "latest conclusion concerning the



tenth horn of the beast," his relations with his parishioners—his sermons—his innocent vanity—his domestic affairs—his utter inability to see the absolute irrelevance of matter such as—"We had our first fall of snow on Friday. . . . A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers, . . . ." Here the editor's patience breaks down, and he prints no more.

Still, it is never safe to skip the rev. gentleman's effusions—you are sure to miss something good. How happy is his definition of speech and speech-making: "by the first we make ourselves intelligible—by the second, unintelligible;" or of Congress—"a mill for the manufacture of gabble"—a timely warning to our own House of Commons! "Nothing," he remarks, "takes longer in saying than anything else." And we can pardon a good deal about the monk Copres, the Dioscuri, and even Marathon—for the sake of those noble wrestlings and honest flashes of thought and feeling with which, like "the Puritan hug" so much dreaded by "Satan," the Rev. Wilbur meets and throws the Demon of Slavery again and again.

"Thor was the strongest of the gods, but he could not wrestle with time"—no more was the abolition spirit of the age to be crushed.

How grim and pungent is—

Providence made a sandwich of Ham to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

And again—

I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours [slavery]. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument, *Our fathers knew no better*. Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later.

But the Rev. Wilbur is of course most eloquent and convincing when he is a mere mask for Lowell himself; only now and then do we get such a heated flight as this—

In God's name, let all who hear, nearer and nearer, the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our constitution, consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutched the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless aeons, says, SPEAK! The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolation of ages, from amid her shattered funes and wolf-hounding palaces, echoes, SPEAK! Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries, SPEAK! From the soul's trembling abysses the still small voice not vaguely murmurs, SPEAK! But, alas! the Constitution and the Honorable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say—BE DUMB!

The rev. gentlemen dies at last at a very advanced age, leaving in

his study heaps of MSS., of which only a few sentences find their way into the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, "Go to, let me seem to be pathetic," may be nearer than he thinks to saying, "Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest or under sorrow for sin."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kickshaws cooked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

When I see a certificate of character with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil.

There seems nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration—fullness of mind and emptiness of pocket.

It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, etc., etc.

Passing to the poems—which bristle with personalities already forgotten, and events that are past—we naturally look for the points of universal interest: each poem, almost each verse, grapples with a principle as much alive now as ever.

A recruiting sergeant for the unjust Mexican War in 1846 calls forth these lively reflections from the honest Hosea Biglow:—

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'  
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,  
Ef it's right to go anowin'  
Feller-men like oats an' rye?  
I dunno but wut it's pooty  
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—  
But its curus Christian dooty  
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,  
Clear ez one an' one make two,  
Chaps thet 'make black slaves o' niggers  
Want to make wite slaves o' yon.

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman  
Hev ome glory an' one shame,  
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman  
Inj-ers all on 'em the same.

The war is now fully elaborated by what the Rev. Wilbur calls "the sacred conclave of tagrag-and-bobtail policy in the gracious atmosphere of the grog shop," a policy which "shuffles Christ into the Apocalypse," and substitutes for the Apostolic "Fishers of men," "Shooters of men!"

Mexico is glowingly described to the young recruit as

a sort o'  
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an' water.

The reality turns out different:

For one day you'll most die o' thirst, and 'fore the next git drowned.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply  
Out o' the glory that I've got, fer that is all my eye!

For when, indeed:

... somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks  
Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks.

To this early period, 1847, belong the famous lines which were quoted in the House of Commons, and first drew attention in England to the satire of Mr. Lowell:—

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,  
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

It was now time to be down upon the amazing declamation indulged in by the advocates of slavery—and down upon them Mr. Biglow was with a truly delightful specimen from their own “stump”—

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he—  
“Human rights haint no more  
Right to come on this floor,  
No more 'n the man in the moon,” sez he.

“The North baint no kind of business with nothin',  
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;

“The mass ongh' to labor an' we lay on sofies,  
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;

“Now, don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,  
But keep 'all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,  
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least, thet's my impression)  
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North.”

Here is another fine example of hustings talk destined to captivate a truly sensible pro-slavery elector:—

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion  
In *my* ideas concernin' them—  
I think they air an Institution,  
A sort of—yes, jest so—ahem:  
Do I own any? ef my merit  
On thet point you yourself may jedge;  
All is, I never drink no sperit,  
Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory  
In bevin' notakin' o' the sort;  
I aint a Wig—I aint a Tory—  
I'm jest a candidate, in short.

The lashes that Mr. Biglow would fain see taken off the slave's back he has no difficulty in applying to the unscrupulous editor of a

time-serving newspaper. And "The Pious Editor's Creed" is followed by one of the prettiest postscripts in elegant prose on the functions and dignity of the journalistic profession—from the pen, of course, of the Rev. Wilbur. Sings the pious editor:—

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
To him that hez the grantin'  
O' jobs,—in every thin' that pays,  
But most of all in CANTIN';  
This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
This lays all thought o' sin to rest—  
I don't believe in principle,  
But O, I *du* in interest.

I dn believe wutever trash  
'll keep the people in blindness—  
Thet we the Mexietus can trash  
Right inter brotherly kindness,  
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n ball  
Air good-will's strongest magnets;  
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
Must be druv in with baguets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
In Humbug generally,  
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
To hev a solid vally;  
This beth my faithful shepherd ben,  
In pasturs sweet heth led me,  
An' this 'll keep the people green  
To feed ez they hev fed me.

Indeed, some Northern editors felt themselves rather in a fix when the States seceded with a live President in the South, and a Stone-wall Jackson to boot.

"Don't never prophesy—unless you know," seemed about the safest thing—but appearances were too much for Mr. Sawin, and so on the first Confederate success he went over to the South, under what some called the flag of "Manifest Destiny." He joins the exultant cry of Jeff Davis:—

We've all o' the ellerments this very hour  
That make up a first-class self-governing power  
We've a war, and a debt, and a flag; and ef this  
Aint to be independent, why, what on airth is?

He soon gets into quite a Southern "Dizzy" way of looking or not looking things in the face:—

Fact is, the less the people know o' what thar' is a doin',  
The handler 'tis for gov'ment—sence it hinders trouble brewin'.

And when things begin to get obviously shaky down South, he remarks:

Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is *not* to know when y' aint,  
An' ef Jeff says all's goin' wal, who'll ven are t' say it aint?

In vain, as the Southern cause, that went up like a rocket, begins to

come down with the stick, does Mr. Sawin repeat to himself the noble principles of the new secession :—

Wut do's Secedin' mean, ef 'tain't thet nat'nal rights hez riz, 'n  
Thet wut is mine's my own, but wut's another man's aint his'n?

In vain does the same patriot reflect with complacency that although at times we "du miss silver," yet the Southern notes

Go off middlin' wal for drink, when ther's a knife behind 'em.

The game is nearly up, and Birdofredum Sawin will probably come back to the Union without a blush.

But there were stubborn hearts, and stern lips, and stalwart arms up North that had never wavered. The men who denounced every drop of Mexican blood were ready to pour forth their own like water in a righteous cause.

Why, law and order, honor, civil right.  
Ef they aint worth it, what is worth a fight?

With such downright, honest fellows the shuffling Statesman gets no quarter. They have got down to

The hard granite of God's first idee,

So cries Biglow—

. . . wut's the Gov'ment folks about?

Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,  
No metter how they phrase an' tone it;  
It means that we're to get down licked,  
Thet we're poor shotes, an' glad to own it!

More men? More Man! It's there we fail;  
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin';  
Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
When it's the head's in need o' strengthenin'?

And Biglow can do justice to those fine qualities of the Southern rebels that dazzled and misled all Europe for six months:

I tell ye one thing we might learn.  
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—  
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust's cast iron leaders.

The North, if it was to conquer, had to learn from the South—

The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest:  
Thet's wut we want—we want to know  
The folks on our side hez the bravery  
To b'lieve ez hard, come wunt, come woe,  
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

The old Puritan Ghost, which is none other than J. R. Lowell himself behind the curtain, is constantly breaking out with the voice of a prophet—

O for three weeks of Crommle and the Lord !

Strike soon, sez he, or you'll be deadly allin',  
Folks thet's afe'rd to fail are sure of failin',  
God hates your sneakin' creturs that believe  
He'll settle things they run away and leave !

Thus in season and out of season, with fears within and fightings and wars without, did Mr. Lowell never cease to urge his country's standard-bearer up the hill of difficulty, until once more the star-spangled banner floated over a free and united people.

Our own self-complacency more than once received a wholesome snub, and we have the advantage of seeing ourselves as others see us, and of being told in the "Biglow Papers" more of the truth than we are likely to hear from the present ambassador at any of our metropolitan banquets.

I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,  
Hex ollers ben, "*I've got the heaviest hand.*"

Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,  
England *does* make the most onpleasant kind ;  
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint ;  
Wut's good 's all English, all thet isn't aint :

She's praised herself ouil she fairly thinks  
There aint no light in Natur when she winks ;

She aint like other mortals, thet's a fact ;  
She never stopped the habus-corpus act.

She don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,  
An' 's ollers willing' Ireland should secede ;  
She's all thet's honest, honorable, an' fair,  
An' when the vartoos died they made her heir.

But then those were days full of burning international questions—days of trial—of intense suspense—of over-wrought sensitiveness—when every breath of wind seemed full of fate, and ominous messages went to and fro between the Old and New Worlds. The case fitted into a nutshell : "John, you pretend to be our good brother. You stand by and see the fight. When we are down in the first few rounds, you won't even hold the sponge. You call yourself neutral, that's trying enough—but presently you act moral bottleholder to our opponent. You recognize Jeff. Davis—that's worse—and lastly, you go so far as to threaten, when we have enough to do to fight Jeff. without fighting you." This—if I may presumptuously act as his spokesman—was the situation from Biglow's point of view, and we may well be surprised at the moderation of Biglow under the circumstances :

It don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands wus full,  
To stump me to a fight, John,—  
Your cousin, tu, John Ball !

O'e Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
 We know it now," sez he,  
 "The lion's paw is all the law,  
 Accordin' to J. B.,  
 Thet's fit for you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tn, John:  
 You mus' n' take it hard  
 Ef we can't think with you, John,  
 It's just your own back-yard.  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
 Ef *that's* his claim," sez he,  
 "The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough  
 To bust up friend J. B.  
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,  
 Of honor, when it meant  
 You didn't care a fig, John.  
 But just for *ten per cent.* ?  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
 He's like the rest," sez he;  
 "When all is done, it's number one  
 Thet's nearest to J. B.  
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Nor does this stinging lyric close without the inevitable latent threat that stamps almost every political utterance of America in the midst of all her goodwill towards us:

Shall it be love or hate, John?  
 It's you thet's to decide;  
 Aint *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
 Like all the world's beside?  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
 Wi-e men forgive," sez he,  
 "But not forget; an' some-time yet  
 Thet truth may strike J. B.  
 Ez wal ez you an' me."

In the last verse the lingo of the modern work is incomparably mixed with the faith of the old Puritan and the aspirations of the new American:

God means to make this land, John,  
 Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
 Believe an' understand, John,  
 The *wuth* o' bein' free.  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
 God's price is high" sez he;  
 "But nothin' else than wut He sells  
 Wears long, an, thet J. B.  
 May larn, like you an' me!"

The popularity of the "Big'ows" was immediate and wide. They provided Lincoln with a current political pamphlet on his own side, in his own style. They relieved fearlessly the burdened hearts of a million patriots--they gave to American literature a noble nature and a new humorist.

It seems a pity to omit all descriptive allusion to such considerable poems as "The Cathedral," "A Fable for Critics," not to mention the Odes on Special Occasions, and a variety of other miscellaneous poems, such as those fugitive garlands of song flung to Kossuth, Lamartine, Channing; or "To the Memory of Thomas Hood."

But all further a lusion must be brief.

"The Cathedral" is Notre Dame de Chartres—it might have been any other. It is the excuse for a local meditation on things human and divine. Into such moods we all sometimes fall. They lie grotesquely near to the common ways of life, yet are they like sacred bowers, whose "open sesame" belongs to the latch-key of the soul alone.

Ordering dinner at the Pea Green Inn at Chartres, he finds himself in the presence of two Englishmen,

Who made me feel, in their engaging way,  
I was a poacher on their self-preserve.

Presently one attacks what he supposes to be a hostile Gaul of the place:

"Esker vous ate a nablant?" he asked.  
"I never ate one; are they good?" asked I.

Then he loiters through the town by himself, and whilst he lingers in front of the old facade, with its two unequally yoked towers, or gazes at the gorgeous windows inside, there come to the poet those snatches of meditation which are interesting as glimpses of that deep religious feeling which I have before alluded to as the real keynote of Mr. Lowell's mind. "Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith," he exclaims; but then, if mediæval Christianity is extinct, "if angels go out," it is only that "the archangels may come in" with the "Christ that is to be." The stars do not alter with the telescope, the central verities shine on, and "Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would." But the poet's quick eye turns to our modern blot—bondage to the old letter—and he points instinctively in the direction of that east towards which so many eyes are turned, as though they beheld the sky growing bright:

Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now  
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by,  
And arm her with the weapons of the time,  
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought,

Freedom of inquiry, unfettered spontaneous utterances, free play and exercise of the noblest aspirational impulses, as there has too long been free play and exercise of the basest—this is the keynote. Yet, what absence of Iconoclasm, what tenderness for the past!—

Where others worship I but look and long;  
For though not recreant to my fathers' faith,  
Its forms to me are weariness, and most  
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,  
Still pumping phrases for the ineffable,  
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.



Yet he has his own invocation :

O Power, more near my life than life itself  
(Or what seems life to us in sense impaired),  
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,  
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive  
Of sunshine and wide air and winged things  
By sympathy of nature so do I  
Have evidence of Thee so far above,  
Yet in and of me!  
I fear not Thy withdrawal.

How many Christian "Apologists" in their hearts can say as much? Fear and trembling is in every whine and quaver of the voice, doubt in each deprecating look; indeed, to hear some sermons, one might almost suppose that the great Author of all was the prisoner at the bar, whilst the man in the pulpit was acting as special pleader in a shaky case. Apology may be good armor, but it never won a fight nor made a convert. If you want to win others, you must believe yourself; and if you want to believe, you must feel; and if you would feel, you must learn to attend to and trust those

Intimations clear of wider scope,  
Hints of occasion infinite, that keep  
The soul alert with noble discontent,  
And onward yearnings of unstilled desire.

It is glimpses of these

Spacious circles luminous with mind,  
Those visitations fleet,

that have power to make him smile equally at all attempts to build up or destroy a faith in God and the soul:

I that still pray at morning and at eve!

No system, no dogma about this, but ever the incommunicable touch of reality—grave, sober, and with a sort of old-world restfulness about it, contrasting quaintly enough with the feverish rapidity and irritable self-consciousness of modern life.

In his "Fable for Critics," with its fantastic prose preface in meter, Mr. Lowell passes in review a procession of contemporary authors, himself amongst them. Its wit at once hit the public taste. It held the mirror up to nature in the magazine hack, whose effusions

Filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,  
And nobody read that which nobody cared for.

and in the classical bore, who

Could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,  
And his old set of nothings pleased very old fools.

Of Emerson he says:

All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got  
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;  
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd  
He leaves ne'er a doorway to get in a god.

'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me  
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he.

Perhaps it is a little hard to say of Bryant that

If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

And though his appreciation of Longfellow, Washington Irving,  
and Hawthorne is generous, it is rather severe to dub poor Poe—

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.

But to be smart, funny, and Hood like seems to be for once the  
satirist's only ambition in the "Fable for Critics," and whoever  
reads these contents of a graveyard will say that he has succeeded:

There are slave-drivers quietly whipped and deranged;  
There bookbinders done up in boards are fast bound;  
There card-players wait till the last trump be played;  
There all the choice spirit got finally laid.  
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth;  
There men without legs get their six feet of earth;  
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case;  
There seekers of office are sure of a place;  
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast;  
There shoemakers quickly "stick to the last."

The lines—

Nature fits all her children with something to do,  
He who would write and can't write can surely review,

remind us forcibly of Moore's (we quote from memory):

If you do not write verses, why, what can you do?  
The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot review!

We have not space to cull the many felicitous lines that deserve  
to pass into the language, such as:

The world's a woman to our shifting mood.

And only manhood ever makes a man.

The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud.

The green grass floweth like a stream  
Into the ocean's blue.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,  
Without our will they come and go;  
At noon our sudden summer burns,  
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,  
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,  
And something earlier every year  
Our singing birds take wing.

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,  
 Faith blighted once is past retrieving;  
 Experience is a dumb dead thing,  
 The victory's in believing!

Ingenious reader, if the preceding pages inspire you to take up "once again" the Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, my transparent object will have been accomplished.

I will give you a month, and then we will enter together upon the study of Lowell as an essayist, and I shall hazard a short biographical notice of him "as far as he has got." Indeed, the general public cannot fail to read with a certain interest any remarks, however fragmentary, which may tend to illustrate the character and the career of so distinguished and adequate a representative of the great Trans-oceanic Republic.

It has been sometimes a matter of interesting conjecture in England what may have been the motives which influenced the American Government in its choice of ministers for the Court of St. James, and why at times politicians have arrived here, not only unfamiliar with our insular habits, but apparently averse to acquiring a knowledge of them; but no one who has any acquaintance with the "Biglow Papers" or their author will ask such questions about Mr. Lowell. He has been sent here, perhaps, amongst other reasons, because he is not a professional politician. There is nothing sectarian about him, nothing of the "stump," nothing "shoddy;" he is simply a scholar, a man of letters, and a true patriot, and by virtue of his wide culture and generous sympathies, in the best sense, a Citizen of the World.

O yes, his fatherland must be,  
 As the blue heaven, wide and free!

H. R. HAWES, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS.

1. *Spectrum Analysis*. Six Lectures delivered in 1868. By HENRY E. ROSCOE, F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1869.
2. *Le Stelle: Saggio di Astronomia Siderale*. Del P. A. SECCHI. Milano: 1878.
3. *Researches in Spectrum Analysis in connexion with the Spectrum of the Sun*. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F. R. S. "Proceedings of the Royal Society," vol. xxviii.: 1879.
4. *On the Spectra of some of the fixed Stars*. By WILLIAM HUGGIN'S, F.R.A.S., and W. A. MILLER, M.D.; LL.D. "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," vol. cliv.: 1864.

5. *Further Investigations on the Spectra of some of the Stars and Nebulæ, with an Attempt to determine therefrom whether these Bodies are moving towards or from the Earth.* By WILLIAM HUGGINS, F.R.S. "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," vol. clviii.: 1868.
6. *The Universe of Stars.* By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Second Edition. London: 1878.

WHEN Kirchhoff demonstrated, twenty-one years ago, the existence of sodium in the atmosphere of the sun, he made an advance of which we are even yet hardly in a position to estimate the full importance. The discovery supplied one more proof of the harmony of nature and the fundamental unity of science. The "corruptible" materials of our mother-earth were shown by conclusive evidence to form part of the "incorruptible" substance of the radiant orbs of heaven. Astronomy, which had hitherto taken cognizance of matter only in its most general form, was now compelled to descend into the laboratory in order to study its various kinds and qualities, together with their mutual actions and relations. The science of celestial mechanics became, all at once, the science of celestial chemistry. From the new point of departure thus unexpectedly provided, untried fields of research were gradually perceived to stretch farther and farther away into the illimitable distance. The invention of the telescope does not, indeed, form a more noteworthy epoch in the history of astronomy than does the application of the prism to the physical investigation of the heavenly bodies. Yet, marvelous as are the results already achieved by spectrum analysis, they are as nothing compared with the crowd of unsolved problems which continually stimulate the curiosity, and baffle the skill, of the spectroscopist. Nor should this occasion surprise. Since creation is modeled on a scale utterly incommensurable with human faculties, the progress of science necessarily proposes more questions than it answers, and opens up, one after the other, vistas of the unknown, each forming, as it were, a separate pathway towards the one infinity.

Thus each new discovery, by revealing previously unsuspected ignorance, suggests fresh efforts, and promotes fresh advances. Already the more hopeful among men of science look forward with confidence to the recognition of a law, higher and wider than that of Newton, embracing all the operations upon matter of the so-called "physical forces," and reducing under a common denomination the actions of gravity and cohesion, the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity. We venture indeed to assert that no one who earnestly and intelligently looks nature in the face can escape the conviction that such a principle regulates the apparent anomalies, and harmonizes the apparent contradictions, visible in the world around us. The generalization of knowledge, however, becomes increasingly difficult with its extension;

by the accumulation of particulars induction is rendered more sure, but is also rendered more arduous; and science is impeded in its progress in proportion as it is amplified in its details. We may then have to wait long for the realization of the hopes held out to us, and must for the present content ourselves with noting effects where we would willingly penetrate into causes. Nevertheless, the close relationship more and more clearly perceived to unite the physical sciences forms in itself a species of generalization, and will doubtless contribute in the future to maintain and increase the high intellectual importance of natural investigation.

The discovery of spectrum analysis has most markedly emphasized this relationship. The sciences of astronomy and chemistry can no longer be said to exist independently one of the other. The astronomer demands from the chemist an interpretation of what he observes; the chemist turns to the astronomer for confirmation of what he divines. The working of this new alliance is strikingly exemplified in Mr. Norman Lockyer's recent investigations into the nature of the chemical elements. The sixty-five to seventy\* different substances at present known to enter into the composition of the earth have long been regarded by chemists as only provisionally elementary in their character. The term "element" was simply meant to convey that hitherto they had not been decomposed; but it was clearly foreseen that with improved laboratory appliances many such bodies would be reduced to a simpler condition—a prevision already verified in the case of the allied substances, chlorine, bromine, and iodine.

But theory has, in this direction, far outstripped experiment. Between the atomic weights of the various elements numerical relations, as remarkable as those connecting the different members of the solar system have been perceived to exist. Empirical laws, of similar character to "Bode's law" of planetary distances, regulate the combining proportions of certain groups of substances analogous in their qualities, indicating, it is argued, varying degrees of complexity in their composition.† These ingenious speculations have even been made the basis of successful prediction. A gap in the series indicated by his "periodic law" enabled Professor Mendelejeff, in 1869, to announce the existence and describe the qualities of a new metal, discovered, six years later, by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran in a blende from the mines of Pierrefitte, and named by him "gallium."‡ Moreover, the striking fact that nearly all atomic weights are simple multiples of the weight of the hydrogen-atom gave rise to Prout's celebrated hypothesis of a primordial substance no other than hydrogen. But even this is not enough. Still bolder specu-

\* The exact number cannot at present be determined. Since 1877, claims have been put forward to the discovery of no less than fourteen new metals, in many cases, probably, on very insufficient grounds. See a paper in "Nature," July 8, 1880.

† Chemical News, vol. xxxviii. p. 66.

‡ Comptes Rendus, t. lxxxi. pp. 493, 900.

lators derive from luminiferous ether—the refuge and the reproach of science—every form of ponderable matter; and the remarkable theory of “vortex-atoms,” elaborated from profound mathematical considerations by Sir William Thomson and the late professor Clerk Maxwell, has lent plausibility (it would be going too far to say probability) to what seemed at first sight an extravagant conjecture.

We learn then, without surprise, from a paper communicated to the Royal Society, December 12, 1878, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, that Mr. Lockyer has been led by his spectroscopic studies to doubt the elementary character of some, if not all, of those bodies which have hitherto successfully maintained that reputation. We are not prepared to deny his conclusions; but we venture to dissent from some at least of the arguments by which he seeks to support them. His observations are of the highest interest and importance; but they seem to us hardly to warrant the interpretation which he puts upon them.

We need not here dwell upon the first principles of spectrum analysis; they were ably expounded in the page of this Journal\* shortly after their discovery, and are dwelt upon with still fuller detail in the valuable work by Professor Roscoe which stands at the head of this article. It may, however, be well to remind our readers that while further inquiry has amply confirmed the fundamental theorem upon which the science rests—namely, that vapors absorb rays of the same refrangibilities that they radiate—a multitude of secondary facts have been recognized, which, although they at present tend somewhat to embarrass our conclusions, will no doubt eventually contribute to define them. Thus, while it may be looked upon as established that an incandescent solid or liquid body gives a continuous spectrum—in other words, emits light of every shade of color—the converse no longer holds good. A continuous spectrum is *not* necessarily due to a solid or liquid, but may be derived from a vapor at considerable pressure. Many physicists, indeed, believe that the vast mass of the sun consists of glowing and enormously compressed gases, the fine black lines which rule the rainbow-tinted ribbon unrolled out of its light by the prism, owing their origin to the selective absorption of the same vapors at a higher level and reduced temperature and density. They in fact stop on their passage the identical rays that they more feebly emit, thus producing those innumerable minute gaps of comparative darkness in the sun's light known as “Fraunhofer lines.” Now each of these vapors or gases gives forth, when heated to incandescence, a more or less numerous set of light-waves, strictly definite in their respective colors and consequent positions in the spectrum; and it is by the identification of these beams, or bright lines, with corresponding dark lines in the solar spectrum, that inferences, surprising but entirely trust-

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\* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxvi., art. “Solar Chemistry.”

worthy, have been drawn regarding the physical constitution of our great luminary.

The spectroscopic evidence adduced by Mr. Lockyer in proof of the compound character of the "elements" may be conveniently divided into three classes—terrestrial, solar, and stellar. His position would, indeed, be much more clearly intelligible if founded on some settled theory of luminous radiation by matter in its various conditions. But on this point modern science has nothing to offer beyond some vague and unsatisfactory conjectures. We find ourselves, at the very threshold of inquiry, confronted by the (at present) inscrutable relations subsisting between that enigmatical substance whose vibrations are light, and the gross matter originating those vibrations by its movements. This much, however, we may safely say. A vibrating molecule is, speaking generally, not a simple body, but a system, probably of extremely complex constitution. Now any disturbance affecting that system will be faithfully reflected in the rays of light, which are the visible translation of its intimate thrillings. Such disturbances may be almost infinitely various in kind and degree, the actual severance of the atoms, or parts constituting a molecule, being only one extreme case amongst a multitude of possible modifications. But, while it is certain that each infinitesimal variation of molecular relations must produce a corresponding effect in the spectrum, this severance of atoms, or "dissociation," is adopted by Mr. Lockyer as a general rationale of all spectroscopic changes.

His main argument under this head is founded on analogy. He observes that the spectra of bodies supposed to be simple undergo, in like circumstances, changes precisely similar to those of bodies known to be compound. In the latter case the explanation is obvious and undeniable. The spectrum characteristic of the compound gives place, as the temperature rises and dissociation proceeds, to the spectrum characteristic of its principal constituent. The easy and natural course seems to be to transfer this explanation to the other case. And it is this which Mr. Lockyer has taken. Now we are far from denying that chemical separations play a certain part in producing the appearances revealed by the prism; what we contend is that the cause in question, far from being universally active, is most likely only exceptionally so. In the first place, marked changes occur in cases where there can be no question of dissociation. By the mere condensation or rarefaction of an incandescent vapor, the bright lines of which its spectrum is composed can be increased or diminished at pleasure. If we suppose, according to the received theory, the light-producing vibrations of minute particles of matter to be maintained by the mutual impacts of those particles, then the fewer the impacts, the more feeble the vibrations. And, just as the harmonics\* of a musical note can no longer be detected by the ear

\* For an account of Mr. Johnstone Stoney's ingenious harmonic theory of line spectra, see Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis," Appendix A (English translation).

when the note is sounded faintly, so the secondary oscillations of a vibrating particle cease, as their amplitude is diminished, to produce a visible effect in the spectrum, long before the fundamental vibration is extinguished. Moreover, the spectroscope affords as yet absolutely no criterion for distinguishing between the division of dissimilar and the separation of similar atoms—two essentially different operations, although both included under the somewhat unsatisfactory term “dissociation.” Other instances might be alleged, suggestive at once of the obscurity which still involves this subject, and of the subtle complication of causes which we have to unravel in dealing with it; but we believe we have said enough to show that, as a universal explanation of spectroscopic phenomena, the “dissociation theory” is untenable.

This is not the place to discuss Mr. Lockyer's striking and suggestive remarks on the behavior in solar eruptions of lines called by him “basic,” because due, in his opinion, to the presence of an identical base in two or more metals to whose spectra they are common. He notes that these lines appear predominantly when metallic vapors are injected from beneath the surface of the sun into the glowing atmosphere of hydrogen constituting the “chromosphere,” and infers dissociation at the elevated temperature of the interior, followed by re-association in the cooler regions above. It is a subject well worthy of further investigation; but in the meantime we may be permitted to observe that, even apart from the probability that many such coincidences are only apparent,\* they possibly indicate molecular affinities other than identity of substance.

We have now, to some extent, cleared the ground for the consideration of Mr. Lockyer's “appeal to the stars.” His view is that, heat being the great dissociating agent, our observation of chemical separations may be indefinitely extended, with the range of temperature at our command, by studying the comparative effects produced by the variously graduated, but inconceivably potent, furnaces of the celestial spaces. In other words, bodies which maintain their union at the highest temperature available in the laboratory, may be discovered, with the aid of the spectroscope, to exist in a divorced condition in the atmospheres of the stars. The idea is doubtless a just one, and will perhaps some day fructify; but of its actual realization we cannot find that any valid evidence has yet been offered.

The first to analyze stellar light with the prism was Fraunhofer. As early as 1823 he observed that the dark solar line, named by him F, and long afterwards shown to proceed from the absorptive action of hydrogen in the sun's atmosphere, was repeated in the spectrum of

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\* As the dispersive power of the spectroscope is increased, lines, previously supposed coincident, are in many cases found to be divided by a minute interval. We may mention, as an example, the coronal ray, numbered 1,474 on Kirchhoff's scale, believed, until Professor Young succeeded, in 1876, in separating them, to agree in position with a line in the spectrum of iron.



Sirtius; while D (the characteristic orange-yellow line of sodium) was visible in the spectra of Betelgeux, Castor, Pollux, and Capella. Shortly after the publication of Kirchhoff's great discovery, the subject was resumed, although with little result, by Donati of Florence; and it was not until 1862, when it was almost simultaneously taken in hand by Father Secchi in Rome, and by Dr. Huggins in this country, that any notable advance was made towards founding a science of stellar spectroscopy. Exceptional difficulties of observation attended and impeded their labors. In the largest telescopes hitherto constructed, the most brilliant stars appear only as points of light; their spectra have consequently no sensible breadth, and present no surface for study. This inconvenience can, it is true, be remedied by the use of a cylindrical lens, which lengthens the luminous point into a line, again extended into a band by the action of the prism; but this involves dispersion in two directions, and entails a considerable loss of light, the very subject-matter of inquiry. Moreover, the continual fluctuations of our atmosphere incredibly embarrass exact measurements; while the necessary restrictions of position in the object to be examined, together with the chances and changes of weather, render the thorough investigation of a single star spectrum the work of many years.\*

The main results of Father Secchi's work among the stars are contained in the volume with the title of which we have headed this article. The death of the author, which took place at the Collegio Romano, February 26, 1878, followed closely upon its publication, so that we have in it the final utterance of the eminent Jesuit astronomer. Owing to the relatively imperfect instrumental means at his command, he aimed at extent rather than accuracy of observation. Accordingly, the first systematic attempt at the classification of star spectra is due to him. A sweeping survey of the heavens, embracing over 4,000 stars, enabled him to define four spectral orders or types, which serve usefully as at least a provisional framework within which to fit and shape our knowledge as it grows.

The first order is the most numerously and brilliantly represented. It is composed exclusively of stars shining with a white or bluish light, and includes many of the most conspicuous jewels of our midnight skies—Sirius, Vega (the principal star in the Lyre), Castor, Regulus, Altair in the Eagle, Rigel in the knee of Orion, &c. The spectra of these stars are characterized by the exceptional breadth and blackness of the four hydrogen lines, and by the faintness of the metallic lines of absorption. Those, however, belonging to sodium, calcium, magnesium, and iron, have been recognized, and innumerable others await future determination. More than half the visible stars belong to this class.

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\* For a description of the apparatus employed in the observation of stellar spectra see Roscoe, "Spectrum Analysis," pp. 232-4; Huggins and Miller, "On the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars," *Phil. Trans.*, il. 1864.

The second order comprises yellow stars, such as Capella, Arcturus, Aldebaran in the eye of the Bull, Pollux, Dubhe\* (the brightest star in the Great Bear), and our own sun. They exhibit spectra closely and finely ruled in black, precisely analogous to the solar spectrum, many of the lines in which have been identified in the light of these sister-suns. Hydrogen lines are present, but less marked than in the preceding class. About a third of the classified stars are of this type.

The spectrum characteristic of the third order is of a composite nature, the usual dark metallic lines being, as it were, superposed upon a fluted background, presenting the appearance of a strongly illuminated row of columns seen in perspective, the bright sides turned towards the red or less refrangible end of the spectrum. The hydrogen lines are faint, and in some cases absent. About thirty stars, most of them of a reddish tint, and some of them noted variables, have been recognized as belonging to this class, which includes Mira in the Whale, called "Wonderful" because of its strange waxings and wanings; Betelgeux in the shoulder of Orion, a Hercules, and Antares in the Scorpion.

The fourth order is composed of small blood-red stars, none above the fifth magnitude. Their spectra, consisting of three broad columnar bands, *reversed*, i. e. illuminated from the violet side, show a striking general resemblance to those given by the nuclei of comets, which again have been almost certainly identified with the banded spectrum of carbon, or one of its compounds.

Mr. Lockyer considers these four orders as representing, broadly, four stages on the road from formation to extinction. He argues that the whitest and brightest, and he presumes the hottest and *youngest*, stars exhibit the simplest spectra, and therefore contain the fewest elements, and those of the lowest atomic weights; that, with decreasing temperature and advancing years, heavier and more complex bodies are formed, free hydrogen disappears, and metallic lines are replaced by the bands and flutings characteristic of oxides and metalloids. He sees the substances with which we are familiar progressively developed, as the first fierce heat of stellar existence declines, out of their primordial elements, or element, and traces, in the continual advance of matter towards more complex forms, the consequence of stellar refrigeration and decay.

This view presents a seductive but in a theory of nature suspicious appearance of completeness. It is too plausible to be altogether sound. We believe it can be shown that evidence is wholly wanting either of the activity in the heavenly bodies of what we

\* *Dubhe* is *Dub*, the Arabic name for "bear," pronounced soft. In this instance, as in many others, the title of the entire constellation was transferred to the brightest of the stars composing it. The name was handed down to modern times through the medium of the Alphonsine Tables. Ideler, "Ueber den Ursprung und die Bedeutung der Sternnamen," p. 23.

may call "elemental evolution," or of such a succession of stellar ages as that assumed by Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis.

The spectra of stars of the first order are, to begin with, only at first slight less-complex than those of stars of the second. Their apparent simplicity vanishes on closer inspection. Dr. Huggins, from whose testimony on this point there is no appeal, describes the spectrum of Sirius as throughout "crossed by a very great multitude of faint and fine lines."\* That of Vega, he adds, "is as full of fine lines as the solar spectrum." There is, then, no reason to suppose that the number of "elements" contained in this class of stars is less than in our sun, although, from the feebleness of their absorptive action, they are far more difficult of detection. What is truly characteristic of the type is the immense predominance of the hydrogen lines, indicating the presence of that substance in large mass, and under considerable pressure. Indeed, the varying conditions under which hydrogen is found in different stars form probably the most reliable index to their respective physical constitutions.† Mr. Lockyer attributes the progressive weakening or even effacement of the well-known hydrogen lines, in passing from the first to the fourth order of star spectra, to the gradual cooling and consequent withdrawal of the gas from a free condition to a state of combination with other substances. We hold, on the contrary, that this enfeeblement is occasioned, not by the disappearance of free hydrogen, but by its presence in a more exalted condition of incandescence, causing it to replace, partially or wholly, the light that it absorbs. This opinion is strengthened by the remarkable fact that in certain stars these lines actually appear *bright* as compared with the rest of the spectrum. We have only to consider what takes place in the central star of our planetary world to understand the significance of this phenomenon.

The sun is encompassed with an atmosphere of flaming hydrogen. This, when seen isolated, as in eclipses, exhibits the peculiar bright rays so familiar to spectroscopists; but, because its temperature is lower than that of the glowing mass it surrounds, it absorbs more light than it radiates, and its lines, consequently, show dark when projected on the dazzling surface of the photosphere. But if the incandescence of this fiery "sierra" be gradually increased, until its light equals and then surpasses that of the central mass, the obscure gaps in the spectrum caused by its absorption will first disappear, as in Beelgeux,‡ and finally be replaced by bright rays, as in

\* "Phil. Trans." vol. cliv. p. 423.

† Huggins, "Proceedings R. Society," vol. xv. p. 149.

‡ With the best instruments traces of hydrogen absorption can be discovered in this star.

the second star of the Lyre.\* This is actually observed to occur in sun-spots. The nucleus or darkest portion, owing doubtless to the downrush of cooler vapors, shows increased absorption; the faculæ, brilliant eruptive hydrogen jets, closely associated with spots, display bright lines; while in the intermediate or penumbral region the hydrogen rays, as might have been expected, usually fade out and vanish. Thus, so far as the evidence afforded by this particular substance is concerned, progression would seem to be in the opposite direction from that contemplated by Mr. Lockyer's theory. We, however, by no means desire to convey that red stars are, as a rule, hotter than white. We undertake to prove nothing of the kind. Our contention is merely that the *difference* of temperature between the body of a star and its surrounding atmosphere diminishes in passing from the first to the second, and from the second to the third and fourth orders. Heat is, in fact, in red stars more diffused, in white stars more concentrated. The full import of this distinction will become apparent further on.

The complete worthlessness of *negative* evidence as regards stellar constitution is forcibly illustrated by Professor H. Draper's recent discovery of the bright lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum. The conclusions to be drawn from the prismatic analysis of the heavenly bodies receive thereby an important qualification. From the appearance of certain lines we can still confidently argue the presence of the substance which they characterize; but we can no longer infer the absence of any particular body from the non-appearance of its representative rays. This objection applies equally to Mr. Lockyer's argument on the effacement of hydrogen lines, and to his reasoning on the emergence of metalloidal bands in the spectra of the stars. The "metalloids," or non-metallic elements, of which oxygen, carbon, and sulphur may be taken as specimens, are fourteen in number (exclusive of hydrogen, which possesses most of the qualities of a true metal). Many of these bodies are believed, and a few are now ascertained, to be reducible to a simpler state; and it is on this ground that Mr. Lockyer alleges their presence in the atmospheres of some stars as a proof of lowered temperature. He supposes that, at the white heat of Sirius, and even in the less vehement solar furnace, their constituent particles are incapable of uniting, and come together only in the relaxing fires of such waning luminaries as Betelgeux and Antares. Now the existence of oxygen in the sun is already proved, that of nitrogen is strongly suspected, and Mr. Lockyer has himself found traces of carbon in the coronal atmosphere.† It is hardly pos-

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\*  $\beta$  Lyre is a variable star, showing bright lines at its maximum.

Cassiopeiæ, by a singular exception, displays an unvarying spectrum of vivid rays. Both shine with a white light, but evidently belong to a totally different order of stellar existence from Sirius and Vega. All other stars showing bright lines are variable, giving, as a rule, banded spectra.

† "Proceedings R. Society," vol. xxvii. pp. 303-9.

sible to doubt that in Sirius and its sister-orbs the same substances are found under similar conditions. Dr. Draper's discovery has at least made it evident that their presence can hardly be established, and can never be disproved.

The facility with which this class of bodies may escape detection is due to their pre-eminent, though not exclusive, possession of an attribute which we may call—to borrow a phrase of Mr. Lockyer's coining—"molecular plasticity." The vagueness of the expression (although as good a one as could be chosen) accurately represents the indefiniteness of our present knowledge; we may, however, describe the quality meant to be conveyed by it as a certain adaptability of structure in the vibrating particles, causing them to change their manner of oscillation, and consequently their mode of radiation, with varying conditions. Indeed, we believe (as already hinted) that most of the hitherto unexplained anomalies in metallic spectra can be accounted for on the same principle. In the case of oxygen, Dr. Schuster's researches\* have enabled him to distinguish four entirely different spectra, corresponding to four grades of temperature, of which the first (that due to the greatest heat) is found bright in the sun, while the next in order appears as dark rays. The peculiar value of this observation consists in the prospect it offers of determining with some approach to accuracy the temperature of the solar atmosphere; since it is obvious that the diminution of heat necessary to effect the change of spectrum occurs somewhere between the solar surface and the "reversing layer," or envelope of heterogeneous vapors extending to about one thousand miles from the sun's surface, and producing by its absorption the significant Fraunhofer lines.

It is indeed true that a marked increase of metalloidal absorption at a comparatively low temperature is probably indicated by the columnar or fluted structure of stellar spectra of the third and fourth orders. But this circumstance tells us nothing as to the thermal condition of the central parts of such stars. We have only to suppose the absorption to take place at a considerable elevation above their photospheres, in order to arrive at any degree of coolness that may be needed to produce it. This view is, in fact, alleged by Mr. Lockyer to explain the presence of certain remnants or survivals of carbon bands in the solar spectrum. He adds the suggestive remark that the outer atmosphere of the sun, and perhaps also the exterior planets, are "more metalloidal than metallic in their composition."† Now, if, owing to increased eruptive activity or any other cause, the density of these coronal vapors were largely augmented, we should have the precise state of things indicated by the spectra under consideration. It may be added that metallic lines are found by Dr.

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\* "On the Spectra of Metalloids," Phil. Trans. vol. clxx. part i.; Nature, vol. xvii. p. 143.

† "Proceedings R. Society," vol. xxvii. p. 309.

Huggins to abound in the spectra of Betelgeux and Pegasi—both typical stars of the banded class—so that we may dismiss as unwarranted by observation the presumption of a progressive disappearance of these bodies, *pari passu* with the more conspicuous development of metalloids.

An argument much relied on by Mr. Lockyer in support of his theory of elemental evolution is founded on the (apparently) abnormal behavior of calcium in the spectra of some of the brightest stars. Two closely associated lines in the extreme violet, characteristic of this metal at high temperatures (named respectively H and K), have been perceived to vary markedly in their mutual relations as observed in analyzed stellar light. From the spectrum of Sirius K is absent, and in that of Vega is barely discoverable, while in both H is conspicuous, as a wide and deeply-grooved furrow; in that of  $\alpha$  Aquilæ (Altair), on the other hand, K is indeed plainly visible, but its width is only half that of its companion. From these facts it has been plausibly argued that, in the hottest stars, calcium is dissolved into two constituents, radiating respectively the two violet rays, the relative intensities of which, it was hoped, might prove a valuable index to stellar temperature and condition. Unfortunately no such convenient finger-post has been provided for us. Dr. H. W. Vogel's recent investigations\* overturn, in our judgment, the whole fabric of this reasoning. The photographs† obtained by him of the hydrogen spectrum not only prove the entire series of twelve lines photographed by Dr. Huggins in the spectra of the white stars to be derived from that substance, but show an unmistakable coincidence between one of these remarkable lines and the dark band hitherto ascribed to the absorption of the vapor of calcium. Indeed, a simple inspection of Dr. Huggins's admirable photographs is sufficient to convince the most casual observer that the H line, falling in, as it does, with the rhythmical progression of its associates, forms one of the same group, and is attributable to the same molecular vibration with them. The true calcium line is thus overlapped and concealed by the wider and stronger hydrogen line with which it has been confounded.

One unimpeachable instance, and one only, is on record of a permanent and marked change in a star's color within the historical period. Sirius—the “sparkler,” or “star,” *par excellence*, of the Greeks, the “canicula” of the Romans, at present the most conspicuously white star in the sky—is expressly described by Seneca‡ as ruddier than Mars, and is qualified by Ptolemy§ as “reddish” (p. 421). We

\* For an account of these researches, see “Nature,” vol. xxi. p. 410; “Chemical News,” March 12, 1880.

† Published at Berlin, in “Monatsberichte der Akad. der Wiss.,” July, 1879, p. 550.

‡ “Natur. Quæst.” i. 1.

§ Catalogue (Baily's edition), “Memoirs R. Astronomical Society,” vol. xiii. p. 62; Secchi, “Le Stelle,” p. 64.

might add that Homer could not fitly have compared the brazen refulgence of the divinely forged armor of Achilles to the steely glitter of our dog-star, although "the brightest of all that shine in the silence of the night."\* But the old bard's eye for color was notoriously faulty, so that we need not bring him into court. His testimony is indeed superfluous, since the witnesses already cited prove beyond the possibility of cavil that the complexion of Sirius has changed from rubicund to pallid within the last eighteen hundred years. This fact alone appears to dispose of the view that a rosy tint is symptomatic of a declining stage in stellar existence.

Yet more striking examples of instability in the aspects of the heavenly bodies are, however, afforded by actual observation. Although it is improbable that the light emitted by any of the suns in space (our own not excepted) is absolutely constant, the number of stars recognized as "variable" hardly exceeds 150. Of these the great majority are of an orange or crimson color, and it may be stated broadly that all the more deeply tinted stars are subject to marked fluctuations in brilliancy. To the converse proposition—namely, that white stars display a sensibly steady luster—there is (besides  $\beta$  Lyræ, which is set apart by the peculiarity of its spectrum) one notable exception, but one which, by the singularity of its nature, seems to confirm the rule. Algol in the head of Medusa, a bright star of the Sirian type, shines equably during two days and thirteen hours, then suddenly begins to decline, and at the end of three and a half hours has sunk from the second to the fourth magnitude, after which it recovers, in an equal time, its original splendor. The entire cycle of these changes is completed in 2 days, 20 hours, 48½ minutes, but the period is subject to slight perturbations. Now these appearances—of uniform radiance, interrupted by a relatively short phase of eclipse—contrast strongly with the gradual fading and flushing of other variables, and instantly suggest the intervention of an opaque body cutting off, at each revolution, a portion of the light of its primary. This view, although not entirely free from difficulties, is favored by the evidence of the prism, showing the radiations emitted by Algol unaltered in quality even at its minimum.

Information of a more positive kind is, however, afforded by the spectroscope regarding periodical stars of normal character. Variables, such as Aldebaran and Arcturus, whose spectra, in their brighter phases, resemble that of our sun, display, as their luster wanes and their hue deepens, manifest symptoms of approach to the fluted type; while others definitely pass from one class to the other. In stars of the third and fourth orders, the bands of absorption are perceived, as their light diminishes, to darken and extend, their maxima, on the contrary, being frequently marked by the appearance of

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\* "Iliad," xxli. 27.

bright lines due to the presence of various incandescent substances. We have then in periodical stars those "migratory instances," the importance of which in natural inquiries Francis Bacon was the first to point out; and it is accordingly to them principally that our attention should be directed if we would penetrate the secrets of stellar constitution. But, before adverting to the various explanatory conjectures which have been hazarded on this subject, we must dedicate a few words to those strange cosmical apparitions now generally regarded as extreme cases of variability. We allude to new or temporary stars.

Twenty-three such instances are authentically recorded, from the memorable object which suggested the star census of Hipparchus to the brief blaze seen four years ago in the constellation Cygnus; and no doubt many more have escaped notice. The suddenness of these celestial conflagrations is one of their most surprising features. On the evening of November 11, 1572, Tycho Brahe, lifting his eyes to the heavens, beheld near the zenith a star brighter than Jupiter, which he felt certain had not been visible half an hour previously. Such was its brilliancy that keen-sighted persons were able to detect it at noon when the air was clear, and at night when the sky was so thickly overcast as to hide all other stars. After a few weeks, however, it began to wane, and at the end of seventeen months entirely disappeared. It is now supposed to be represented by a minute red star discovered by M. d'Arrest close to the spot in Cassiopeia indicated by the Danish astronomer. The recorded appearance of a similar phenomenon in the same region of the sky in the years 945 and 1264 suggested the very probable surmise that all three were luminous outbursts, at intervals of somewhat over three hundred years, of the same body. If this be so, its re-appearance might be looked for about the present time. It is worth noting that an overwhelming majority of such apparitions have occurred within or near the limits of the Milky Way. This circumstance was, indeed, alleged by Tycho in support of a theory (closely resembling that of Sir William Herschel) of stellar genesis by the condensation of nebulous matter; and it was even maintained by some that the *hiatus* in the Galaxy could be discerned, whence the aerial substance of the phantom star of 1572 had been drawn! Without going to similar lengths, we may safely assert that such coincidences in position are not fortuitous, but indicate physical relations, the nature of which we can at present but imperfectly conceive.

Two "star-guests" (to borrow a Chinese phrase)\* have, since the invention of the spectroscope, presented themselves for examination by the new method. On May 12, 1866, a star of the second magnitude, first seen by Mr. Birminham of Tuam, suddenly flamed out in Corona Borealis. In twelve days it had declined to the sixth

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\* "Cosmos," iii. p. 210.



magnitude, and is now just discoverable as a faint telescopic object. Ten years later, November 24, 1876, M. Schmidt, Director of the Athens Observatory, discovered, in the constellation of the Swan, a new star of the third magnitude, which continued for two or three months, although with constantly diminishing luster, to be visible to the naked eye. The spectra of both these sidereal strangers were studied—that of the first by Dr. Huggins, that of the second by M. Cornu of the Paris Observatory—and with very significant results.\* Superposed upon a continuous spectrum crossed by dark bands and lines, analogous to that of Betelgeux, shone a series of brilliant rays, in which the greater part of the star's light was concentrated. Several of these coincided with lines of hydrogen and magnesium; one appeared identical with the green coronal line, another with the yellow line of the chromosphere derived from an unknown substance named "helium."† Thus it may be regarded as certain that the incandescent vapors which shone with such extraordinary splendor in these two singular objects were precisely the main constituents of the gaseous envelopes of the sun. So far, both gave concordant testimony; but a divergence subsequently showed itself. In T Coronæ (the new star in the Northern Crown) the continuous spectrum of an ordinary small star survived the extinction of the bright lines; but in "Nova" Cygni exactly the reverse occurred. On September 2, 1877, the spectrum of this star (which, having sunk nearly to the twelfth magnitude, had ceased to attract special notice) was examined in Lord Lindsay's Observatory at Dunecht. A singular and unexpected piece of information resulted. The light when analyzed was perceived to be almost entirely homogeneous—that is to say, it emerged from the prism as a single green ray, coinciding in position with one of the three bright lines emitted by gaseous nebulae.‡ We are then, by this discovery, forced to admit the possibility of a stellar body radiating, under certain conditions, distinctively nebular light.

We may now briefly consider the different interpretations which have been put upon these appearances. It should, however, be steadily borne in mind, that since no line of demarkation can be drawn between periodic and temporary stars, we cannot accept as satisfactory any hypothesis which excludes from consideration either class of facts. What accounts for one should be capable of accounting for the other, since uniformity of cause ordinarily underlies an uninterrupted succession of phenomena. Variable stars are of all degrees of irregularity, from the steady phases of Algol to the fitful

\* "Proceedings R. Society, vol. xv. p. 146; "Comptes Rendus," t. lxxxiii. p. 1172.

† Both "helium" and the substance radiating the coronal line are believed by Mr. Lockyer to be different modifications of hydrogen.

‡ *Astronomische Nachrichten* (No. 2158), vol. xc. p. 351.

outbursts of  $\eta$  Argûs,\* which may indeed be regarded as a link between stars showing a maximum and minimum of brightness, and those emerging from long obscurity into brief splendor. We must then instantly reject, on the one side, theories seeking to explain periodic, while neglecting temporary stars; and, on the other, theories postulating sudden and extraordinary conflagrations to the exclusion of gradual and orderly ebbings and flowings of luster. To the first category belong the ideas that variability may be caused by the rotation of the star itself, showing alternately a bright and a darker side, or by the revolution of an eclipsing satellite (admissible, possibly in the exceptional case of Algol); to the other, the suppositions that new stars may owe their temporary splendor either to a fortuitous collision with another stellar body, or to a sudden plunge into a nebulous ocean. Such catastrophes are indeed possible, but they stand apart from our present inquiry.

There remain the "meteoric" theory, the "dissociation" theory, and the "sun-spot" theory. The first of these is open to many objections; we need mention but one. The undisputed fact that red stars are pre-eminently inconstant sufficiently shows that variability is not due to the action of an extrinsic cause, such as the in-pouring of meteoric matter, whose motion is instantaneously converted into heat; but is a quality inherent in a certain form of stellar existence. The view that the phases of sidereal brilliancy are the result of a delicate balance of "temperature," compelling, as the equilibrium is shifted in the direction either of heat or cold, extensive dissociations, or equally extensive combinations of chemically related substances, with the variations of absorption and brightness thence ensuing, was originated independently by the late M. Angström of Upsala, and by Mr. Lockyer. The theory gives a tolerably plausible account of some of the facts, but can hardly be said to include them all. In many variables, for example, the increase of light is accompanied by the appearance of brilliant rays in the ordinary spectrum of absorption. Now we do not clearly see how to account for their presence on the hypothesis of dissociation. It may be suggested that they arise not from simple incandescence, but from actual burning, or combination, with development of light and heat. Even if we set aside the objection that the theory would be inverted and distorted beyond recognition by making the maxima of stellar brilliancy to coincide with the occurrence, not of dissociation, but of energetic association, we are confronted by the fact that hydrogen and other gases emit, during combustion, rays of all refrangibilities. In other words, they give a continuous, not a linespectrum.

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\* The variations of this southern luminary may be approximately represented by fluctuations from the first to the sixth or seventh magnitude in a period of seventy years, including a threefold maximum. Chambers's "Descriptive Astronomy," p. 501, 3d ed.

Of such an emission there has never been perceived any trace in variable stars. No hypothesis, then, involving literal conflagration, can be regarded as admissible.

We are driven, in the last resort, to what we have termed the "sun-spot theory." This was suggested to Father Secchi by his observation of the strong resemblance exhibited by the spectra of solar spots to those of some periodical stars in their obscure phases. According to this view, variability would be the result of increased or diminished eruptive energy, causing increased or diminished absorption. The analogy between such cycles of change and the solar "eleven-year period" is drawn closer by the circumstance that variable stars are commonly subject to a secondary period of longer duration, corresponding to the "sixty-year period" of sun spots, by which their maxima and minima are alternately accelerated and retarded. It must not be supposed, however, that the fluctuations of stellar light can be explained as mere differences in the amount of superficial "maculation." Sun-spots are but one of the least symptoms—perhaps a surviving relic—of the condition which we contemplate, not only in such capricious luminaries as "Mira" and  $\eta$  Argus, but even in the comparatively steady orbs of Aldebaran and Arcturus. The absorption producing marked obscuration no doubt occurs in the coronal atmospheres, or at least at some considerable height above the photospheres of such stars. Vast masses of incandescent vapor are, we may conceive, ejected from the central body during epochs of disturbance—precisely as hydrogen, helium, and other substances are flung forth from the interior of the sun in the fantastic forms known as "prominences"—and produce, as they cool in the higher regions to which they are projected, the bands observed in the darkening spectra of variables. The bright lines frequently visible would meet with a similar explanation. We see in fact in the solar chromosphere a repetition, on a much diminished scale, of their immediate cause. The effect of a sudden augmentation in extent and incandescence of the glowing envelope of the sun, such as tends to take place with every access of eruptive energy, would be the manifestation in its spectrum of the identical vivid rays emitted by temporary as well as by periodical stars. It will not, indeed, have escaped the notice of our readers that this rationale of variability implies an inversion of maxima and minima similar to that involved in the "dissociation" theory. Under normal circumstances the minimum of light coincides with the maximum of disturbance and consequent absorption; but when the phase attains the stage of intensity at which bright rays begin to appear, the greatest splendor is reached simultaneously with the highest point of internal activity. There seems, however, no reason why this apparent incongruity should prove fatal to the hypothesis at present under consideration, which we are at any rate indisposed to reject until something more satisfactory can be substituted for it.

In what aspect, we may now inquire, does the general problem of stellar constitution present itself to our minds? In the first place, it cannot be too emphatically stated that whatever theory of variability we may adopt must necessarily include an explanation of distinctions in optical characteristics, since variable stars, by their migrations from one spectroscopic class to another, afford convincing proof that the condition of change is no other than the condition of difference. In accordance with the hypothesis just enunciated, we should then reply that the various degrees of absorption revealed by the spectroscope in the atmospheres of different stars, correspond to as many stages of eruptive activity in their central masses—those of white and equable splendor standing at the bottom of the scale, those of deep tint and irregular luster at the top. Far from finding any evidence to support the view that the latter class represent, so to speak, the expiring embers of the former, we believe it might be plausibly argued that development, if traceable at all, takes the contrary direction. Stars of the fourth order, for example, wear the aspect of luminaries whose photospheres are in course of formation, rather than of orbs slowly cooling into invisibility. They might, in fact, be more reasonably regarded as juvenile than as decrepit sons. Their apparent minuteness is most probably occasioned by the enormous loss sustained by their light in traversing a dense and profound vaporous envelope, while the bright rays with which their luster is frequently enhanced bear witness to their exalted condition of volcanic activity. As the process of condensation advanced, the heavier substances would—with the relaxation of the unexplained repulsive force conspicuously at work in so many solar phenomena—withdraw more and more into the interior of the star, whose gradually clearing atmosphere would permit a freer escape of light and consequent increase of brilliancy.

As regards the relative temperatures of the stars, we are still, to a great extent, in the region of speculation. It is true that Dr. Huggins and Mr. Stone\* have, by some extremely delicate observations, placed us in possession of the facts that Sirius, the brightest of white stars, sends us only two-thirds of the heat which reaches us from Arcturus, while Vega's thermal powers are surpassed, in the same proportion, by those of the golden star that holds watch and ward over the Great Bear. We need hardly observe, however, that radiation is no reliable test of temperature; and its evidence, in this case, seems to be contradicted by the richness in photographic emanations of the stars deficient in heat-rays. On the whole, we incline to the belief that, while the deep-hued orbs possess a greater store of energy, their paler brethren realize that energy in a more tangible form, and collect it into a more limited space. In other words, their photospheres are hotter, and their atmospheres clearer and cooler, than those of more volcanic luminaries. But on this and many similar

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\* "Proceedings R. Society," vol. xvii. p. 309; vol. xviii. p. 165.

points the *data* are wanting to enable us to form more than a probable opinion. These we may hope that the future will to some extent supply. The true field of stellar discovery is solar observation; and here Mr. Lockyer is one of the foremost among a band of laborers whose zeal, industry, and skill need no encomium from us. With the aid of the prism, many of the doubts and difficulties which still beset inquiry into the physical condition of the sun will perhaps ere long be dispelled; and we may then with renewed courage attack the strictly analogous problems offered to our consideration by the stars.

In 1612, a German astronomer named Simon Marius, detected in the constellation of Andromeda an elliptical patch of hazy light, "like a candle," as he described it, "shining through horn." Forty-four years later, the celebrated Dutch philosopher, Huygens, discovered the great nebula in the sword-handle of Orion. Although both these singular appearances are distinctly visible to the naked eye, they attracted no intelligent observation from uncounted generations of star-gazers, but were reserved to figure among the numerous trophies of the Galilean "cylinder." The number of nebulae now known to astronomers considerably exceed 5,000,\* and fresh discoveries are of frequent occurrence. We must regard as one of the most noteworthy achievements of modern science the revelations made by the spectroscope concerning the nature of these enigmatical bodies. They not only gratify that noble curiosity which irresistibly impels our often baffled yet ever renewed search into the secrets of nature, but afford a significant warning against the undue extension of apparently legitimate inference. Between a comparatively loose aggregation of stars, such as the Pleiades, and a dim blur of nebulous light just discernible in the most powerful telescope, no dividing line can be drawn. Star-groups merge, by insensible gradations, into star-clusters, star-clusters into star-dust, star-dust into star-mist, while, with every addition to the space-penetrating power of the instruments employed in observation, a certain proportion of objects hitherto deemed "irresolvable" belie that character, and show symptoms of stellar constitution. The conclusion seems inevitable, and is nevertheless fallacious, that difference of distance forms the only distinguishing circumstance, and that nebulae are, in fact, sidereal systems plunged, at various depths, in the tremendous abysses of space, and sending us, by a few feeble rays, faint tidings of an existence manifold and glorious as that of our own sparkling galaxy. This view was accordingly adopted by many astronomers, notwithstanding the obvious association of nebular and stellar matter both in "nebulous stars" and in such cosmical aggregations as the Magellanic Clouds. New and irrefragable evidence is now, however, available.

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\* 5,079 nebulae and star-clusters are included in Sir J. Herschel's catalogue, published in "Phil. Trans." 1864.

On August 29, 1864, Dr. Huggins turned, for the first time, his spectroscope upon a nebula—one of the “planetary” kind, situated in the constellation Draco, and presenting the appearance of a blue-green shield embossed with a shining nucleus.\* The result took the observer somewhat by surprise. At the first glance, its light seemed to be absolutely monochromatic, a single ray of a sea-green tint being alone visible. By degrees, however, two other lines, both slightly more refrangible than the first, were made out; and these three lines may be regarded as forming the typical spectrum of a certain class of nebulae. It follows obviously and incontestably that such bodies are, in great part, if not wholly, composed of glowing gas. But inference does not stop here. By careful measurements and comparisons Dr. Huggins was able to assign the principal nebular ray—that which is never found absent,† though often alone—to incandescent nitrogen; while the third and most refrangible was perceived to coincide with the F line of hydrogen. These conclusions are fortified by the observation, that when the spectra of hydrogen and nitrogen are, by suitable manipulation of temperature and pressure, respectively reduced to one ray, that ray is, in each case, found to be identical with the nebular line.‡ It is then beyond doubt that gaseous nebulae are composed of nitrogen, hydrogen, and a third vapor, as yet unidentified, giving the middle line of their spectra; and it may moreover be confidently asserted that their temperature is comparatively low, and their density extremely small—not much greater, probably, than that of the residual gas in “vacuum tubes.”

The excessive simplicity of nebular spectra is not then due to the dissociative energy of heat; and if we are to adopt Sir William Herschel's hypothesis, and regard nebulae as “star-protoplasm,” the question arises, in what condition do the multifarious substances found in a full-grown star exist in these sidereal nurseries? If it be said that they have as yet no being save in the affinities of their elements, we would ask what force holds those affinities in check, and suspends the production of the various forms of matter known to us in sun and stars? On the other hand, if they exist neither *in esse* nor *in posse*, we must look elsewhere for the secret of stellar formation. Indeed, progressive chemical combination would inevitably betray itself in the increasing complexity of nebular spectra.§ New lines would become visible as new substances were evolved, and we should naturally expect to find specimens of every stage of development, from the monochromatic radiations of the “Dumb-bell” to the continuous spectrum of the Andromeda nebula. No trace, however, of such an advance is perceptible. One invariable type is common to all

\*D'Arrest, “Astronomische Nachrichten,” vol. lxxix. p. 195.

†Phil. Trans. vol. clviii. p. 540.

‡Frankland and Lockyer on Gaseous Spectra, “Proceedings R. Society,” vol. xvii. p. 453.

§Huggins, “Proceedings R. Institution,” vol. iv. p. 445.

the gaseous nebulae whose light has been analyzed. In a very few cases, it is true (notably in the Orion nebula), a fourth ray—the dark blue of hydrogen—is visible; in several, all except the nitrogen line are too faint to be discernible; but the chemical composition of all is evidently the same. We may then reasonably doubt whether the intimate connection obviously existing between stars and nebulae is of the precise nature contemplated by the advocates of the “nebular hypothesis.” It is at least premature to affirm that it is that of simple development. Take the case of the solar system. If any vestige of the primitive nebula out of which it is supposed to have been formed be discoverable, it must be in that vast lenticular envelope, extending far beyond the earth’s orbit, known as the “Zodiacal Light.” But the physical constitution of this perplexing appendage, as disclosed by its spectrum,\* shows no analogy whatever with any known nebula. In fact, of “nebulous fluid,” properly so called, no trace can be found within the precincts of the sun’s dominion.

Out of about 140 nebulae hitherto submitted to the scrutiny of the prism, thirty-one or thirty-two show bright lines,† the remainder emitting continuous light of too feeble a character to endure searching exploration of its minor peculiarities. Some of these spectra are singularly truncated at the red end, as if by the interposition of a veil of absorbent material, and present a mottled and unequal appearance, suggesting an aggregation of lucid beams rather than an uninterrupted sequence of radiations. The stellar nature of the bodies from which they are derived is thus seen to be extremely problematical.‡

It is a significant fact that the whole of that class of nebulae named by Sir William Herschel “planetary,” because exhibiting a tolerably defined and almost uniformly illuminated disc, give without exception, a spectrum of bright lines. These bodies, according to one view of their constitution, are globular masses of feebly luminous gas, of such vast extent that the least of them, if placed centrally with the sun, would in all probability embrace many times over the remote orbit of Neptune. The total absence or slight amount of central condensation is accounted for by the internal absorption of their light, causing them to offer to our vision only, as it were, a shell of ignited vapor. Another view, which has of late received considerable support, regards them as enormously remote nebulous stars or star-clusters. It is a well established optical principle that the brightness of a luminous surface is not lessened by distance, for the simple reason that the superficial area included in the visual angle increases in exact proportion as the light from each unit of that area diminishes. A light-giving surface (so long as it subtends any appreciable angle)

\*Monthly Notices, vol. xxxvi. p. 48.

†Astr. Nach. (No. 1903), vol. lxxx. p. 189.

‡Huggins, “Phil. Trans.,” vol. clvi. (1866), p. 352, note.

will thus gain rapidly upon a light-giving point with the equal withdrawal of both from the eye of the observer, and will eventually outshine and survive it, whatever the original disparity in their respective splendors. It follows from this reasoning that a stellar nucleus, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere of great extent, which, at a certain remoteness, wears the aspect of a nebulous star, will, if the distance be sufficiently increased, cease to show any appreciable stellar light, and will finally shine with the dim radiance of a planetary nebula.\*

The theory is neat and plausible; but it must be owned that it encounters a serious difficulty in the tendency to annular and spiral formation detected in this class of objects by the great Parsonstown reflector. We have seen, however, by the example of the new star in Cygnus, that a stellar body may undergo an apparent metamorphosis into a nebula—in other words, that nebular light may occasionally serve as a garment to be put off and on; and another instance of this species of celestial masquerade is afforded by Mr. Pogson's surprising observation of the sudden transformation of a nebula into a star, and its return after a few days to its original condition.† Indeed, the phenomena of variability presented by some of these bodies are among the most curious in nature. On October 11, 1852, Mr. Hind discovered a small nebula in the constellation Taurus. On October 3, 1861, M. d'Arrest found that it had totally vanished. Two months later it was again observed. It is now invisible in the most powerful instruments.‡ Again, the nebula surrounding Merope in the Pleiades, detected in 1759 by that admirable observer, M. Tempel, is certainly subject to fluctuations in brightness. A strong case of (probably periodical) change has been made out for the vast nebular regions in Orion and Argo, while the incessant contraction and dilatation of a minor object of the same kind have been remarked by M. Schultz. Conjecture itself is silent in the presence of these strange stirrings of mysterious cosmical activities.

Looking upwards at the vast expanse of a moonless sky on a clear night, we are at once dazzled and delighted with the multitudinous blazing of the celestial watch-fires. Like Jessica, we sit and see

How the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

but to submit that exquisite and elaborate workmanship to the prosaic analysis of number seems, at first sight, not only unpoetical, but impracticable. Yet the stars visible to the unaided eye form but a minute fraction of those whose remote rays fail to stir a responsive

\*Arago, "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes," 1842, pp. 410-12 and 441; Stone, "Proceedings R. Society," vol. xxvi. p. 156.

†Chambers, "Descriptive Astronomy," p. 545. Pogson's observations were fully confirmed by those of E. Luther and Auwers.

‡Flammarion, "L'Univers Sédéral," 1880, p. 608.



thrill of consciousness. It has been ascertained that the most piercing vision can discern in both hemispheres barely 6,000; while the number of those perceptible at one time to an observer of average sight scarcely exceeds 2,000. On the other hand, the sum-total of the heavenly host visible with the great telescopes now in use is estimated at the enormous figure of 75,000,000; and in certain parts of the Milky Way the background of the sky is still dim with the commingled radiance of innumerable and indistinguishable orbs. The effect of number in the starry multitude is enhanced by the restlessness of their light, which seems to allow us no leisure to attend to the individuals of which that multitude is composed. It has long been known that the twinkling of the stars result in some way from causes within our own atmosphere; but the recent inquiries of M. Montigny, of the Brussels Observatory, have led to a clearer understanding of the subject than was previously attainable.\* Our air, it appears, performs the office of a prism whose refractive power is, in its various strata, subject to continual fluctuations. Thus the image of a star which we perceive is formed by the recombination of a number of diversely colored rays previously separated by the varying amount of refraction undergone by them severally. Each of these rays reaches the eye by a different route, and encounters, so to speak, different adventures by the way—now of increased, now of diminished refraction, sometimes of total interruption or diversion. The result is an incessant change of tint, corresponding to the momentary reinforcement or subtraction of each component beam, the color visible being invariably complementary to that withdrawn. This chromatic flickering, or “twinkling,” is excessively rapid occurring in white stars as often as seventy times in a second, but with considerably less frequency in those whose light the spectroscope sifts into parti-colored zones. The fact that an increase of scintillation constitutes a reliable indication of the approach of rain,† is easily understood when we consider that the amount of aqueous vapor present in the air is a main factor in its production. On the tops of high mountains and in equatorial regions the effect is imperceptible, except at very low altitudes, owing to the stillness and homogeneity of the atmosphere.

The opinion that the stars are in any real sense “fixed” was discarded with the superannuated cosmography of Alexandria. The audacious fancy of Giordano Bruno,‡ spurning the limits of exact inquiry, was kindled by the glorious harmonies of motion hypothetically performed by these far-off suns; Robert Hooke,§ less daring and more scientific, tentatively advanced the same view; and Edmund Halley || confirmed their conjecture by pointing out, in 1717, the notable dis-

\* Secchi, “Le Stelle,” p. 182.

† “Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique,” t. xlii. p. 998.

‡ “Cena de le Ceneri,” Dial. 4. § “Posthumous Works,” p. 506.

|| “Phil. Trans.” vol. xxx. p. 787.

crepancy between the positions of Aldebaran, Sirius, and Arcturus, as given by Ptolemy, and those ascertained by actual observation. The determination of the amount and direction of stellar proper motions forms at present an important branch of sidereal astronomy, and already indicates conclusions of sublime interest. It is evident, however, that a large element of uncertainty enters into the estimation of movements executed at every imaginable angle to the line of sight, and projected consequently with every possible amount of foreshortening on the surface of the celestial sphere. This apparently insuperable difficulty has been to a great extent removed by an ingenious application of spectrum analysis. No more striking example of the penetrating and versatile character of this method of research could be adduced than the discovery we are now about to describe.

The principle upon which it is founded occurred to Doppler in 1841, but was invalidated by a misapprehension. He remarked that the colors of stars must be affected by their motion to or from the earth, precisely in the same manner that the pitch of a vibrating tuning-fork is alternately raised and lowered when it is caused to approach and recede rapidly from the ear. The same fact is familiar in the shrilling and sinking of the steam-whistle when a train happens to pass at full speed. Now it is undoubtedly true that, since the perception of color depends upon the number of luminous vibrations striking the retina in a given time, if the source of those vibrations be in motion towards or from the eye, that number will be increased or diminished, and the resulting tint proportionately elevated or degraded in the chromatic scale. An important circumstance was, however, neglected in these speculations. The visible part of the spectrum alone was taken into account, while it was forgotten that at either extremity lay an invisible set of waves, which would, equally with the luminous beams, be altered by the motion in question. Hence the only effect of translation in the line of sight would be a shifting of the entire spectrum, some rays previously visible sinking into obscurity, and as many previously invisible being exalted into luminosity, but the net result remaining to the eye absolutely unchanged. Now it is precisely this shifting of the spectrum which prismatic analysis, by observation of the corresponding displacement of the well-known Fraunhofer lines, affords the means of detecting and measuring, thus lending, after a quarter of a century of unfruitfulness, unexpected validity to Doppler's abortive proposal.

It is to Dr. Huggins that science is indebted for the successful employment of this new mode of investigation. Father Secchi, it is true, turned his attention about the same time in the same direction, but failed, owing to the deficiencies of his instruments, to achieve any trustworthy results, and indeed ended his life unconvinced of their attainability. The delicacy of the observations required may

be estimated from the fact that to produce a displacement equal to the interval separating the components of the double line of sodium (which can be divided only by a spectroscope of considerable dispersive power) would demand a rate of approach or recession of 196 miles per second. But this velocity is more than ten times that of the earth in its orbit, and the average real motions of the stars are almost certainly inferior even to this comparatively slow pace. The assertion that a quantity so minute as the ensuing displacement of the spectral line is susceptible of exact measurement, might well provoke a smile of incredulity in those unfamiliar with the extraordinary refinement of modern instrumental means; yet it is impossible to doubt that the conclusions arrived at are, within certain limits of possible error, entirely reliable.

The results of Dr. Huggins's first experiments in this branch were communicated to the Royal Society in April, 1868, and were confirmed, although in some cases slightly modified, by subsequent investigations. The method pursued was as follows: A line was selected in the spectrum of the star to be examined, which, from its character and companions, was unmistakably derived from some particular substance. Any deviation from its normal position which could then be detected was attributed—and, beyond question, rightly attributed—to motion in the line of sight. In the case of Sirius, the first star experimented upon, the chosen test was the F line of hydrogen, which, by a series of careful measurements, was shown to be slightly displaced towards the red end of the spectrum. In other words, its refrangibility was lowered by an increase in the corresponding wave-length, caused by a movement of recession estimated at more than twenty-six and less than thirty five miles per second. Deduction having been made of the earth's orbital velocity—then directed *from* the star—there remained about twenty miles per second to be divided, in undetermined proportions, between Sirius and the sun. It is no novelty to our readers to be informed that the entire solar system is advancing through space towards a point situated in the constellation Hercules. Of the rate of this motion we are, however, ignorant, since the calculation of Otto Struve, making it little more than four miles a second, was undoubtedly based upon unsound assumptions. There remains, then, this source of uncertainty in estimating stellar movements. Among the stars which, like Sirius, are increasing their distance from us at rates varying from twelve to twenty-eight miles each second, are Betelgeux, Rigel, Castor, and Regulus; Vega, Arcturus, Pollux, and Deneb in the tail of the Swan, are, on the other hand, diminishing it even more rapidly. Of the seven conspicuous stars in the Great Bear forming the figure recognized from the earliest times as the Wain or Plough, the most brilliant (being the "pointer" nearest the pole) is found to be approaching the earth; the next five are swiftly receding from it while the move-

ment of the seventh has the same direction, but a greatly inferior velocity. And this brings us to a very remarkable subject of inquiry.

It has been long remarked that the distribution of stars in the heavens betrays the existence of relations, the precise nature of which it is difficult to imagine, and impossible to define. More than a hundred years ago, the Rev. John Michell, a thinker of considerable originality, was able to show that the chances against the occurrence of such a group as that formed by the six bright Pleiades, on the supposition of a random sprinkling of stars through space, were about half a million to one ; \* and the same reasoning applies with equal or greater force to innumerable other stellar aggregations. Indeed, the more closely the face of the sky is studied, the more clear becomes the evidence of law and order inscribed upon it. This species of probable persuasion, however, needs the support of more positive proof, now forthcoming, and likely to accumulate. The orbital motions of double stars, announced by Sir William Herschel in 1803, offered the first examples of the connection, by a physical tie, of separate members of the sidereal universe. The number of such systems—some of them containing as many as five members—now known to astronomers is no less than 10,300.† Association on a larger scale, however, had long been suspected, and may now be said to be ascertained. This result is largely due to the industry of Mr. Proctor, who, with the express purpose of demonstrating the reality of what he has termed “star-drift,” undertook the labor of charting the proper motions of over 1,500 stars. Extensive community of movement was thus rendered, it might be said, evident to the eye. Whole battalions of stars were perceived to be marching across the sky in an identical direction, and doubtless under the compulsion of an identical force. Thus, seventy or eighty orbs, forming the constellations Gemini and Cancer, are sweeping together towards the zone of the Milky Way ; while in Taurus is visible that singular unanimity of motion which led Mädler to fix upon Alcyone in the Pleiades as the central sun of the entire sidereal system.‡ But the instance of “drift” most striking to the imagination is that presented by the stars of the Plow. The observation that five of these seven lucid orbs (excluding the first “pointer” and the third “horse”) possessed a seemingly identical proper motion, led Mr. Proctor, in a paper read before the Royal Society, January 20, 1870, to signalize them as in all probability forming a physically connected system, and he accordingly invited the application of Dr. Huggins’s new method as a sure criterion of the correctness of his surmise. The response of the spectroscope was conclusive. All five were (as already mentioned) discovered to be receding at the same rate from

\* “Phil. Trans.” vol. lvi. p. 246 (1768). Also Proctor, “Universe of Stars,” p. 21.

† A Catalogue of 10,300 Multiple and Double Stars, vol. xi. of “Memoirs of R. Astr. Society.”

‡ Proctor, “Universe of Stars,” p. 120.

the earth, while the independence of their two companions, presumed from the difference of their apparent motions, was, by the non-concordance of their real motions, conclusively demonstrated.

We see then here five mighty suns (besides two smaller attendants) associated into a system the vastness of which staggers thought. At the lowest estimate of their distance (for none of them possess any sensible parallax), a single second of arc would represent an actual linear extension of a thousand millions of miles, and may represent an amount indefinitely greater. But the extreme members of the group are separated by an apparent interval of no less than nineteen degrees of the celestial sphere, or 68,400 seconds! Again, the revolution round one of these stars (Mizar, the middle "horse" of the Wain) of a satellite-sun named Alcor, barely distinguishable from it with the naked eye, occupies, according to the calculation of Mädler, a period of 7,659 years. How vast, then, must be the cycle in which these majestic luminaries (all of them probably far exceeding our sun in size and brilliancy) execute their harmonious orbits round some inconceivably remote center! Our earth itself, with its long ages of geological transformation, is but as an ephemeris in the tract of time thus stretched out before the baffled imagination.

It is a circumstance to be carefully noted that all the five stars thus singularly united belong to the same optical category, exhibiting spectra of the purest Sirian type. We are not indeed thereby justified in assuming that a similar agreement prevails amongst the members of all analogous systems; but it is undeniable that, in certain regions of the sky, certain spectroscopic classes predominantly obtain. Thus, white stars are most numerous in the great constellations of Taurus and Ursa Major; in Hydra and Eridanus the solar type dominates; while the majority of the stars grouped together in Orion partake of the characters of both orders, displaying a peculiar greenish tinge as if from a suffusion of faint nebulous light.\* It is besides common to find red stars surrounded by a *cortège* of smaller ones of the same color. From these evidences of natural grouping we should rather infer that spectroscopic distinctions correspond to inherent differences in stellar constitution, than that they represent successive stages of development. But on this subject it is premature to speculate.

We have already seen that the colors of stars depend mainly, if not entirely, on the nature of their atmospheres—or, to put it otherwise, that the light emitted by all is (approximately) the same, while the absorption suffered by that light, in its transmission to outer space, is different. Thus the beautiful complementary tints—the purple and gold, orange and azure, rose-pink and apple-green—visible in many double stars, find an explanation in what we may call complementary

\* Secchi, "Le Stelle," pp. 121, 178.

bands of darkness in their several spectra. As to the nature of the physical influence producing these singular correspondences, we are indeed in ignorance; but some dim indications of its mode of action may be discovered in the recent observation of M. Niesten, that the colors of double stars are conditioned by the form of their orbits, and vary with their mutual positions.\* The fact is also full of significance that blue or green stars of a decided hue are never known to be solitary in their habits, but are either dependent or gregarious; so that Milton's firmament of "living sapphires" collapses at the touch of literal truth, none but telescopic stars supporting a comparison with that brilliant gem.

A vast and imposing subject still confronts us; but here we can do little more than indicate the conclusions towards which modern researches tend. The elder Herschel set before his mind at an early stage of his career the sublime object of attaining to a knowledge of the structure of the heavens. But his long life, joined to unwearied industry and rare genius, sufficed only to demonstrate the extraordinary complexity of the problem. Most of, if not all, his original assumptions have been overthrown by the progress of inquiry: but many truths, grasped by his vigorous intelligence in its successive approximations to the realities of the cosmical scheme, have been confirmed, and will, without doubt, yet bear abundant fruit. What has been called the "grindstone theory" of the universe, originated by Thomas Wright of Durham†, extended by Kant,‡ adopted and elaborated by Lambert and Michell, statistically investigated by both Herschels, is now discredited, if not definitely abandoned. The irresistible logic of facts no longer permits us to regard the Milky Way as a cloven disk of evenly distributed suns, apparently minute because indefinitely distant. Nor is it now possible to see in the nebular host an array of "island-universes," studding the great ocean of space, similar to our galaxy in structure, and perhaps superior to it in splendor and extent. But it is easier to perceive the fallaciousness of the reasoning on which these views are founded, than to substitute for them a theory which shall at once accord with ascertained facts and appease our symmetrical instinct. It must, however, be remembered that the very completeness of a scheme argues its insufficiency, since the true creative plan can never be wholly divested of the difficulties and obscurities which beset a finite mind laboring in the track of an infinite idea. We shall then content ourselves with laying down a few broad lines on which, it may confidently be asserted, our conception of the universe will henceforth be based, leaving details to the practical, and conjectures to the speculative in astronomy.

\* *Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, 1879. See "*Nature*," vol xx, p. 331.

† *An Original Theory or New Hypothesis of the Universe*, 1750.

‡ *Allgemeine Naturgeschichte*, 1755.

The first point clearly discernible is that the heavenly host are not constituted on a democratic principle of equality, but from a hierarchy, exhibiting infinite gradations of power, beauty and splendor. This is demonstrably true of double and multiple stars, and is hardly less conspicuously evident in the case of groups united in a concurrence of motion. Such systems usually comprise individuals of every variety of apparent magnitude; but since their distances from each other almost certainly bear but a small proportion to their distance from us, we inevitably conclude (unless where the spectroscope shows unequal absorption) that their disparity in luster is due to difference in size. Evidence of other kinds tends in the same direction. The movements of the stars must, on an average, appear greater for those that are nearer to the earth than for those that are more remote, both in so far as such seeming displacement is a perspective effect of the sun's progress through space, and in so far as it is caused by an actual translation of the stars themselves. But it is not found, on the whole, that the most brilliant orbs are the most mobile. On the contrary, many imposing luminaries, such as Canopus, Rigel and Antares, are observed to be extremely sluggish in shifting their positions, while some insignificant stars dart through space with a velocity not only exceptional, but unaccountable.\* The inference that brilliancy forms not even an approximate criterion of distance is confirmed by parallaxic observations. As a general rule, the stars have no appreciable parallax—a statement implying the astounding fact that, seen from their remote stations, the enormous expanse of the terrestrial orbit shrinks to a point and vanishes from sight. In a few cases, however, a small annual displacement has been detected, and more or less reliably measured. It is true that a star of the first magnitude  $\alpha$  Centauri, heads the list by a large interval, and is hence regarded as our nearest neighbor in sidereal space, but the correspondence between vicinity and splendor goes no farther. Of the twenty-one stars believed to show some trace of parallaxic displacement, eight only exceed the fourth, while thirteen range between the fourth and the eighth magnitudes.† Thus, 61 Cygni, a small star of the fifth magnitude, is considerably nearer the earth than Sirius, Vega, or Arcturus, and indefinitely nearer than Aldebaran, Regulus, or Spica. According to approved calculations, Sirius must, (if his intrinsic splendor be the same) surpass our sun in volume from two to three thousand times; while 61 Cygni is unquestionably of far less size than the central orb of our system. Nor is there any reason to suppose Sirius one of the largest, or 61 Cygni one of the smallest, of the suns in space.

\* The small stars known as 1830 Groombridge has a velocity (estimated at not less than two hundred miles a second) considerably greater than could be impressed upon it under the known conditions of the sidereal universe. Newcomb, "Popular Astronomy," p. 505, note.

† Flammarion, "Comptes Rendus," t. lxxv. p. 733.

Until recently it was confidently held, in accordance with the view first proposed by Kant, that the galaxy with its myriads of suns formed but a subordinate member of the nebular system. We are now compelled to believe that nebulae, in all their varieties, have their place and play their part within, not without, the galactic scheme. Of some of the arguments used on this subject by Mr. Proctor (whose collected essays on this and kindred subjects we have quoted at the head of this article) we now avail ourselves. These are concerned principally with the peculiarities of nebular distribution. If these bodies form an independent system or series of systems, their position in space must evidently be wholly irrespective of the internal architecture of the sidereal habitations. If, on the other hand, we perceive evident signs of such a connection, we are justified in assuming a fundamental unity of plan. Now it is impossible to avoid observing the existence of a marked relation, both of association and avoidance, between nebular and stellar aggregations. The great mass of the unresolved nebulae (being four-fifths of the entire) congregate about the pole of the galactic zone, while a corresponding tract of almost total destitution runs parallel with that vast star-girdle both on its northern and on its southern sides. Two classes, however, of closely allied cosmical bodies obey a law of a totally opposite character. Gaseous nebulae, or those giving a spectrum of bright lines, are found almost exclusively in the Milky Way and its immediate neighborhood, the same region concentrating in itself the immense majority of those swarms of lucid points usually described as "star-clusters." Between these and unresolved nebulae showing a stellar spectrum, it is not easy to draw an intelligible distinction. We can hardly escape the conclusion that differences, either of distance or of aggregation, alone distinguish them. Whether or not the external attraction exercised upon those found within the span of the Milky Way, constitutes in itself the physical cause of their more open formation and consequent resolvability (as Mr. Proctor inclines to think),\* the fact is patent that the influence of that zone largely affects the distribution of all classes of nebulae.

Still more convincing proof of the systemic unity of the stellar and nebular orders is, however, offered by a closer examination of the nebulae themselves. We have not only the argument of continuity (which indeed may and often does prove delusive), urging the impossibility of separating by any clear line of demarkation groups obviously stellar from patches of unresolved luminosity, and the inconsistency of admitting one class of objects within the bounds of our firmament, while excluding the other; but also a visible intimate association of undoubted members of the sidereal system with the structure and position of nebulae. Thus,

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\* "Monthly Notices," vol. xxix., p. 343.



the sinuosities and convulsions of several of the "irregular" kind are followed with such unmistakable fidelity by knots and trains of minute stellar bodies projected on them as a background, that, in some cases, it seems as if the pattern, so to speak, of the nebulae were pricked out with stars. We see moreover, in the Magellanic Clouds—the wonder and the ornament of southern skies—a "glaring instance" of the truth we desire to enforce. The greater "Nubecula," or "White Ox," of Abdurrahman Sufi,\* seems expressly designed to exhibit the union into a single confederation of all orders of the visible universe. This cosmical "happy family" (if we may be allowed the expression) contains within its capacious bosom (extending over forty-two square degrees) 291 degrees nebulae, gaseous and stellar, forty-six star-clusters of every degree of condensation, besides nearly 600 individual stars of the seventh and eighth magnitude.† It is entirely impossible to believe that this amazing assemblage is the result of accidental projection on the surface of the sky, and we have no alternative but to accept the conclusion that stars and nebulae coexist in the same region of space, and form inseparable components of one vast system.

What then should be our general conception of that portion of the created world which we are permitted to contemplate? We find it stamped with the two great characters of unity and complexity—unity of design, bewildering and unfathomable complexity of detail. From the scattered "star-dust" just stippling with light the dark telescopic field, and the "star-seed," or "star-food" (in whichever aspect we choose to regard it), revealing in the spectroscope its surprising bright lines, to the royal procession of the Ursine orbs, and the solitary state of Arcturus and Vega, and all that we see from pole to pole is bound together by mutual dependence, and unites to execute a single majestic scheme. Of the inner intricacies of that scheme we can form but a distant and inadequate idea. The galaxy, in its larger outlines, may be described as a congeries of stellar groups of every imaginable variety, arranged in the annular form. Our sun, with about 400 stars, from the first to the seventh magnitudes, is believed to form an outlying cluster situated not in the circumference of the ring, but considerably removed from it towards the center. Seen from some plane circling round a sun belonging to another similar firmament the whole of these radiant orbs, separated from each other by distances entirely inconceivable to our minds, would appear but as one of the more prominent of the luminous nodosities that roughen the surface of the Milky Way.

All these separate systems—these starry commonwealths—are doubtless united in one grand federation, whose all but infinitely remote boundaries our imagination may indeed transcend, but our knowledge

\* "Cosmos," vol. iii., p. 122.

† Flammarion, "L'Univers Sideral," p. 818.

can most probably never pass. And as each terrestrial body politic is separated, by nature or by choice, into numberless associations, distinct in their aims and in their courses, so the nations of the sky are divided and organized into tribes, families, and households, various in their polity, harmonious in their action, united in their end. What may be the nature of the laws governing the relations, internal and external, of such systems, it would, in the present state of our knowledge, be the height of presumptuous folly to attempt even to surmise. We know, indeed, from the observed revolutions of binary stars, that gravitation acts in the same manner in sidereal regions as at the surface of the earth; but we do not know but that, at enormously increased intervals of space, it may be superseded by some higher or wider law, ruling higher and wider relations, just as gravity itself is replaced, at minute distances, by the action of molecular forces.

We must now pause. What we have said is indeed little and inadequate, but it is enough to show that the natural awe and delight with which we regard the stately pageant of the spheres are amply justified in the sublime realities represented by it. A scene is disclosed to our inquiries instinct with life, motion, and variety. Law, the evidence and the instrument of design, sits enthroned there, but presides over no dull or monotonous succession of events. Unexpected activities from time to time manifest themselves, and tremendous catastrophes disturb the serenity of the heavens. Some one of the obscure bodies which, for aught we know, may be as numerous as the lucid ones, suddenly assumes a vesture of light, and sends us across an interval which costs its swift messenger perhaps a thousand years of travel, the first tidings of its existence. Luminous bodies, on the other hand, sink into obscurity and apparent annihilation. Nebular worlds, far surpassing in extent the entire ambit of the solar system, grow dim and vanish, like a pencil-mark rubbed with a touch from a sheet of paper, again as capriciously to reappear. Suns fade, century by century, like a field-flower held in a child's hand, while other suns grow and brighten, like rose-buds unfolding on their stems. Terrific conflagrations, involving perhaps in destruction whole dependent schemes with their myriad possible inhabitants, desolate fore-doomed orbs; while a large class of luminaries seem, by their periodical outbursts of volcanic fury, to be rendered unfit to act as the beneficent centers of planetary households. On all sides we see traces of activity and change; everywhere we find evidence of development and decay—decay, possibly a prelude to renovation, which again leads round to decay. For many and strange are the vicissitudes comprised within that stupendous cycle which bounds the existence of the heavens themselves, destined on the expiration of their appointed term, like the "frail and fading sphere" of the dew-drop to which Shelley compares them,

"To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

—*Edinburgh Review*.

## CATTLE RANCHES IN THE FAR WEST.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to large figures when examining statistics relating to the domestic or foreign economy of the United States, the vast surplus of last year's harvest in that country, no less than England's very rapidly increasing cattle trade with the United States—in the twelve months ending June 30, 1879, 71,794 head of cattle were shipped from the United States to the United Kingdom,\* a figure just double that of the preceding year—have of late served to bring before us in more than usually startling manner the dangers threatening our agricultural interests by the nearly unlimited food-producing capacities of America.

Of special interest, under the prevailing circumstances, is the question of raising cattle on the free public lands of Western Territories, and recently published accounts of a perfectly trustworthy nature—no less than the results of the personal investigations of the Royal Commission—only enhance it; for they prove beyond doubt that stock-raising under such very favorable circumstances as exist in some of the North-western districts of the Union has a great future before it.

In giving the reader a sketch of the "rough-and-ready" life of a Western "ranchman," or stock-raiser, and of his vocation, I lay before him the results of a visit of many months to Colorado, Wyoming, and parts of Montana, at present the chief centers of the business. If we examine the origin of Western stock-raising, we find that, like so many other institutions in the United States, it took its first start while the country was yet in the throes of its last great war. Texas at that time was still a little known Territory, a safe refuge for fugitives from justice, disguised with long beards, quaint aliases, and broad sombreros. This immense expanse, consisting mainly of prairies—Texas has 274,356 square miles, or larger than France, Portugal, Belgium, and Switzerland combined—was the home of enormous herds of semi-wild cattle of a very inferior breed. Their wild eyes and wide-spreading horns were in keeping with their forbidding, raw-boned, ungainly aspect, and fierce tempers. There were millions of them. In 1860 the tax returns, underestimated if anything, showed 2,733,267 head of cattle and 172,243 working oxen in Texas; and not a few of the astonishingly lazy and ignorant rancheros—mostly of Spanish or Mexican origin—could boast of herds exceeding fifty thousand head, and some few, if accounts are

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\* It is interesting to note that while the 64,926 head exported to other countries but England represented a value of only £352,600, those shipped to England were more than three times as valuable, namely, £1,323,200. These, and most other statistical figures, were furnished to the writer by the head of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, and are therefore authentic.

true, owned<sup>a</sup> as many as a hundred thousand. They were, however, of little pecuniary benefit to their owners; the absence of any market and foreign demand on the part of Northern neighbors made them very nearly as valueless as were at the same period the countless "beef" on the rolling pampas of South America.\*

Towards the close of the great national struggle, when meat, cereals, and, in fact, every kind of food rose in the Northern States to hitherto unknown prices, some venturesome Government contractors tried the experiment of driving small herds of these cattle from Texas to the Northern armies. In the beginning only small "bunches" of two or three hundred traveled that weary journey over the subsequently so historic trails leading from their prairie homes to Missouri and other Eastern States. The profits were enormous, for steers could in those good days be bought for about 25s., and sold at the end of their two or three months' overland journey for £7; they were, in fact, so large that the secret soon oozed out, and men with larger capital and unfettered by Government contracts "started in," and for a year or two—till at last the astoundingly easy-going rancheros of Texas found out the increased value of their stock—profits remained as high. Gradually they were cut down finer; for rapidly as money is made, and incomparably higher as are the profits attainable by a successful speculation in the States than in slower and surer-going Europe, the fact that a man could double or quadruple his capital in four months, running no very great risks, allured great numbers of Eastern men to embark their and their friends' money in stock-driving operations. This was, it must be remembered, long before cattle or meat export to Europe had taken root; hence it was but natural that soon, with increased numbers of drivers, competition decreased the profits: first to 75 or 100 per cent., and then gradually even to lower rates. In the eyes of the men who had first started, the business was played out. Not so, however, was the inventive American genius. Hitherto the cattle business was simple, that of a drover buying stock in a cheap market and selling it with a good profit in Northern towns. What was easier, asked the keen-eyed speculator, than to do as the now millionaire Texan cattle kings did, let nature work for you? Yonder lay the vast stretches of the so-called American Desert, ranging from the Mississippi, in those days the western boundary of civilization, to the Sierra Nevadas, a tract fifteen hundred miles long and two thousand wide, on the eastern confines of which the new Territories of Kansas, Arkansas, and Nebraska were just then constituting themselves with that rapidity peculiar to the migratory Yankee, to

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\* In 1870 the United States contained more than thirty-three millions of cattle; and as twelve millions were milch cows, the increase of the country's stock, after all home and foreign consumption is covered, can hardly be estimated at less than a million and a half, a startlingly stupendous figure if we consider that,

whom the making of laws and building of towns is a natural occupation. While thousands of half-crazed mining emigrants were crossing the Plains, pushing westwards to the new and old gold countries, many more, belonging as a rule to a far better and thriftier class of Eastern-raised folk, were crowding into the new Territories with the intention of settling down as farmers; and what wonder that Horace Greeley's precious advice, "Go West, young man," was also applied to the bovine race. Very soon the new settlers awoke to the vast profits of stock-raising in countries where not only land and home grazing too cost nothing, but where the incidental expenses of a farm are, to European ideas, exceptionally low. Raising cattle on the free public land of the Great West can be done at the absurd low rate of from 4s. to 5s. per head; for when once the ranch or farm-house is built, an affair that need not cost more than £60 to £100, and your provisions bought, there remains absolutely no other expense to be provided for but the wages of the stockmen or "cow-boys," each of whom, for their £6 monthly pay, will take care of one thousand herd of cattle. Fortunately for the farmers of Europe, the frontier ranchman—hundreds of miles may be from the next railway station, and the latter again a thousand or fifteen hundred miles from his great market, Chicago—is handicapped by the enormous expenses of the transport of his "beeves," as market cattle are called, to distant Chicago. Mr. Dan, the author of the paper to which I referred in the commencement, states that the cost of transit from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains to Liverpool are not less than £8 per head, which adds quite 2½d. a pound to the *dead weight* of each steer.\*

But to return to the growth of stock-raising. A further very great impulse was given to it by rewarding the early settlers in Kansas and Nebraska by the building of the Pacific Railroad. As more emigrants from the East continued to pour in, land became valuable, and the cattlemen began to move westwards to new districts, where their herds could graze free of expense on the Plains.

Colorado next became the goal of the west-bound stock-raisers, and at the present day that vast State—it became such in 1876, and hence is called the Centennial State—with its 105,000 square miles and a population under two hundred thousand souls, is, "in the eyes of stock-raisers, practically speaking, already full," that is, all land available for this purpose, with the necessary water frontage on a creek, is already occupied. To-day, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and New Mexico, no less than the extreme western portions of Texas, are the most desirable countries in which to "locate" a cattle ranch.

In the same way that most Americans with difficulty realize the

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\* From statements I heard I should have put this at even a higher figure, for the freight rates of the Union Pacific are, as there is no competition, enormous.

tenure of land in England, and invariably discover, when finally they have mastered the details of entailed ownership, a strong incentive in it to "skin" the land—a proceeding arising necessarily, as they think, from the absence of those selfish motives to improve it—in the same way, I repeat, does land tenure in the Union puzzle us.

To old-world ears it sounds not only strange but hardly credible that you or I can to-day start for any of the three or four last-named Territories, pick out for our stock a good range for grazing, as yet unoccupied, drive on to it a herd of ten thousand cattle, select a suitable spot near to a convenient creek, and there build our ranch or farm-house, fence in fifty or a hundred acres for hay-land, and, in fact, make ourselves entirely at home, disporting ourselves as virtual owners of the land, without paying one penny for it, or outstepping any territorial or United States statute, or doing what is not perfectly lawful. There is no trouble about title, deeds, surveyors, and lawyers; possession is nine points of the law, and the tenth is that ever-present law-maker and law-breaker, the Colt revolver; for, unlike the miner, who says the tenth point is a bribe, the absence of all tribunals to decide disputes about land in those far-off, semi-wild regions, makes the revolver take the place of the less bloodthirsty bribe, in defending, *vi et armis*, what you deem your own. Very naturally this state of things, existing only in so-called "unsurveyed" districts, can only continue as long as the supply of vast plain lands available for grazing purposes lasts. Huge as Uncle Sam's possessions available for cattle ranges are, they are nevertheless approaching exhaustion; and, indeed, it would be difficult to imagine *what* possibly could resist the energetic onslaughts of his speculative children, pressing westward with unabating impetuosity. This as yet unexhausted supply makes contentions among frontier settlers respecting land very rare; for, unlike the mining claim-jumper, land-sharks find it not worth while risking life in enforcing their fictitious claims of ownership when, twenty or thirty miles farther up the valley, land as good for their purpose awaits them. To make American land tenure, not only in the West but also in the East, more intelligible to the reader, let me recapitulate broadly the most prominent features of the law on this subject.

The whole United States land must for this purpose be divided into two categories—the surveyed and the unsurveyed. To the former belong, of course, all the Eastern States—Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and some few other portions of the "Great West." California I leave quite aside; as for Utah, only its vast mineral and wheat-growing resources come into play—at least as long as the Great Pacific Railroad is not compelled by wholesome competition to lower its exorbitant freight rates. To the "unsurveyed," broadly speaking, Montana, Wyoming, parts of Idaho, Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona; the latter, on account of its sterile soil, of little

value for stock-raising. Here ownership rests with the first comer, until at a future period the territory is surveyed by Government officials, and the land mapped out and divided into districts, each coming under a Government district official. Those that have "located" previous to this period are left in undisputed possession, provided they have improved the land; that is, either cultivated it, fenced it in, or, as would be in the case of stock-raisers, have cattle of their own grazing on it. A nominal fee secures to the settler a Government title.

The "squatter's right," in contradistinction to "pre-emption," which latter is the taking possession of unsurveyed lands by building on it, or improving it, comes into play in the case of unoccupied but surveyed land. By it, every adult who shows that he intends to live on the land himself, acquiring it for that purpose only, and not for speculating, is entitled to 160 acres; or if the land comes under the denomination of desert land, under which head the Great Plains generally are placed, to 620 acres; for this surveyed land Government charges the settler 5s. per acre (the 620 acres of desert land being considered, in point of payment, equal to 160 acres of good soil), distributed in certain proportions over five years, thus enabling the poorest to found a home. Of course, unoccupied land can be bought to any extent for ready money from Government, but naturally this occurs rarely, as, by moving farther West, land, as we have seen, can be had for nothing. If the settler, occupying soil by squatter's right, has grown-up sons, they in their turn can benefit by the same Act; the intention of Government being the high cultivation of small expanses, rather than the careless or only partial improvement of larger tracts. These are the broad outlines upon which rests land tenure in the United States. The principle of demand and supply, which governs the mercantile intercourse of civilized people, comes into play beyond the Father of the Waters very much in the same way. Out West laws make themselves, but not a day before the want of them is felt. And in the same way, as long as the supply of land exceeds the demand, that commodity, in an unimproved state, will be valueless, or very nearly so.

If we compare the Northern Territories with the Southern, with the intention of examining their adaptability for stock-raising, and their several advantages and disadvantages as fields for English immigration, we at once strike the only great source of danger for such enterprises, namely, the climate. The greater part of Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, all of which are traversed by the numerous branching chains of the Rocky Mountains, are four, five, and the first-mentioned six and seven, thousand feet over the sea, exposed to very severe winters. The Southern Territories, such as New Mexico, Western Texas, and those few portions of Southern Colorado still unoccupied, are equally liable to suffer from the other extreme—great summer heats, producing every few years prolonged droughts;

for it must be remembered that the climate is a far drier one than that of Europe, and the supply of water all along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains exceedingly scanty—a fact which must be attributed to the absence of rain, sandy soil, and to the barren surface of the mountains, shielding the rains and melted snows far more rapidly than in timbered countries. Besides these climate risks, the Western stock-raiser has to chance another danger which, though it has not yet made its presence felt, could with one cruel blow wreck the fortune of thousands. I am alluding to the cattle plague, pleuropneumonia, and the rest of these terrible scourges, up to now unknown west of the Mississippi. To what this immunity is to be ascribed—whether to the dryness of the climate, the constant equality of the feed, to some medicinal quality of either herbage or water, or finally, whether to a lucky chance—is unknown; no less so how long this happy exemption may last. The consequences of disease once gaining a foothold on the vast expanse of the Plains stretching from the frontier of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Sierra Madre to the great Mississippi, are perfectly frightful to contemplate. Hardly one of the fifteen million of cattle, which on a moderate estimate range wholly unrestrained over this tract, could escape contagion. It would be one terrible leap from wealth to bankruptcy. As no stock, save the bulls for breeding purposes, is imported from the East, or from countries where pleuro-pneumonia has ever been prevalent, it is obvious that the chief danger of importing contagion rests with the introduction of fancy-bred bulls of Eastern or English origin. This danger is of late impressing itself upon stockholders all over the West; and Congress has been appealed to with the view of establishing commissions composed of veterinary surgeons and experienced stockmen, in order, first of all, to exercise proper vigilance on the Eastern frontiers—a sanitary line very easy to control, as all bulls are brought West by one or the other of three great lines, and the Mississippi or Missouri are natural frontiers drawn by nature; and secondly, should, notwithstanding all precautions, the disease make its appearance, to empower them to destroy immediately all animals that have, or possibly could have, come into contact with the diseased stock. Congress evinces, however, for problems of this kind, not only very little interest, but suffers from a chronic state of poverty when matters of national welfare like these come upon the tapis. That inbred happy-go-lucky trusting to fortune, which is strongly represented in the individual's character, is also represented in their Parliament. The chances are, too, that if such a board of supervision were created it would, like the Indian question and other shamefully conducted public matters, fall immediately in the hands of a ring; putting wealth into the pockets of a few, to the utter ruin possibly of a whole community, should the board's active services become necessary. Very little reliance can, therefore, be placed on Government help; more likely does it seem



that the whole body of Western stockmen will arrive at some arrangement among themselves; for, like making laws and building houses, does self-help become second nature among a frontier population.

If we examine the natural features of the Great Plains, we find that, with very few exceptions, no part of them will feed as many cattle, sheep, or horses to the square mile as land in the Eastern States or in Europe would; but the almost limitless area counterbalances this. The grasses of the Plains, of which the "gamma" and "buffalo" are the commonest, contain highly nutritious qualities. The former grows about six inches high, and has a single round stock with oblong heads; the other grows closer to the ground. The bunch grass, another kind, grows on "bluffs," and is the chief winter herbage. Their growth, beginning about the first of May, continues till the end of July, when the dry season commences; they then dry up, and are cured by the sun; and as the frosts, let them be ever so hard, do not seem to penetrate to the roots, or else do not harm them, they retain their full strength for the whole winter. To this must be ascribed the barren verdureless aspect of the whole country in late autumn and winter, when strangers passing through can hardly comprehend how the countless herds not only subsist, but grow fat on this gray and withered looking herbage. Nature has provided in many ways for her children; for not only can stock find ready shelter under the bluffs, and in the many small valleys and glens called pockets and gulches, and under the clusters of hardy cedars and spreading cotton-wood trees which almost serve the purpose of barns and stables, but the high winds which prevail after every snow-storm clear sloping ground in a marvelously short time from the snowy pall, driving it together in banks, and filling up depressions in the ground. Rarely does the dry and flour-like snow crust over, a process which for cattle means starvation if warm weather does not soon follow.

The snow-storms in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana are occasionally very severe indeed; they usually last three days with unabated fury, the thermometer going down to 25° and 30° below zero. It is specially the so-called "breaking-up" storm which is dreaded by ranchmen. It is the last, coming about March, or the first half of April; and not only is it the severest of all, but it finds cattle less able to withstand its fury, and go without food for three or four days, exposed to great cold all the time.

Losses in severe winters are often very great; in fact, the climate of Wyoming and Montana has proved too severe for sheep-raising, at which many trials were made in those territories. Whole flocks of four or five thousand sheep perished in one night; and one case is related, when the breaking-up storm came as late as May, that two men lost in four hours over ten thousand sheep. Of cattle, no such extreme instances have to be chronicled, though in some places

ranchmen lost, in the winter of 1871-72, the severest ever known, half their herds. But experience has taught stockmen many lessons, particularly in the choice of their range, respecting which they were formerly very much more careless. The presence of the ravines and bluffs, so peculiar to the Rocky Mountain formation, is as essential as water and grass; and men starting now prefer to go one hundred or two hundred miles farther from the railway, and have a sheltered range, than risk heavy losses and be nearer the point from whence they "ship" their produce.

Notwithstanding that cattle, no less than sheep, are able to obtain their own subsistence all the year round, the avocation of stock-growing, as we shall see, is attended with no little care and labor. During the summer, autumn, and winter the cattle roam at will over the Plains, and different herds, or parts thereof, mingle together, and perhaps wander for long distances from their home range. Very frequently single heads, separated most likely from their herd in a stampede, are found two hundred miles away. To collect these stragglers, and to take a census no less than to pick out the beeves for market, the annual "round up" is held. At this period, falling in May and June, the whole country is searched, and the cattle appertaining to a district driven together in one vast herd, from whence the different ranchmen separate their own cattle, easily recognizable by the brand; and after a mutual exchange of strayed ones, each owner takes his herd back to their home range, and after branding the calves, turns them out loose, not to see them again till next year's "round up."

For each district, embracing many hundred square miles, and from ten to twenty ranges, a captain—generally one of the old settlers well acquainted with the country—is chosen. Under him work the stockmen—cowboys, or cowpunchers, as everybody connected with cattle-raising is called—from the different ranches, numbering often seventy or more men, and two hundred or more horses, for each cowboy has at least three, and often as many as eight spare mounts with him on these occasions. The whole country, so large that it will take them one or two months to work it over, is laid out in daily rides. If there is a large creek or stream in the distance, the water-course is followed; the country for twenty or thirty miles on both sides being carefully searched by the mounted cowboys, who, all working under one head, develop great aptitude for their laborious work. They are in the saddle for at least sixteen hours every day, and most of the time on the "lope," or canter, clearing the semi-wild cattle-hill at last; often long after dark they bring in, driving before them, the stock found that day, when, after watering the thirsty beasts, they are added to the main herd, which is carefully watched day and night.

If the range, as is very frequently the case, is a mountainous one (there are many in Wyoming seven and eight thousand feet over the

sea, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains), the search for cattle is far more difficult than on level or undulating prairie land. In the former case, the rough and steep chains of mountain, full of "drars," "pockets" and gulches, generally densely timbered at the bottom, the search is anything but easy. A cow, or small bunch of cattle, overlooked on one "round up," is, however, not necessarily lost; for generally they will turn up on that or some neighboring range during the next year's round up. Wyoming ranchmen have told me that often they accidentally pitch upon cattle they missed four or five years before. On such occasions the original cow will make her appearance with quite a little family of unbranded steers, yearlings, and calves. Considering how broken the ground, and of what huge dimensions each range, it speaks well for the cowboy's powers that the losses from straying amount, under proper care, to not more than one or two per cent per annum. The total percentage of losses incurred from stress of weather, droughts, etc., varies considerably. More than half of the owners or managers of the ranges (about one hundred) I visited, declared that 5 per cent in average years will amply cover; others maintained 7, and a few even thought 10 per cent. The round up is a busy time for man and horse on frontier ranches. It is a period affording pleasant change to the cowboy, who the rest of the year is buried on his isolated ranch, often months without seeing a white man, and years frequently pass before the glance of a woman's gown makes his heart flutter. There is a wonderful amount of animated life, light-hearted merriment, and vigorous and healthful rivalry about one of these round ups. They begin with a substantial breakfast, at which often half a steer divided among the different messes is used; the rising sun sees them in the saddle, a couple of lead animals on the line, galloping over the Plains in pursuit of those distant black specks, or ascending the dangerously steep slopes of a dismal "hog-back" hill, from whence the higher ranges in the pine-clad mountains are reached. They usually do not return to camp till dusk, driving before them the cattle found by them that day, which, if it is an open country, will often be as many as two hundred to the man; if broken and full of pockets and drars, or densely timbered ravines, perhaps not more than ten or fifteen. Cowboys learn to track animals as Indians do game, and I was often amused to watch from some elevated spot a "field" of cowboys at work. Here you will see a couple dismounted and leading their ponies, following some faint tracks on the hard gravelly soil which, till softer ground is reached, or other indisputable stock signs discovered, might prove those of elk or (unshod) Indian ponies. Generally, water betrays cattle; for let them be ever so far from it, or carefully screened from discovery in dense timber, they must at least once every twenty-four hours repair to the next creek or water-hole, when their tracks are easily discernible. Yonder we perceive three or four of the daring riders pursuing a small "bunch" stampeding

down a steep slope, tails raised high, evidently frightened at the unusual sight of man, and the pursuers at full gallop tearing down the hill at more than break-neck pace, endeavoring to head them off; man and horse apparently oblivious of the steepness of the grade, and the many treacherous holes and tree stumps that dot it. They are all wonderful riders, and on these occasions they strive to outdo each other. I saw one spill on a steep hillside, occasioned by a gopher-hole, into which the horse put one of its forelegs; and from motives of curiosity I measured the distance the rider was sent spinning, and found that between the gopher-hole and the spot where the man's shoulder touched ground first was thirty-seven feet less three inches. The man was only slightly stunned, and amid the laughter of his companions, who never show any mercy on such occasions, picked himself up, and pulling his six-shooter forthwith, shot the disabled "broncho."

Cowboys can be divided into two classes: those hailing from the Lone Star State, Texas, the other recruited either from Eastern States, chiefly Missouri, or from the Pacific slopes; Oregon contributing no mean number of Webfoots, so called from the long winter rains in that colony. The Texans are, as far as true cowboyship goes, unrivaled; the best riders, hardy, and born to the business; the only drawback being their wild reputation. The others are less able but more orderly men. The bad name of Texans arises mostly from their excitable tempers, and the fact that they are mostly "on the shoot," that is, very free in the use of their revolvers.

If we come to the practical issues of the question, the first point to be settled by the intending ranchman, when once he has chosen his range, is which cattle to purchase. There are three great sources from which countless herds are annually drafted: Texas, Utah, and Oregon. The first mentioned was, as we have heard, originally the only stock country. The two last have entered the competing lists very recently, thereby giving us another proof of the enormous productive capacities of the Great West. Thirty years ago, when Oregon was a perfect wilderness, and Utah—with the exception of Salt Lake Settlement, then still quite small—in a similar condition, there was not a head of stock in those regions, save the few which each settler family brought with them from the East; half, if not more, of the number they started with usually succumbing to the hardships of overdriving and the want of good food and water on the inhospitable and endless desert. Cattle-driving, as a speculation, was then and for a long time to come unheard of; and so none brought more than they could conveniently drive; and old guides have stated to me that the average number was decidedly under ten to each family of emigrants. These bovine immigrants in the meanwhile have multiplied in the vast valleys of Oregon at an enormous rate; and now there are hundreds of thousands where, thirty, and even twenty years ago, there were not hundreds; and, curious to say, the progeny

of the original ancestors are now being driven in vast herds back eastwards, over the very same old Mormon road which their grand-sires had traveled fifteen or twenty years ago, on their way to their new Western homes.

To return to the choice of stock. The general public voice declares the Oregon and Utah breed to be far superior to Texas cattle; and while the earlier ranchmen in Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana had only the latter, the Oregon cows driven to the two last-mentioned territories in 1879 outnumbered Texan stock at least three or four times. At first it was greatly doubted that cattle raised on the Pacific slopes, and especially in the damp, moderately warm climate of Oregon, could possibly stand a Wyoming or Montana winter with their terribly severe snow-storms. Experience, however, has established not only that Oregon stock can withstand great winter hardships, but also that they flourished on Wyoming soil. As both Utah and Oregon cattle fetch comparatively much higher prices in Chicago and other great markets, those breeds are now the prime favorites; and, as a natural consequence of the vastly increased demand, cows in Oregon have risen quite seventy-five per cent in value within the last two or three years.

The choice of your stock decided, there are three different ways of getting it. You can first of all buy it on "the range," which is the quickest, and, if you exercise due caution, fairly sure, but withal the most expensive way. The cattle are bought so many head, "more or less;" but as taking the census and the control over vast herds belonging to a number of different owners, roaming at large over large tracts of country, is naturally not easy, this mode leaves a good many openings for sharp-witted "cussedness," to which the newly arrived "tender foot" very frequently falls victim. The second way, and for newly arrived settlers by far the most to be preferred, is to make contracts with any of the large and responsible drovers for a number of cattle of a certain breed and age, about seventy-five per cent of the cows to have calves, the stock to be delivered at a specified time at your ranch, you stipulating a heavy forfeit (often as large as £3,000 or £4,000) in case of non-fulfillment of contract; besides which the purchaser has the option of rejecting animals not perfectly healthy or according to agreement. Generally, a year, however, elapses ere you receive your herd; for, say you sign contracts in Wyoming in autumn, the cattle will be bought in Oregon by the driver in early spring, and the whole summer will pass ere the herd reaches Wyoming. The third, and originally the only way of procuring your stock, is to go yourself to Texas or Oregon, buy your cattle there from different owners, and start with them for your distant home as soon as the warm May sun has turned the vast Plains an emerald green. The process of driving cattle is called "riding on trail," one of the most laborious and dreary undertakings imaginable, of which we shall have to speak a little farther

on. This, though the cheapest, is also for "tender feet" the most risky mode of getting stock.

There are to-day two different ways of conducting the stock business "out West." The one, to which I shall refer in a few words, is to buy young steers, keep them two years on your range, and sell them as four-year-olds to market. Per head the increase in value varies between \$10 and \$15 (£2 to £3); thus enabling the ranchman very nearly to double his capital in that short space of time, provided his losses do not exceed five per cent, and he has luck on his side.

The other manner is to *raise* stock, buying Texas, Oregon, or Utah cows, and the necessary number of Eastern or English bulls. This, if from the first you make up your mind not to sell a single animal for the first three years, is in the end far more profitable than the mere "feeding-up" of stock; formerly fewer men went into it, on account of the larger capital required to keep the concern going for the first three years with no incoming funds; but the last few years have brought, as the large profits of the business became better known in the East, larger capital, and now it is the favorite with men tempted by a very fair chance of making a fortune in five or six years to go West.

In an account published elsewhere,\* I furnished detailed estimates based upon the most trustworthy authorities, examined by me personally, of the increase of cattle in a certain number of years, and the profits accruing to the stockman from it. I placed the amount invested at the outset at £10,000, and proved that the profits at the end of three years amounted to £8,800. This with fair luck, and losses taken at five per cent each year consecutively. Of course the rate of increase grows considerably larger in subsequent years, as seventy-five per cent of all cows have calves annually: at least this is the generally accepted percentage in Wyoming and Montana, some few putting it as high as eighty, others seventy per cent.

The whole subject of stock-raising on the Western plains is attracting very general and deserved attention in the Eastern cities, and numbers of young men of good family start, or are started annually by their friends, the capital invested varying from £2,000 to £20,000; but even with a smaller start money can be made, and not a few of the independent stockmen I met, often undeniable "tender-feet," greenhorns still, who now were rapidly trebling their thousand or two thousand dollars, had sprung from the lowest social rank. Others, recruited from the middle classes of the States, had two or three years ago been railway conductors, hotel-keepers, Western merchants, petty civil service servants, and, quite a number, trappers and Indian scouts.

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\* Field, 31st January.

A considerable number of the former (trappers) had served as guides to rich English sportsmen, on their shooting tours in the Rocky Mountains, and had been started by them with a few thousand dollars. I have heard of some half-dozen gentlemen in England who are reported to draw fifteen and twenty per cent interest from the capital they advanced to their former camp-fireside companions.

In the United States, where "tall" talk is so common, the numerous accounts that have been published of late of Western stock-raising all exhibit this national failing. Of the dozens I have had occasion to peruse, all were more or less overcolored. The profits, according to them, were more like those of the old-day Texas cattle trade than the actual truth, namely, from twenty-eight to thirty per cent per annum the average of three years, and about forty per cent per annum the average of seven years. They would be considerably greater (as the stock after the fourth and fifth year increases at a startling rate) were it not necessary to take into account the chance of one very bad winter out of seven, when the losses much exceed five per cent.

Nothing will give a better picture of a stockman's fortune in those wild regions than a sketch from life. Let us select Mr. Iliff, one of the best-known cattlemen of Colorado and Wyoming, recently deceased. Mr. Iliff was one of the many thousands who, in the great Pike Peak's gold excitement in 1859, crossed with frenzied energy the Great American Desert, as the vast tract of desert-like land intervening between the Mississippi and Colorado was then still called. Unlike the majority of his brethren who, after a short spell of fruitless work, awoke to the stern reality that gold could not be picked up in panfuls, either returned home, or pushed still farther West towards California, founding on their way that fabulously rich silver State, Nevada, Iliff remained on the spot, threw shovel, pan, and rocker aside, and settled down to cultivate a small patch of ground near Denver, then a city of less than a hundred miserable shanties, and peopled with the roughest of the rough; for the numerous "hanging trees" which cleared off the most desperate elements in subsequent years had then not yet grown up. Iliff was not overfond of those dark sides of frontier life, and being himself "not on the shoot," decided to move North. "Moving" was, and is, a very simple affair in the West. Iliff, perfectly destitute when he came to Denver from the mines, had managed to save sufficient in the one season of his residence in that town, where the garden-truck vegetables raised by him found a very ready market, to buy a pony and some few provisions, and a rifle. Loading them on his horse, he turned his back on "lively" Denver and his primitive "dug-out," his home for the last six months. He reached the northern Californian (Mormon) emigrant road, about one hundred and sixty miles north of his late home, in autumn, and at once set to work to build

himself a log shanty, which he completed before the worst weather of winter could surprise him. He had, so he stated in later years, only a few dollars in his pocket, a small cask of whisky, and a little store of tobacco, with which he hoped to trade with the Mormons, and other emigrants passing over that weary road in the season, often as many as a hundred per diem, while in winter he was months without seeing a civilized being; the pony express, and later the stage, passing on the "Southern Road," much to the south of his "location."

With the emigrants, generally as poor as himself, he bartered his whisky, tobacco, and other necessities of life, which he gradually managed to "lay in;" taking in exchange cattle, of which all Western-bound emigrants took with them as large a number as their means would allow, for not only did they furnish them with milk in the totally uninhabited regions through which they journeyed for five and six weary months, but they were at the same time the most valuable stock-in-trade of the new settlers in their distant homes. Many of the Eastern raised cattle, however, accustomed to other feed and plenty of water, succumbed to the bovine hardships of the trip; and so Iliff drove many a sharp bargain, giving a few glasses of precious whisky, which seemed to the parched emigrants—having been by the time they passed Iliff's store already two or three months on the road—the very elixir of life, or a pound or so of tobacco, for a broken-down cow or tottering steer—mere walking raw-boned ghosts of their former selves. Some miles from his shanty he had discovered, amid some sheltering but very broken hill country, a very oasis in the alkaline desert, a considerable tract of good hay-land, with an ever-flowing creek traversing it.

To this place he drove his purchases, and the nutritious bunch grass and total rest, so strange to their weary limbs of late, soon fattened them up to their pristine condition. Iliff showed in this predilection for cattle a singular foresight; for, as the end proved, the dollars so invested accumulated at a rate before which even the twenty-four and thirty per cent per annum which Western banks in those days gave for ready cash deposits were as nothing; and, moreover, it was storing up money in perhaps the only safe way. The Plains from the Rocky Mountains to the eastern portions of Nebraska and the Missouri were, as everybody will remember, overrun by hostile Indians, and the scenes of countless massacres. Iliff's shanty was twice burnt over his head by the red men, he escaping each time with nought but his life.

Cattle in those days had, in the eyes of Indians, unlike horses and everything else white men possessed, no value; hence he found on his return to his desolated home that his bovine riches, grazing quietly in the hills fifteen or twenty miles from the road, had not been tampered with by the white man's enemy, who, still happy possessors of matchless hunting grounds, held beef in utter contempt



as "squaw's game." For ten years Iliff, like so many other venture-some spirits, braved the perils of the Plains; and the first locomotive that passed over the Union Pacific Railroad, in close proximity of his ranch, found him a rich man. Not only had he found a splendid market for his beef in the numberless railroad camps while the road was building, but, while formerly he had no human habitation nearer than forty miles, Cheyenne, a city of ten thousand inhabitants, had sprung up over-night not ten miles from his home.

His range, on the frontier of Wyoming and Colorado, extended already, in 1872, from Interburgh to Greeley, a distance of more than 150 miles, and about 100 miles broad, on which were grazing for years 40,000 head of cattle, representing £160,000, all belonging to the man who scarce ten years before had driven the first stake of his shanty.

What is most instructive about such a career is, that Iliff had in no way to thank luck for his success. His losses were often very great; thus, in the exceptionally severe and long winter of 1871-2, cattle to the value of £25,000 starved, and above £21,000 were spent by him in spring to find strayed animals, some of which, in the agony of a slow death by hunger, had strayed 400 miles in search of food, part of his herds being finally recovered in two different States and from different Territories of the United States.

While thousands of his former mining comrades had returned to their Eastern homes half-starved desperadoes, and hundreds had found a lonely grave in the mountains of Colorado, a few—a very few, alas!—had been favored by luck and had found great riches, to be squandered again in the most incredibly reckless manner, he had pursued his course with singular perseverance, and besides leaving his heirs millionaires, had enjoyed for the last seven years of his life, from his cattle, quite apart from other speculations, an income of upwards of £25,000 per annum.

The first cattle ranch started in Colorado was that of Colonel J. D. Henderson, who, starting from Kansas in the spring of 1859, bound for the gold mines at Pike's Peak, was one of the first to realise that raising cattle was more profitable than gulch gold mining. He had taken out with him on a wagon a stock of groceries and a few barrels of whisky. His first trade with a band of Uti Indians secured him, for two barrels of the precious liquor, a large island in the Platte River, below Denver. A stout and roomy log hut and cattle corrals were built with the aid of the Indian squaws, who, while their noble lords were lying around disposing of their "trade," helped to drag the logs from the nearest forest; and very soon Henderson Island became a favorite rendezvous and stopping place for mountain-bound gold-diggers and emigrants. In 1861 Henderson had already two thousand head of cattle, and trade was brisk. Whisky sold in drinks at 2s. each, returning £5 per gallon, while a cow could often be bought for considerably less.

The wonderfully rapid growth of ranching in Colorado—which only became a State four years ago—is proved by the fact that in 1871, only 145,916 head of cattle were assessed for taxation, while, six years later, 483,278 were returned, the present number being estimated between 850,000 and 900,000 head.\* In 1877, 80,000, in 1878, 88,000 beeves were “shipped,” i.e. sent by rail, mostly to Chicago, while the home demand of Colorado in the latter year accounted for quite 20,000. Thus in one year the sale of 108,000 beef steers realized for the new State (at £5 per head) considerably over half a million sterling.

“Riding on trail,” to which I have already referred, is an undertaking requiring on the part of the leader great experience, the intuitive natural talent of the trapper skilled in “Plains craft,” and the astute genius of a commander—adroit, firm, of quick eye, and of quicker hand with the pistol. From the chief cattle centers in Texas it takes from four to six months, from Oregon not much less, of constant travel to reach north-western Wyoming. Great mountain ranges have to be crossed; vast stretches of dreary, absolutely barren, plains to be traversed; rivers full of dangerous quicksands, in which whole herds have been known to perish, and streams given to the most terrifically sudden freshets to be forded; long expanses of barren, ashy-hued alkaline desert land, where for forty or fifty miles not a drop of precious water is to be found, to be crossed; and all this with three, four, or five thousand semi-wild cattle, straight from their pathless home, unaccustomed to the sight of human beings, and only too easily startled into a frenzied stampede, resulting in general disaster. All this, through countries where Indians, if not actually hostile, are always ready for a haul, and where Nature herself, in the shape of terrific thunder-storms and early snow-storms, seems to delight in wrecking the fortunes of the adventurous frontiersman.

Let us examine the “outfit” of a party riding on trail, say with a herd of four thousand cattle. “Outfit,” in the language of the West, describes almost anything, from a wife with six children or a bunch of beeves, to the camping kit of an English sporting party. In this instance the outfit consists of the captain and four or five cowboys, a large wagon with tarpaulin cover, to hold provisions and bedding, a boy cook, and a bunch of cow ponies, numbering from forty to sixty head, which, if the start is made from Texas, can be bought there for less than £3, and sold at their destination for quite double their original cost. As the ponies will be wanted at the ranch they are usually not sold at the termination of the journey. Not infrequently one or two hundred are driven along

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\*In sheep the increase has been even more rapid, for while ten years ago Colorado had less than 20,000, it has now 2,000,000. These latter figures I obtain from Mr. Fosset's reliable work on Colorado published last year.

with the cattle as a speculation, the cowboys making a purse covering the purchase and the extra hire of a man to attend them.

Until very recently the journey was generally made in company with two or three similar outfits, for the countries through which runs the well-known old Texas trail was infested with hostile Indians, and equally dangerous bands of "greaser" (Mexican) highway robbers. The men are all well armed, and some terrible stories of wholesale slaughter cling to the road.

Thunder-storms, the chief danger during the summer months in those regions, are very terrifying to cattle. On the approach of one the whole force, cook included, is ordered on duty. The spare horses are carefully fed and tethered, and the herd is "rounded up," i.e. collected in as small a space as possible, while the men continually ride around them, calling to each other in not too loud tones, for, like horses, cattle derive on such occasions courage from the human voice and the close proximity of man. While the thunder peals and the lightning flashes with a vividness much more intense than any I have ever seen in Europe, the frightened beasts watch, with lowered heads and tails poised, the slow, steady pace of the horsemen, and no doubt derive from it a comforting sense of protection. Very often, however, a steer, more intensely alarmed than the rest, and unable to control his terror, will make a dash through a convenient opening in the guardian chain. The crisis is at hand, for the example will surely be followed, and in two minutes the whole herd of four thousand head will have broken away—stampeding, as it is called—a surging mass of bellowing, terrified beasts, rushing headlong through the pitchy darkness to destruction. It is a thoroughly striking and exciting scene, and the one great stampede of over five thousand head I once saw left an indelible impression on my mind. Fancy an inky night, the claps of thunder of appalling loudness, the ground not only entirely strange to the men, but very broken and full of dangerously steep watercourses and hollows, and you will have a picture of a cowboy's duty during a stampede. *Côte qui coûte*, they must head off the leaders of the herd. Once fairly off, they will stampede twenty, thirty, and forty miles at a stretch, many of the cattle being killed by falls or trodden to death, while many "bunches" will stray from the main herd. Not alone the reckless riders, rushing headlong at break-neck speed over dangerous ground in dense darkness, but also the horses—small, insignificant beasts, but matchless for hardy endurance and willingness—are perfectly aware how much depends upon their showing speed on that night, it kills them.

Unused until the last moment remains the heavy cowhide "quirt" or whip, and the powerful spurs, but in reality less cruel than ours, with jingling rowels the size of five-shilling pieces. Urged on by a shout, they speed alongside the terrified steers until they manage to reach the leaders, and finally swinging round, and fearless of horns,

they endeavor to press the bellowing brutes to swerve to one side. All the men pursuing the same tactics, the headlong rush is at last checked, and the animals, panting and lashing their heavy sides with their tails, are brought to a stand, and the herd, or what remains of it, is rounded up. It is dangerous work, and many a light-hearted cowboy has lost his life in stampedes; one minute a rollicking swinging youth, the next a shapeless mass, trodden down and stamped into the ground as the surging herd pass over horse and rider, who have come to grief through a fatal stumble in a prairie log or gopher-hole. The run has taken the cattle far out of their road, led them may be into close proximity of hostile Indians or crafty Mexican border ruffians; and when finally dawn breaks, new dangers may await the small contingent, who, as is often the case on such occasions, do not leave their saddles save to change horses for thirty-six hours. It is especially on the trail that the first-class qualities of the Texan cowboy shine forth—always provided that their leader is to their heart.

The herd and the dust-begrimed, weary men, after their long summer's journey, at last arrive at their future home. Work begins only then; the ranch, or house, and the "corral" have to be built; a stock of hay, if such is procurable, laid in; the cattle branded, and then carefully distributed over the range: here a thousand herd; there, twenty miles farther, five hundred; and so on till the whole herd is "turned out." Not always is the long journey accomplished in one season; unforeseen obstacles—early snow-storms or other causes—may have delayed them on the road, obliging the party to "lay over" the winter. This they do by stopping at the first unoccupied grazing-land they reach. A temporary ranch is erected, the wagon with a couple of men dispatched to the next settlement, often a hundred miles off, to fetch provisions for the winter, and there they remain till spring, when the "cow-camp" is broken up and the party proceed towards their destination; eighteen months and more intervening in such cases between the day the owner set out on his voyage to purchase his cattle and the day they reach their future home.

The social features of stock-raising are as peculiar as the natural ones; and if we follow the steps of the more adventurous ranchmen, pushing westwards, edging the red man from his happy hunting-grounds, and replacing the buffalo and elk with domestic kine, we read also a piece of frontier history.

The people of a new Territory is an interesting study. We see the tide of emigration, called forth by the discovery of gold, sweep over the land; a period of crazy speculation and lawless ruffianism ensues, only to end in another Westward start for new fields, leaving behind a small residuum—the "color in the gold-washer's pan"—or, in other words, the less adventurous but more industrious and thrifty, hence a valuable portion of the emigratory horde, as the

founders of a new community. This, gradually outgrowing the limits of a Territory, is transformed into a State, adding another star to the country's great banner.

For the last ten years the ranchmen have played a very prominent part in the peopling of new countries; and generally of those which, by their elevation or poorness of soil, could not be turned to any other use. Not a few of Western cities subsist on the stock business; and Wyoming and Montana would no doubt be still the dreary uninhabited steppe deserts they were a decade ago, were it not for the stock-breeder.

There are a good many false notions abroad respecting the general character of Western men. Of the old-time gold digger we have a series of unpleasantly faithful pictures in the writings of certain clever American authors; but it would be a great mistake to apply their mold to all others, and especially to stockmen, whom, as a rule, I found to be a thrifty, energetic, and very hospitable class. Strangers, and particularly Englishmen, will be struck by this last feature, all the more welcome in those uncivilized regions, inhabited in our fancy by a race of desperadoes, whose only law is the revolver, whose only god is whisky, and whose one prayer is foul-mouthed blasphemy. This, however, is not so, though naturally, as in all new countries where society is jumbled together of the most heterogeneous elements—where one neighbor is a gentleman by birth and education, whose love for a roving life has led him to exchange a luxurious existence in Eastern cities for one of activity and adventure in the West; the other, as a strange contrast, a rough, uncouth Western-raised "Bear-claw Jim," or "Long-knife Dick," who, after a quarter of a century's adventure in the wilds of Arizona, New Mexico, or Texas, has now settled down to steady work on his ranch—the English settler will for some time sadly miss the social laws which govern the intercourse of different classes in the old world. At first, he will not like the independence of the cowboy under him, who by look and manner will let him know that the question who is the better man of the two has long been settled in his own mind. His hands will itch when some saucy "Do it yourself" is the only answer he receives to some order concerning a matter not quite within the scope of his "help's" duties. In time he will get accustomed to the ways and manners of the country, and if there is no false pride about him, the good points of the English character, to which none are more keenly alive than the free-and-easy Western men, will have gained him not only the good-will but the devoted attachment of the reckless characters surrounding him.

To speak of my own experience, I may mention that often cold, hungry, and weary I rode up to an isolated cattle ranch, bespeaking a meal and shelter for the night. The best of everything would be offered. Hay, always scarce in those regions, would be given to my horse, and the snugest corner, the warmest blankets be forced

upon me. Many times have I extended my visit for two or three days, and yet not a penny would my hosts accept on parting. To this I would fain tag a word of warning to Englishmen intending to settle as cowboys. It is "to do as others do." That marked feature of America, social equality, which, while it has often a way of expressing itself in a very extravagant and disagreeable fashion, is undoubtedly a main factor in the unusually rapid growth of the Great West, must never be forgotten by the English settler. A man out West is a man, and let him be the poorest cowboy he will assert his right of perfect equality with the best of the land, betraying a stubbornness it is vain and unwise to combat. This is an old truth, and numberless writers have expatiated upon it. In connection with the cattle business, it is, however, of tenfold importance; in no vocation is popularity more essential than in this for let a man receive once the name of being possessed by unsociable pride, and there will not be a man in the country who, while he otherwise would gladly share his last pipe of tobacco or cup of coffee with him, will not then be ready and willing to spite or injure him. In no business is a man so dependent upon his neighbors, so open to petty annoyances, and so helplessly exposed to vindictive injury to his property, as in stock-raising out West.

W. BAILLIE GROHMAN, *in the Fortnightly Review.*

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## ARE WE ENGLISHMEN?

OPINION always moves by see-saw. First of all, it receives an impulse in one direction, and then it suffers a reactionary rebound toward the opposite side. Next comes a second impulse, and after it a second rebound. Thus, slowly adjusting itself at each rhythmical swing, it finally reaches an equilibrium. The interesting question of British ethnography has passed through the two primary phases in such a rhythm; the object of the present paper is (if possible) to give a slight fresh upward start to the side that is just at this moment touching the ground.

Fifty years ago everybody spoke of "the Ancient Britons" as our ancestors. Histories of England began with the invasion of Caius Cæsar the dictator, and chronicled the advent of "the Saxons" as a mere episode in our national life. A wild philology derived obviously Teutonic words from Celtic roots as glibly as it affiliated Greek verbs upon a fanciful Hebrew origin. The corporations of English boroughs pretended to a sort of Apostolic succession from Roman municipia; and the Tower of London traced its foundation to a personage known in those innocent days as "Julius Cæsar." The fashion of ignoriug

the distinction between British and English, a fashion derived from the influence of Tudor kings and strengthened by the Union, led the whole world to talk of England as if it were in reality Wales. But during the present generation a great reaction has set in. Mr. Freeman has never ceased to beat into our heads the simple fact that the English people and the English language are English, and not Welsh, or any other like thing. He has utterly demolished that foolish word "Anglo-Saxon," which long hid from our eyes the true continuity of English life. He has shown us a thousand times, and almost taught us to remember, that Alfred the Great was an Englishman; and that the chronicle which probably first took shape under his care, if not from his own pen, is written simply in good old English, and not in any unknown Saxon tongue. What Mr. Freeman sowed, Mr. Green watered; and every reader of the weekly journals is now in a position to laugh Anglo-Saxons to scorn, and to discourse of the reign of Ethelred as familiarly as he discourses of Karl the Great or of the Holy Roman Empire.

In this reaction, however, as in every other, there is a great danger of the pendulum swinging back too far on the other side, and so overshooting the middle line of truth. While fully allowing with Mr. Freeman that the so-called Angles, Saxons, and Jutes who settled down in south-eastern Britain during or after the decadence of the Roman power were all alike Englishmen, and all spoke in its pristine purity the English mother tongue which we ourselves use to the present day, it may yet be worth while to inquire how far the existing nation known as English is really composed of their direct descendants, and how far it has been adulterated in later times by a foreign and, as Mr. Freeman doubtless believes, an inferior admixture. A simple instance will make the question clear. Champions of the modern school are fond of laughing at those old-fashioned people who spoke of the dark-skinned Silures and the blue-stained Brigantes as "our ancestors;" but is it quite certain that they are not themselves equally wrong in applying the same phrase to the men who came over with Ella to Sussex, or with Ida to Northumbria? If the first were not the forefathers of the men who now live in Kent and Norfolk, neither were the latter the forefathers of those who now live in Cornwall, Inverness, or Connaught. And since the British nation is at the present day practically amalgamated into one, it is, to say the least, rather provincial in Mr. Freeman and his followers entirely to ignore every part of it save that which dwells between the Frith of Forth and the English Channel.

I propose, therefore, to inquire here into the numerical proportion of the Celtic to the Teutonic element in the British people as it now exists at home and in the colonies. And I hope to show that while in language, laws, customs, and government we are preponderantly or entirely English, yet in blood we are preponderantly if not overwhelmingly Cymric and Gaelic.

The analogy of one among our tropical possessions will serve to

show how important is this distinction. Jamaica has a population of some five hundred thousand souls. Of these, roughly speaking, four hundred thousand are pure-blooded negroes, ninety thousand are half-castes, and only ten thousand are Europeans, amongst whom are included many Jews. Yet the language, the laws, the religion, and the government of Jamaica are purely English. Three years' search failed to disclose even a single word of African origin in use in the island. Were it not that the negro color and features show the true state of the case, a philologist and antiquarian would naturally conclude that all the people in Jamaica were of unmixed English origin. But what an immense difference is implied in the fact of their African blood! This example will suffice to suggest how dangerous it is to argue from language alone.

It will be well to begin with the most certain instances, and we may therefore first consider the case of the persons in the United Kingdom who still speak the Celtic languages; for though we must not conclude that a man who speaks English is necessarily an Englishman, we may fairly infer that a man who speaks Welsh, Erse, or Gaelic is at least not a Teuton. Now, most readers will probably be surprised to learn that one out of every-fifteen inhabitants of the British Isles even in our own time employs some form of the old British tongue; yet such is actually the case. The population of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the last census amounted to thirty-two millions.\* But, at a meeting of the Statistical Society, in 1879, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein showed most conclusively that two and a quarter millions among these still use some variety of the Celtic language. Astonishing as this fact will appear to many people, it is still undoubtedly correct.

Passing on from those persons who are still Celtic in tongue, let us next consider those who are undeniably Celtic in blood. Wales contains one and a quarter millions of inhabitants, and if we admit that two hundred and fifty thousand of these are of Teutonic extraction, we shall have allowed more than enough for the scattered Scandinavian and English or Anglo-Norman colonies of Pembrokeshire, South Wales, and Anglesey. This leaves us at least a million of pure Celts in the Principality alone. The Highlands of Scotland contain a million and a half of people, all of whom are Celtic, with the exception of one hundred and fifty thousand Scandinavians in Caithness, Sutherland, and the Isles. Ireland contains five and a half millions, of whom we may allow a million as a large estimate for the Scandinavians of the coast, as well as for the English and Lowland Scotch element in Ulster and the Pale. So that here are seven millions of acknowledged Celts still dwelling in virgin Celtic countries, and absolutely untouched by Teutonic colonization.

Thus far, however, we have accounted for barely a quarter of our

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\* To avoid tedious calculations I give all statistics in round numbers.



existing home population. To get a little deeper into the question we must go back to the historical origin of our present race-elements.

It is now pretty generally allowed that the people who inhabited these islands at the period of the Roman invasion consisted of two races, more or less distinct in various parts of the country. One of these, typified by the Silures, was that primitive dark-skinned and black-haired nation known as Euskarian, who probably migrated into Britain shortly after the close of the last glacial epoch. The other, typified by the Caledonii, was a light-haired, blue-eyed, and fair complexioned race, the Celts, an offshoot of the great Aryan family of Central Asia. Apparently the Celtic horde had crossed Europe through what is now Germany, made their way over the North Sea, and settled in the eastern portion of South Britain, as the English did at a far later period. But just as the English language has spread over Celtic Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, so, it would seem, did the Celtic languages spread among the presumably less civilized Euskarian aborigines. Accordingly, at the time of C. Cæsar, the whole of southern Britain spoke a single tongue, the Welsh; while in Ireland a cognate dialect, the Gaelic, was in use. From the more or less complete mixture of these two elements sprang the Celt-Euskarian people, whom we may henceforth describe simply as Kelts. But it is worth while to remember that amongst their modern representatives the dark Euskarian type is far more common than the fair Aryan hair and skin.

When the Roman power broke down in Britain, and for some time before that event, a horde of Teutonic pirates began to swarm across the German ocean, and colonize by force of arms the exposed eastern shore from Kent to Edinburgh, besides the whole south coast as far west as Southampton Water. These were the English, consisting of three tribes, the Jutes, the English proper, and the Saxons. Starting from a number of separate and exposed points, in Thanet, Wight, East Anglia, the Fen Country, and the Humber, they gradually spread, by the middle of the seventh century, over the whole eastern half of Britain south of the Forth. That, and that only, is ethnographically the true England, and its inhabitants the true Englishmen, much intermixed in the central portion with Scandinavian blood, but still, doubtless, partially Teutonic in some form or other to the backbone. Indeed, it would be hardly too much to say that there are no thorough-going pure Englishmen now left in Britain save among the so-called Scotch of the Lothians. The rest, even when free from Celtic blood, are either half Danish, like the men of the Midlands, or Jutes and Saxons, like the men of Kent and Sussex. It is important to remember that only about one third of the British Isles has ever been fully colonized by people bearing the English name, and that even these have afterwards undergone much adulteration. Nevertheless, for brevity's sake, we shall here call all Teutons in Britain Englishmen, just as we call all non-Teutons Celts.

I allow, then, that if you draw a straight line from Edinburgh to

Southampton, all the people to the east of it were, roughly speaking, English in the early middle ages, though I will attempt to show hereafter that they have been flooded at a later date by a peaceful but overwhelming Celtic invasion. Even at this early period, however, they may have been English by courtesy only, in part; for we cannot be sure that in Kent and East Anglia themselves, where the Anglicizing tendency has gone the furthest, the Celtic aborigines were utterly exterminated. Many facts, indeed, look quite the other way. It is true Mr. Freeman, like every other writer from Gibbon downwards, makes a great point of the single definite statement in the English Chronicle with regard to the capture of Pevensey: "Ella and Cissa beset Anderida, and offslaw all that therein dwelt, nor was there thenceforth one Briton left." But then we have to consider three things: first, that this entry was made, presumably from tradition, hundreds of years after the event; secondly, that it refers to the treatment of a single town; and thirdly, that the very fact of such special mention would go to prove that in the writer's opinion the course pursued was an unusual one. Again, it is quite possible that while the fighting men were killed, the women and children were spared as slaves. In this way they might easily have become the ancestors at least of half-castes between the Celtic and English races. To be sure, Canon Stubbs has been at great pains to show that Englishmen would not marry Welshwomen; but such an argument would have little weight with any person who knows anything practically of slaveholding communities. To revert to the analogy of Jamaica: no white man there ever marries a negress, and yet there are no less than nine mulattoes to every white person, man, woman, or child, in the whole island—a truly astounding proportion. It would thus be quite possible to have a community only one tenth of whom were pure English in blood, and which was yet wholly English in name, in language, and in feeling.

Indications of such a mixture even in the most Teutonic parts of England are undoubtedly strong. All our rivers, and most of the other natural features of the country, bear Celtic names, such as Stour, Ouse, Thames, or Don. Now these names could only have been gained by intercourse with the conquered race, which is inconsistent with the notion of extermination. Many even of the towns and territorial divisions retain their primitive titles, as in the case of London, Lincoln, Kent, and Wight. Evidence like this, strong in itself, becomes even stronger when we remember the similar case of Ireland, where only the Celtic names of places will soon remain, or contrast it with that of Jamaica, where not a single African word survives. Moreover, there are several traces of scattered Welsh communities up and down in Teutonic England to a late date—"Little Britains," as they have been appropriately called. Mr. Guest has shown that the valleys of the Avon and Frome, near Bath, formed such an intrusive wedge of purely Welsh nationality. Even Mr. Free-

man himself is a little troubled at the appearance of "British robbers" in the Fen Country at a period when, according to his theory, they ought all long since to have been eaten up bodily by the English invaders, though he is inclined to smother up the difficulty by arguments that are verbal and not real. The physical appearance of the English in the true England bears out the like conclusion; but as this is a point where individual observers are apt to be misled by their own predispositions, I am happy to be able to quote so unprejudiced a scientific observer as the late Professor Phillips. He thus describes one of the three physical types of man in Yorkshire, after sketching two others of obviously Teutonic origin: "Persons of lower stature and smaller proportions; visage short, rounded; complexion embrowned; eyes very dark, elongated; hair very dark. (Such eyes and hair are commonly called black.) Individuals having these characters occur in the lower grounds of Yorkshire, as in the valley of the Aire below Leeds, in the vale of the Derwent, and the level regions south of York. They are still more frequent in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and may be said to abound amidst the true Anglians of Norfolk and Suffolk. . . . Unless we suppose such varieties of appearance to spring up among the blue-eyed races, we must regard them as a legacy from . . . the older Britons, amongst whom, as already stated, the Iberian [Euskarian] element was conjecturally admitted." It should be added that provincial words of Celtic origin abound in Yorkshire.

However this may be, I shall waive all such considerations, and allow that during the first few centuries after their settlement the people of south-eastern Britain had a fairly good claim to the title of pure-blooded Englishmen. But the case is widely different with regard to the northern and western half of Great Britain, as well as with regard to all Ireland. In the west, the English slowly conquered, it is true; but they certainly never exterminated the Celt-Euskarian race. There are three convenient divisions of England proper, by means of which we may most easily deal with the question of westward extension. These three divisions are Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria—the south, the midlands, and the north.

Beyond Wessex lay the Celtic kingdom of West Wales. It included Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset; and still earlier Dorset, Wilts, and Hants. Now everybody admits that the Cornish men are Celts, as they still spoke a Celtic dialect till comparatively recent times. But it is not so well known that the population in the other West Welsh counties is even now essentially Celtic, though Mr. Freeman himself allows nearly as much in a grudging way. The fact is, the West Saxons merely imposed their authority over the Celts of West Wales, just as the English have done over the Celts of Ireland. The people remain the same as ever, though their language, laws, and customs have been Anglicized. The inhabitants of Devonshire retained their Celtic name of *Defenas* under the early English kings. Many of

them still spoke Cornish in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Alfred the Great in his will leaves to his younger son "the land at Adrington, and at Dean, and at Theon, and at Amesbury, and at Downe, and at Stourminster, and at Gidley, and at Crewkern, and at Whitchurch, and at Axmouth, and at Branscombe, and at Collumpton, and at Twyford, and at Milbourne, and at Axminster, and at Southworth, and at Litton, and all the lands that thereto belong, that is, all which I have amongst Welsh-kin, except Cornwall." Now, these places are scattered about in Wilts, Hants, Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, all of which were still simply Welsh-kin to Alfred. All the Celtic personal peculiarities are strong to the present day throughout this district, and even the Celtic names lingered on amongst the lower orders in some parts till the date of the Norman Conquest, as we see in the manumissions of serfs and other legal documents.

The population of Cornwall at the last census was 362,000, all of whom we may count as Celts; for though there is undoubtedly a small body of English and Norman immigrants, yet they may be fairly balanced against the Cornish men in neighboring counties, as Cornwall is actually decreasing in number of inhabitants through emigration elsewhere. The other three pure West Welsh shires—Somerset, Dorset, and Devon—have a joint population of a million and a quarter souls; and if we allow that the unreckoned Celts of Wilts and Hants (which I give in to the Teutonists) balance such of these as are of English descent, we have a gross Celtic total for the south-western counties, including Cornwall, of nearly a million and three quarters of persons.

Mercia, the great midland kingdom, consisted, as its name imports, of the March or boundary against Wales proper. But here, again, we have on the extreme west an almost undoubted Welsh strip of country between the Severn and the modern boundary-line. Monmouthshire is as Celtic in blood as any part of the principality. Herefordshire and Shropshire are full of Celtic faces and Celtic names. Even Cheshire is far from thoroughly Teutonic. Gloucester, Worcester, and Stafford show signs of imperfect Anglicization. The English clan names, as elements in local nomenclature,\* form one of the surest marks of Teutonic colonization, and they are almost entirely wanting in Western Mercia; they abound in Kent, Sussex, and East Anglia; grow rare in Cheshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire; and all but utterly disappear in Monmouth. The English, in fact, only conquered and settled in these districts by slow degrees, and their supremacy was clearly one of overlordship, not of active colonization. The laws of Offa, King of Mercia, show us the two races dwelling side by side, and mentioned by name—the one as a superior conquering caste, the other as an inferior but still legally recognized body. And

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\* Such as the Benesings at Bensington, the Bocings at Buckingham, the Ercensings at Kensington, and the Islings at Islington.

here, as elsewhere, we may be pretty sure that the serfs far outnumbered their lords.

The population of Cheshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire amounted in 1871 to very nearly 2,000,000 souls. I shall liberally allow that one half of these were English, though I do not for a moment believe that they were, and we have here another million of Celts to add to our capital account. An *ex parte* pleader would be quite justified in claiming the whole body at once, but I prefer to be generous.

Lastly, then, we arrive at Northumbria. Opposite and to the west of this early English kingdom lay the Welsh principality of Strathclyde, stretching from Glasgow far into the heart of what is now the midland counties. The Northumbrian kings overran the whole of this district, except the southern portion, which fell to the share of Mercia. But they never destroyed its Celtic nationality, and the country still bore the general name of Cumberland, that is to say the land of the Cymri, which is now restricted to one of its shires. At a later period the southern half, which at present forms part of England, was overrun by Norwegian pirates, who, however, probably came unaccompanied by their wives or children, and must therefore have intermarried with the native population, as we know they did in Teutonic Engiand. The northern half, now a part of Scotland, was granted to the Scottish kings—themselves of Irish descent—by the West-Saxon overlords. All the linguistic evidence goes to prove that the whole of this northern Cumbria, from the Mersey to the Clyde, and from the central dividing-ridge to the sea, is still essentially Celtic in blood. Welsh words survive abundantly, not only in the names of places, but also in the popular dialect. The physique of the Lancashire men and the folk of Ayr belongs distinctly to the Celtic type, only slightly interfused with a Norse element.

Now the modern population of this teeming tract, including as it does the great cities of Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, besides many lesser but still important towns, is of course very large. Moreover, in addition to the original Celtic blood which it derives from the early Welsh inhabitants, it has received in modern times an enormous accession of Irish settlers, about whom I shall have more to say a little further on. Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland contained in 1871 no less than three millions and odd inhabitants. Of these I shall only claim two thirds, which again is far less than I might do if avariciously inclined. For the south-western division of Scotland, including Glasgow and the thickly-inhabited Clyde district, I shall be satisfied with only half a million Celts. We thus get a total Cumbrian figure of two and a half millions.

Putting together these three totals—a million and three quarters for the Cornish and other West Welsh; a million for the Border counties; and two and a half millions for Strathclyde—we reach a grand total of five and a quarter millions. This, then, is our present position. We

have seven millions of acknowledged Celts, living in Celtic countries, and still calling themselves Scotch, Welsh, or Irish; and we have five and a quarter millions of unquestionable Celts living in England or the Lowlands, and passing as Englishmen or Lowlanders. Again, to put it geographically, we have, as at present advised, a comparatively pure Teutonic belt on the east and south, an intervening mixed belt just beyond the central ridge, and a comparatively pure Celtic belt in the west and north, as well as in the greater part of Ireland.

During the Middle Ages, and up to the growth of the modern industrial system, such was really the approximate distribution of the two races. Indeed, there can be little doubt that if a trustworthy census of Britain had been taken in the days of Henry VI., it would have disclosed a large preponderance of the Teutonic element. In those days the south-eastern and strictly English part of the island was by far the most important. Trade was centered on Kent, London, East Anglia, and the Yorkshire coast. The people were mainly agricultural, and they thrived chiefly on the level secondary and tertiary plains of the eastern half; whereas the Celt was forced to content himself with the rugged primary hills of the north and west. But the great social revolution by which Britain became a manufacturing country exercised an immense reaction in favor of the older race. In our island mineral wealth is almost entirely confined to the primary rocks; hence we have seen a complete reversal of the original distribution taking place during the last two centuries. Lancashire has become the thickest seat of population in Great Britain. The West Riding of York has outstripped the fertile valley of the Ouse and the flat plains of Holderness. Lincolnshire and East Anglia have fallen back to the position of mere agricultural countries, while South Wales has developed into a wealthy mining tract. Birmingham and the Black Country stand almost alone among the great manufacturing districts as lying within the Teutonic belt; yet even Birmingham is scarcely outside the dubious Mercian border, while Staffordshire stands well within the debatable land. The westward direction given to our commerce by the intercourse with America and the Cape route to India has aided in the same change. Glasgow and the Clyde have superseded Edinburgh and the Forth. The cotton trade with the Southern States has made Liverpool and Manchester; while the sugar traffic with the West Indies has given new youth to the more ancient port of Bristol. To put it briefly, in the Middle Ages agricultural England turned eastward to the continent, in our own day industrial England turns westward to the ocean.

Accordingly, it is not surprising that students of early English history should almost always overestimate the importance of the Teutonic element, especially under the influence of reactive feeling against the puerilities of older writers. The English Chronicle shows them an English people, Teutonic in language, laws, and feelings, and mainly Teutonic in blood. It represents this people as occupying the whole England of that day, and bounded to the west by a small remnant

Welsh nationality in Wales or Cornwall, interfused on the border with a dominant English aristocracy, whose names alone, to the exclusion of the servile race, find record for the most part in the national annals. Led away by these facts, they forget the immense revolution which has since completely reversed the relative importance of the two races. They forget that England has merged into Britain, and Britain into the Empire; that Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen, Belfast, Cork, and Dublin, Montreal, Toronto, Melbourne, Sydney, and Auckland, are now great mercantile and university cities, busy centers of British life and thought, while Winchester, Lichfield, and Canterbury have fallen back to the level of mere cathedral towns. They forget that, while Teutonic Britain has been sinking to the position of a simple agricultural country, Celtic Britain has been rising to that of a great manufacturing region. They forget that, while the Teuton has been staying at home in Kent or Suffolk, the Celt has been pouring into London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, or Birmingham, invading the mines, the factories, or the docks, and colonizing Australia, Canada, or California. It is this great peaceful return-tide of the Celt to the lands occupied by the Teuton, and this great overflow of the Celt into lands where the Teuton is all but unknown, which really make our nation to-day British in a far truer sense than it is English. But all this naturally escapes the eyes of closest ethnologists, who never take into consideration any facts of life later than the reigns of the Tudors.

In the first place let us look at the Celts in England and the Scotch Lowlands. It is a notorious fact that the most purely Teutonic shires, such as Sussex and Norfolk, are those where there is least movement of the indigenous population. The people increase but slowly, and mostly live and die on their own soil. On the other hand, in the most Celtic counties, as, for example, in Cornwall, there is little increase or even a positive decrease in the stated population, because, in spite of the large families usually reared by Celts, most of the children go elsewhere to seek their livelihood. While the lazy, stupid, and slow-headed Teuton, as we see him in the eastern counties or the south coast, stops at home on whatever wages he can earn, the active, enterprising, and intelligent Celt seeks in a new quarter for better employment and higher pay than he can obtain among his own people. I am aware that these are not the conventional epithets of either race, but it is well now and again to hear the other side of a foregone conclusion. Now London is very largely recruited with servants, small shopkeepers, artisans, drivers, and other persons following the most useful occupations, from the south-western counties, the West Wales of early history. The overflowing population of Devon, Dorset, Somerset, and Cornwall pours into that district which Mr. Freeman will not allow us to call the metropolis, in immense numbers. I have been at the trouble for many years to make inquiries into this subject, both in London itself and in the south-western counties, and though the question is one on which it is difficult to obtain definite statistics, I have no ground for doubting,

from the information I have obtained, that fully thirty per cent of the three millions of Londoners are either of West Welsh or other Celtic descent. I find, too, that large numbers of these people are settled in Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, and the other southern watering-places and seaport towns. Not a few are to be found in Bristol and in the South Welsh district. Altogether, West Wales is one of the most prolific sources of our southern urban population; while, on the other hand, I can find very few traces of any modern Teutonic incursion from other parts of England into Devonshire or Cornwall. Except a few invalids at Torquay or Weymouth, and a few well-to-do residents at Plymouth and Devonport, nobody has any reason for immigrating into this mainly agricultural tract, whose own people are more than sufficient to fill its not very numerous towns. The laboring class in the west is almost entirely native.

Similarly, from Wales and the Border counties, a great stream of emigration has long set in, both towards London and towards the manufacturing districts, of which Birmingham and Manchester form the centers. In Liverpool Welshmen swarm; but what is still more noticeable is the general diffusion of the Welsh nationality in thousands of unsuspected cases amongst all the large towns of England, east, west, north, and south. In many instances these persons have no idea of their Celtic origin, as they have often been Anglicized for generations, or come originally from the Border; but their true derivation is clearly proved by their surnames. Indeed, nomenclature, like language, is in this case the very best of evidence; for though all men with Teutonic names are not necessarily Teutons, yet all men with Celtic names are undoubtedly Celts.\* Now all such common names as Evans, Bevan, Parry, Owen, Bowen, Griffith, Griffiths, Rice, Reece, Price, Preece, Lloyd, Pritchard, Hughes, Pugh, Howell, and Powell, besides such rarer ones as Bethell, Meredith, Vaughan, Penant, Llewelyn, Gwyn, Wynne, Morgan, Prothero, and Maddock, are sure signs of Celtic origin. I have long been in the habit of observing and noting down surnames, both on shops and signboards and in the ordinary intercourse of life, and also of consulting and comparing directories or other lists of names. From all these I have become convinced that the Welsh Celtic element in our principal towns is far larger than is usually suspected; and I have found such names in abundance, even in the most Teutonic parts of the island. It should be added that many other common patronymics, such as Richards, Williams, Watkins, Jones, Davies, and Thomas, though not so uniformly Welsh as these already cited, afford good presumptive evidence of

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(\*) It may be objected that in many instances such persons will be English on the mother's side; but as married daughters lose the father's name while sons preserve it, this argument cuts both ways. Here, where our object is merely to estimate the comparative amount of Celtic blood, two half Celts may be fairly held as the equivalent of one Celt.



Celtic origin. Similarly, in the case of originally Cornish families, they may often be detected by the names of Vivian, Trevelyan, Trelawney, Thackeray, or Pengeley, as well as by most of those beginning with the traditional "Tre, Pol, and Pen." Any philologist who takes the trouble to watch all the names with which he comes in contact will be astonished at the results which he will obtain. Indeed, only the student of nomenclature can rightly appreciate the extreme complexity of our existing population. The London Directory shows a perfectly surprising number of Celtic names, either Welsh, Scotch, or Irish; and even provincial directories contain far larger proportions than would be ordinarily supposed. It is hardly necessary to observe that none but tourists have yet notably invaded North Wales, and South Wales supplies the greater part of her industries for herself, while the margin of deficiency is made up by Celtic importations from Ireland.

Cumbria has mainly kept the mills of Lancashire at work, and has helped in its northern portion to form the population of Glasgow. But in the West Riding of York, once a rugged and desolate mountain tract, a vast mass of people have collected over the rich coal measures. These are in part native half-caste Celts, in part immigrants from elsewhere. On the whole, there can be little doubt that Celtic blood either predominates or at least holds half the ground throughout the great manufacturing tract which stretches from Liverpool to Leeds. I have found on inquiry many Welsh, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire hands among the operatives in a few mills which I have happened to visit; but I know little of this region personally. The dialect at least has numerous Celtic traces.

So much for the Cymric Celts. And next we come to their brethren, the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland. Now, it is notorious that Glasgow is crowded with Highlanders, and that they form a large element in Edinburgh, as well as in several of the southern cities. For many generations the Gael has been moving southward, and he now shares the Lowlands with the true Englishman of the Lothians, and the half-caste Cymri of Strathclyde. In all parts of England where occupation is to be had there is a fair sprinkling of Macdonalds, Mackenzies, and Macdougalls, as well as of Campbells, Gordons, Camerons, and Skenes. Here, again, it is necessary, for a fair comprehension of the question, to keep a look-out upon the names in streets or directories; and in the case of so-called Scotchmen it is essential to distinguish between the Teutonic patronymics of the Lothians and the true Gaelic clans of the north. But a careful comparison of directories, coupled with inquiries among gangs of workmen, will show an unsuspected Gaelic invasion, not only of London, but also of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and many other great towns.

As to the Irish, we all know that they have long overflowed all our larger cities, and have even spread into some rural districts. There is a great Irish colony in Marylebone and the Tower Hamlets, and

others, of less extent in the east and south of London. In Liverpool, in Manchester, in Glasgow, they form a very considerable proportion of the population. The Scotch census for 1871 estimates their number in the principal towns of Scotland at from ten to thirty per cent of the whole body of inhabitants, and since that date they have become powerful enough to set up Home Rule candidates in more than one Scotch or English borough. Wherever they find a footing they increase with extraordinary rapidity, and in many cases the memory of their origin dies out in the second generation.

The conclusion forced upon me by all these facts, and others like them observed for many years, is this: Even in the most Teutonic portion of England the town population consists in very large part of Celts, either Welsh, semi-English, Gaelic-Scotch, or Irish. The census of 1871 returned the urban population in the 198 large towns of England at 13,000,000, as against only 10,000,000 in the small towns and rural parishes. How large a proportion of these may be Celtic it would be rash to guess exactly without better data than those which we now possess; but I do not hesitate to say, on the evidence of nomenclature, that it must be quite large enough to turn the scale heavily in favor of the Celtic race, even in the British Isles themselves.

Let us now turn for a moment to the Colonies. It is common to speak of the "Anglo-Saxons" as the great colonizing race, but when we look at the facts such pretensions will not for a moment hold water. It is the Celt who colonizes. Personal experience and observation of names enable me to say that by far the largest number of Canadians are of Irish, Highland Scotch, Welsh, or Breton extraction. Examination of directories and other lists of names convinces me that the same is the case with Australian and New Zealand colonists. The imperial census of 1870 gives Canada nearly 4,000,000 of inhabitants, and Australasia 2,000,000. About 2,000,000 more may be allowed for the white inhabitants of our tropical dependencies and minor colonies. An overwhelming proportion of all these 8,000,000 are certainly Celtic; so that "the great Anglo-Saxon race," whose energy spreads it over every part of the world, may be regarded as an ingenious myth. Even in England itself colonists go rather from the Celtic western half than from the Teutonic east. Devonshire and Somerset are great feeders of Canada and New Zealand.

What, then, is the final result at which we have arrived? A small body of Teutonic immigrants descended some time about the fifth century and onward on the eastern shore of South Britain. They occupied the whole coast from the Forth to the Isle of Wight, and spread over the country westward as far as the central dividing ridge. Though not quite free from admixture with the aborigines, even in this limited tract, they still remained relatively pure in this their stronghold, and they afterwards received a fresh Teutonic reinforcement by the Danish invasion. Westward of the central line they

conquered and assimilated the aborigines, upon whom they imposed their language and laws, but whom they did not exterminate. In the extreme west and in Ireland the Celts long retained their language and nationality undisturbed. During the Middle Ages the English people formed by far the most powerful body in the island; and even now they have imposed upon all of it their name and language. But since the rise of the industrial system the Celts have peacefully recovered the numerical superiority. They have crowded into the towns and seaports, so that at the present day only the rural districts of Eastern England can claim to be thoroughly Teutonic. The urban population consists for the most part of a mixed race. Moreover, since intermarriage is now so very frequent, it seems probable that almost all English families, except those of the stationary agricultural class in the east, have at least some small proportion of Celtic blood. In the upper classes, where numerous intermarriages are universal, this proportion is, doubtless, everywhere very great. Out of Britain the Celts have it all their own way.

It may be objected, however, by Teutonic enthusiasts; that these facts only show a numerical balance in favor of the conquered race. All the energy, intellect, and power, all the literature, science, and art, they will say, are on the side of the "Anglo-Saxon. Now it cannot be denied that, up to a comparatively late period, Teutonic and Anglicized Britain bore away the palm in most of these respects. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the Celtic language has always been a mere provincial dialect, or rather three or four provincial dialects, spoken for the most part by the lower orders in remote regions of the country. But it is practically impossible to say how much of English literature or English science is due to Anglicized Celts. It is impossible to guess whether a Shakespeare born in Warwickshire, a Watt born in Strathclyde, or a Scott from the border clans, had or had not a mixture of English and Celtic blood. In most cases, away from the east coast, we may be pretty sure that at least some such mixture has at some time taken place. It is seldom, however, that a familiar name, like William Makepeace Thackeray, Humphry Davy, Owen Jones, Colin Campbell, or Daniel O'Connell, bears its Celtic origin unmistakably upon its face. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that if we look at the undoubtedly Celtic names we shall find they have each supplied of late centuries as large a proportion of distinguished men in all departments of life as most of the Teutonic patronymics, which may or may not indicate Teutonic blood.\* Taking a few such names at random, and looking them up in a biographical dictionary, I find, under Owen, Edward Owen the painter, John Owen the epigrammatist, John Owen the Independent,

\* At the period when surnames first became general, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Anglicization of West Wales and the Border countries had proceeded so far that many or most of the Celtic families in these districts bear English or Anglo-Norman names.

Richard Owen the paleontologist, Robert Owen the socialist, Robert Dale Owen the essayist, and William Owen the artist. Half-a-dozen Welsh, Scotch, and Irish names yield like results. Byron, Carlyle, Darwin, all bear Celtic patronymics. Long since, in examining official historical documents relating to India for a Government purpose, it struck me that our Indian empire (*valeat quantum*) had been mainly acquired and governed by men bearing Highland-Scotch names. A glance through our peerages will show how large a number of those persons who raise themselves to the House of Lords or to the dignity of knighthood by professional distinction are of Celtic extraction. And it must be remembered that the Anglicized and therefore undiscoverable Celts always bear a heavy proportion to the obvious cases. Similarly, if we take the Celtic counties, we shall find that Devonshire alone has given us so many distinguished men as Marlborough and Albemarle amongst statesmen; Drake, Davis, Raleigh, Hawkins, and Grenville amongst navigators or discoverers; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Prout, Haydon, and Eastlake amongst artists; Hooker and Jewel amongst theologians; Herrick, Gay, and Coleridge amongst poets; and Newcomen, Buckland, and Clifford amongst men of science. Wherever the Celt has a fair field and no disfavor, he is able on the average to compete on a tolerable equality with his Teutonic compeer. In the colonies he has certainly gained the upper hand in every case. In Canada the reins of government pass always from a Macdonald to a Mackenzie: in Australia they are held by a Duffy or an O'Shaughnessy.

The fact is, Celtic blood has so long been regarded as in some way obviously inferior to Teutonic, that most of us are ashamed to acknowledge it, even if we suspect its presence. The idle, ignorant, superstitious Celt has been so often contrasted with the clear-headed, energetic, pushing Anglo-Saxon, that everybody has hastened to enroll himself under the victorious Anglo-Saxon banner. A great many people are scandalized when they learn that most British subjects are not Christians, but Mohammedans or Hindoos; they will doubtless be equally scandalized when told that most true British people are not "Anglo-Saxons," but Celts. Yet in reality the Celts in many parts of Britain have proved themselves just as orderly, industrious, and enterprising as their Teutonic fellow-countrymen. Coal, not blood, is the true differentiating agent. If we contrast Essex or Norfolk with Cornwall, Lancashire, and South Wales, I do not see that the comparison tells very forcibly in favor of the English race. "Silly Suffolk" is the conventional phrase for the most purely Teutonic county in Britain. And there is no reason why that Celtic race, which just across the Channel has produced the great, free, and noble French nation, should be incapable in the British Isles of producing anything better than the caricature of Ireland in which Tory prints are fond of indulging. Are we quite sure that geographical position and English misrule have not done more than Celtic blood to produce the unfortunate condition of the Irish peasantry at the present

day? An *Advocatus Diaboli* and apologist of Flogging Fitzgerald may be ready to use every argument, down to the argumentum baculinum against the wretched Celt, but good Liberals like Mr. Freeman should not, even by implication, countenance such national injustice.

A fair recognition of the strength of the Celtic element in England itself—an element which, as I believe, has done much to differentiate our national character from that of the slow and ponderous continental Teutons—may help to break down this unhappy prejudice of race. I trust, therefore, that I may succeed in giving the pendulum some small impulse, which, even if it a little overshoots the mark, may yet help in bring the see-saw of opinion one degree nearer to the equilibrium of truth. And we may sum up the result here indicated in a single sentence: though the British nation of the present day is wholly Teutonic in *form* it is largely and even preponderantly Celtic in *matter*.

GRANT ALLEN, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

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## GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

NOT the least of the difficulties in regulating the Greek paragraph of the Eastern Question lies in the estimating justly the personal character of the Greek himself. Of all the races which compose the European whole there is none so diversely appreciated, or concerning whom opinions are so categorically opposed. Classical associations, imaginative attributions, surface impressions of rapid journeys; all these contribute to make of one class of people enthusiastic philhellenes; while a tenacious and rather aggressive individualism, an almost preternatural quickness which in affairs of business tends to eminent success, but which in practical politics generally ends in superficial and incomplete solutions, and a common overweening self-estimation, combine to excite in persons of diverse character, as nearly all Englishmen are, a radical and ineradicable antipathy, and what is even worse is that the over-enthusiastic of the former kind, arrested in their premature enthusiasm, and disappointed in expectations perhaps unreasonable if entertained of *any* people, fly over to the other extremes, and from philhellenes become hellenophobes of a still more extravagant type. The extraordinary quickness of intellect in the average Greek leads a doctrinaire to anticipate a ready and fruitful acceptance of his doctrine, and disappointment disgusts him with a race so intelligent and yet so slow to learn new things beyond the point of mere apprehension—as if the invariable rule of human nature were not that the seed which springs up quickest finds its limits soonest. The uncommon acumen of the race is illogically held as promise of proficiency, and when the philhellene finds no fruit from

the thing he planted, he turns his back on the Greek as a shallow, profless creature. In this way one sees early philhellenes who have taken a most absorbing interest in the well-being of the country, finally retire in disgust from all dealings with it.

The fact is that the Greek combines in an extraordinary degree the most facile and varied apprehension and mobility of impression with an unexampled conservatism in the deeper attributes of his nature. A bookish pedant, Fallmerayer, maintained that the Greek was nothing more than the resultant of all the wild and barbarous races which have moved into the ancient Hellas, and who mingled their blood in him; and even Finlay used to say that probably few or none of the better classes in the Byzantine Hellas had, owing to prevalent vices in the ages preceding the fall of Constantinople, left any descendants, and that the modern population was, therefore, only the progeny of the lowest classes in the classic Hellas. But Finlay's idea goes no further than to say that the modern stock came from the same ancestry as the ancient, and is, therefore, better suited to represent the primitive Hellenic than if it had been the heir of the Byzantine vices and virtues combined; while of Fallmerayer one can only say that if he had exercised the same ingenuity in studying man as in combining and translating documents, he would have seen that nothing could more completely correspond with the character of the ancient Greek as handed down by his history, than the Greek of to-day. I defy any ethnologist to evolve a study of character more completely corresponding to the Greek of to-day than does that of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*. It is particularly and unmistakably the character of the insular Greek—ready for all emergencies, all occupations, full of wiles and stratagems, never caught at fault—a compound of craft, courage, endurance, and thrift, the whole crowned by an absorbing reverence for the Divine, and the most immobile conservatism in all that pertains to his religion, his family, his domestic and social habits. The trait on which all else hinges is his individualism and aversion to being uniform with the people about him, or to having his individuality merged in any kind of organization or co-operation. It is this which makes him so competent, so successful in every sphere where isolated action is possible and advantageous, and which makes his whole political and national existence, now as of old, a series of revolutions, defections, jealousies, personal ambitions thrust before the general good; here and there treason, and here and there acts of splendid individual devotion and self-sacrifice—anything possible to the individual, nothing possible to the Hellenic race as a whole, except subjection! Was not Athens of old the seat of turbulence, revolt, demagogism, ostracism of the just, ingratitude to the benefactors of the state, incompetence in high places, every man in the community struggling to fill every post, and often the worst succeeding? Shall we remember the long record of national crimes and national vices of the Greece we are accustomed to hold up to the Greeks of

to-day, and say that the old was better than the new, or that anything we see now makes a legitimate line of descent doubtful?

Reading history and studying modern Greece, I, indeed, have a very distinct impression that the moderns are, apart from artistic qualities, an advance on the ancients, who were, as we all know, a turbulent, cruel, bloodthirsty canaille, especially at Athens. As to art, we have no record of any race passing through two distinct and widely separate evolutions of the same ideal; the modern successors of Raphael and Michael Angelo are as far from *their* achievements as the modern Hellene from those of the great Greek epoch; art is the sublime flower of a national maturity, and only a little precedes the morbid condition of over-developed civilization or decay. The fact that modern Greece has never produced a great artist is no flaw in its genealogy—the contrary rather. But in all that concerns essential personal character the modern Greek seems to me an improvement on all that we know of the ancient. Reading of the anarchy, the dissensions, divisions, demagogic follies and frenzies, the horrible internecine feuds, resulting in such deeds as the massacre of the Meliote and Eginetan population, the Helot history of Sparta, and the great and ruinous strife between Athens and Sparta, it is impossible to say that the present political condition of Greece is not an immense advance over the ancient. Thinking of the slavery, the condition of women, and the general morality, we cannot deny that the present social condition is as much improved. There remain Plato and the works of Phidias and the architects—millennial phenomena whose occurrence or non-occurrence is the effect of a law comprehended by no one. In everything that pertains to the essential character of the race, the Greek is as much ahead of all the races around him in the Levant (in certain directions we might go further) as he was in 500 B.C. And it must be remembered that he is the only Eastern who has tried the problem of self-government even partially.

Living in the Levant with Englishmen as I have for years, it is perfectly easy for me to understand the constitutional antipathy of the Greek and the Briton. Firstly, the latter has in the main made their acquaintance in Corfu, and the common people of that long-protected island are so far beyond the Hellene in all the vices which western tradition attributes to the whole race, that it is the proverbial type of over-reaching dishonesty even amongst the continental Greeks. Secondly, the sharp, quick-witted Greek, trained for centuries to use his wits as his only defense or advantage, carries into his business dealings a crafty watching for the best of the bargain, an Odyssean shrewdness and dissimulation which are the usual and indispensable requisites of successful trade in the Levant and with all Levantine races, but which is revolting to the straightforward business ways of the Englishman. It is difficult to bring the Greek to book—he has always some concealed advantage that escapes the notice of the blunter Western, accustomed to prompt, time-saving, comprehensive.

transactions on a large scale, and his perpetual evasion of a direct issue and straightforward conclusion is irritating to people brought up to English ways, and produces an antipathy which is more or less present with those of the latter who have any business dealings with the Levant. Thirdly, the Greek is a constitutional democrat. No respecter of persons or rank, he looks with reverence on no man, and puts himself readily as the equal of any person with whom he has to deal, claps a lord on the shoulder, and catechises any functionary whatever, with the sang-froid and inquisitiveness of a Yankee, to whom, in general mental character, he bears a surprising resemblance; to which, perhaps, in the fourth line, he owes the increment of his antipathy between him and the Englishman.

The Greek through all the West bears the reputation of mendacity and dishonesty, i.e. of business immorality. Immorality is a matter practically of comparison. Naturally, cheating is always cheating, and a lie is always a lie; but when we use the words in a concrete sense we intend by them comparison not with an abstract standard of unattained morality, but with other elements apt to enter into that comparison, and to draw it, one needs a wide experience of men and races. I may or may not be competent as a witness for want of knowledge or capacity, but so far as the experience of twenty years, more or less, spent amongst various nations, goes to qualify me, I may assume a comparative competence, and my experience is that the most thorough dishonesty I ever encountered was amongst London shopmen, while I judge that the adulterators of food, fabricators of wine, etc., have a most ignoble career in Greece as compared with that in England—a conclusion which, while it does not induce in me any disparaging generalization as to English honesty, does not, on the other hand, allow me to join in the outcry against the dishonesty of the Greek. We get blunted by habit to certain forms of dishonesty, and accept them as comparative honesty, while we are quick to revolt against the same defection from the absolute standard if presented in a novel or more active shape; and this is I think about the difference between Greek and English honesty. It is not worth while to befog the question with details, but I should be much surprised if a fair-minded London merchant should decide that Greek merchants in London were more addicted than English to fraudulent or disreputable operations; while as to Greece itself, I do not hesitate to say that I have lived in no country where, apart from certain forms of tentative dealing, general, and generally understood, ordinary mercantile operations are conducted with more probity. Certainly the average standard of veracity or business honesty in Tuscany and southern Italy is incomparably lower than it is in Greece; yet neither I, nor Englishmen in general, would say that Italians were a set of sharpers. Yet I have heard an English minister at Athens say publicly that he would not believe a single word from any Greek whatever—that they were one and all a set of rascals; and I have repeatedly heard the



same sentiment in greater or less completeness expressed by Englishmen. My own experience, on the contrary, is that when the Greek is left to his point of honor he is one of the most trustworthy men to deal with, because, if for no better reason, his high general intelligence teaches him the value of his character. Amidst such discrepancies of judgment I cannot insist rigorously on mine, and offer it as a corrective to so many adverse; but my general impression is that most people coming to a trial of wits and subterfuges with a Greek are likely to come out second best, and it has always been my way to leave him to his sense of honor. I certainly remember that a Greek friend of mine, on being cleverly outwitted in a trivial business affair by his son twelve years of age, was so pleased that he openly praised him to his face and mine—the display of cleverness was too gratifying to the father to be reproved; yet in all my dealings with him, dealings conducted in his own way and on his sense of honor, I never had to raise a question or even put one to myself; no English merchant could have justified my faith more thoroughly. That his standard of conduct in business matters would have differed from mine I am quite willing to admit, but according to his standard his operations were perfectly trustworthy, and by accepting it to start with, no one need have feared transacting any business with him. Make the bargain a contest of wits and a struggle to gain hidden advantages, and the Greek merchant is a match for any other, more than a match for most; but the question being made one of honor, I have never had to deal with a more satisfactory trader than the Greek, whether he be of the islands or of the continent.

The same may be said of veracity. Through the whole East a very different estimate of truth obtains from that which belongs to the Englishman and German, and the long-continued subject condition has combined with an intense conservatism and completeness of heredity to maintain what was unquestionably the antique view of the use of lying, and one which we, who have abandoned it in our private lives, keep up in diplomacy and war, viz., that the stranger is an enemy in posse and must be met at the threshold with any available subterfuge and deceit, and the truth always reserved for those whom we know to be quite worthy of trust. All half-civilized nations, and all nations in a state of lawless servitude, speedily learn to defend themselves by lying, where it is possible; and what one may call the Teutonic type of truth-telling has never belonged to any Aryan or non-Aryan race. But with this proviso, and admitting the Eastern standard of comparison, the Greek will stand the test better than most of his neighbors. The proof of the qualities of a race is what civilization brings it to; and without fear of being gainsaid by any unprejudiced man who has lived in the East, I assert that the Greeks grow closer to the highest Indo-Germanic standard than any race in the Levant; while the Turks, in whom so many Englishmen place a faith which to me, who have lived in official relations with them, seems ludicrous, civilizes into an incredible corruption. I remember a very

distinguished diplomat who publicly declared that he wanted no more reliable source of information than a Turkish official dispatch, but I had occasion to find out that in his own standard of veracity he was little or no better than his friends. Truth has for different men different facets, and the Cretan, who is proverbial amongst Greeks for lying, would no more make written declaration of a falsehood than a respectable Englishman would make affidavit to one. I remember a curious illustration from the Cretan insurrection of 1866. Shortly after the first deportation of the Cretan refugees by H.B.M.'s ship *Assurance*, a Turkish ship, hoisting English colors, ran in near the same locality, and when the Cretans came down to the shore to be, as they supposed, embarked, the steamer opened fire on them. On learning the fact the Russian frigate on the station at once went to the point where the refugees were assembled and sent a boat ashore to arrange for their embarkation; the boat was fired on, the ship being believed another Turk. It was with difficulty that the officer in command could communicate, but finally he was permitted to approach shore, when a discussion arose whether the ship was or was not Turkish. At length the Cretan spokesman asked the Russian officer if he was willing to sign a written declaration that the ship was a Russian ship and no Turk, and on his signing formally such a declaration the signal was given, and in five minutes the whole coast was swarming with refugees from caves and crevices in the rocks. I wish to draw no disparaging comparison, but to ask simply if this picture of childlike unquestioning faith in the written declaration of an unknown man does not indicate a standard of truthfulness which few more civilized people still entertain. There is a given point of honor on which even the Cretan is always trustworthy. Yet he romances and exaggerates like his continental kinsman, and will fabricate history for you by the yard out of whole cloth and without hesitation. Our mistake is in believing the things told in pure love of the marvelous or to excite attention, to which no one of themselves would pay the slightest consideration: they transform suggestions and possibilities into facts accomplished with an imaginative activity which is an interesting phenomenon when you have learnt how to interpret it, but they rarely will tell you a falsehood to your harm.

As to the honesty of meum and tuum, I apprehend that there is little difference in races; the highest civilization develops most theft for reasons which everybody knows, and which have nothing to do with Greek or Turk; but even in Athens all forms of theft are exceedingly rare, as, I may say, en passant, is crime of all kinds, as compared with any city of its size in Western Europe.

As to sexual and domestic morality, the Greek, continental or insular, at home or in the European colonies, is a luminous example of integrity to the whole civilized world (the Albanian and Montenegrin maintaining the same traditions), and this, in part, owing to a cold, intellectual temperament, and, in part, owing to a strongly religious

character, and the influence of the clergy, who, being married men and fathers of families, have a common interest with their flocks in this question. On the score of general morality, therefore, I don't think we have any need to send missionaries to the Greeks, and the New Testament they received for us has fallen into much greater neglect elsewhere than there.

To sum up the Greek's good qualities, as is only just, before passing to the opposite, they have high sexual morality, the closest of family ties, great filial reverence, great intellectual activity and acumen, with strong power of concentration and individual administrative capacity, no less honesty or veracity on the whole than most other people, excellent business faculties, civic orderliness in a high degree, intense conservatism au fond, and great adaptiveness in superficial matters, intense love of harmony as far as they can see the use of it, and the most remarkable tendency to individualism noticeable in any people—except, perhaps, the Yankees—an individualism, indeed, so powerful that it becomes a collective weakness. There can be no question that as an element of progress and reorganization in the Levant, the Greek is not only the most valuable that offers, but that by which most has already been done, in spite of all adversity, not only in the Hellenic Kingdom but in the Turkish Empire, and the Greek municipalities are in the main admirable examples of what native organizing power can accomplish. Syra, Athens, Peiraeus, Patras, are most satisfactory demonstrations of what can be done in civic crystallization, and considering the poverty of the country and its needs, public works are as forward as we could reasonably expect, *considering certain circumstances* which I have yet to deal with, relating to the central government.\*

And in spite of all this I can but consider the present constitution of the Hellenic commonwealth a complete failure, from which no substantial good can be expected. With the best people in the Levant we have the worst government in Christendom. The progress thus far made, and the results of civic vitality so abundantly shown in a few localities, are simply the balance between the municipal and individual energy struggling to build, and the centralism, corrupted already and always unfitted to the people, pulling down, undermining, and corrupting, fostering the worst elements in national

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\* The question of administration of justice is one I do not like to consider abstractly. My own opinion is that it is very corrupt, and that a foreigner has no chance of justice against a native, or a poor man against a rich, but the whole thing is so involved with the corruption of the central government—with which I deal further on—and with a jealousy of all foreigners, in business matters, an exaggerated chauvinism which cannot endure a foreigner getting any advantage out of Greece, that I am unable to analyze it, the more as I had never any experience with Greek tribunals. Most of my friends, Greek and foreign, tell me that the tribunals are corrupt and subservient, but not so much so as the Italian—much less so than the Russian:—if I were to pronounce an opinion, I should say about equal to the Austrians.

life, and utterly powerless to evolve the good ones. That this balance is in favor of progress and national development shows the virtue of the Greek people; that the conflict, so disastrous, should have been forced on Greece by the will of Europe, shows utter incomprehension of the people; or utter indifference to the success of the experiment, on the part of the Great Powers—perhaps both.

Looking back on the fifty years of the existence of independent Greece, and the history of the dealings of the Powers with her, it is hard to see on what any claims of gratitude are founded. The good that Europe has done to Greece has been in reluctant benefactions or contemptuous, like bones thrown to a dog. As with Montenegro on the other side of Adriatic Turkey, as little good has been done as was possible, and that regretfully, and in shame that no such heroism of endurance and misery should pass before the eyes of Europe, and go into the record of history without some kind of recognition. As with Montenegro, when the Powers had to make the peace between the little Christian and the great Mussulman States, they assigned all the plains, all the desirable country of any kind to the Turk, and gave the rocks to the freemen. The Powers varied the complexion of their grace; Russia alone was invariably kind, but not too kind; England contemptuous, incredulous of any good in enchained Christians; but Austria, always malignant, always the enemy of all freedom, was, if possible, a more rancorous foe of any emancipation in that country which, from the days of the wars with the Turk and the recall of Islam from the walls of Vienna, she has looked on as her eventual possession. Austria was, and still is, the most implacable opponent of such an extension of Greece as shall make it an efficient member of the European family. A power that exists by injustice must always desire weak neighbors, and Austrian intrigues and diplomacy were always exerted to weaken Greece.

Of course, it was not to be expected in the days when republicanism was counted the natural enemy of social order, that the democratic constitution of the Greek should find anything corresponding to it in the institutions which the Powers would permit to become established. Capo d'Istria was a capable man, who understood the Greeks, and might have brought a kind of republic into successful operation; he was, therefore, assassinated, and the evidence points rather to Austrian instigation than to any other political influence. The independence of Greece was tolerated as a compromise between humanity and diplomacy, but good care was taken to do nothing that might make Greece successful. The whole world knows the negotiations of the Greeks with Prince Leopold, and how in the end Otho of Bavaria, a typical petty despot, was put to lead the most democratic race in existence into monarchical ways. Greece was young and sanguine, like a boy who has just inherited a large estate, and ready to accept anything and sign any mortgage, note-of-hand, or other obligation. So the despotism was accepted with the usurers. Loans, the most onerous

that any government ever accepted, were joyfully accepted; institutions which were like an iron cage to the nation were embraced with enthusiasm, and the country, bankrupt and revolutionized in advance, entered on its existence like a child escaping from its leading-strings. Poverty, financial dishonor, insurrection, and the disfavor of all Europe, waited on it from its bloody weaning. A prosperous national life was from the beginning denied it; let us in common justice not judge too harshly this child of oppression, cast into the great highway of nations with the hatred or contempt of all its protectors, and the friendship of no fellow-nation in all Christendom. Poor, derided, and bullied from the first, how should it in fifty years become a nation among nations? The shrewdest and most markedly intellectual people in Europe are put under the guidance of a petty despot, or a raw lad, and told to prosper on nothing!

The one great virtue in Greek character—its irrepressible individualism—instead of being employed as a force, was suppressed as an explosive. In the face of all history, which showed that the Greek had never been able to exist under a centralized government, that his political vitality was always in proportion to his decentralization, and that Hellas never was an unity, but a loose confederation of self-governing States, Greece was centralized, and all the facilities of corruption which an unpopular sovereign could gather and employ were set at once to corrupt the national character, which was always in possible revolt against the monarchy, and probably always will be. In the undeveloped and plastic state of the civic man, the individuality which becomes personal ambition might have become, and naturally would have become, in the exaltation which follows long periods of heroism and abnegation, under the heading of a wise and noble leader, developed into a civic virtue. Otho, by using men for his own purposes regardless of the true development of the nation, like any little German despot, found the bad men better than the good; self-sacrifice and disinterested patriotism were not unknown—they are not now unknown, even in Athens—but they were unprofitable, for what was wanted was what vulgar courts always want, men to flatter and serve, and the ambitious could only run that way. Then it must be remembered that most of the men who had borne a prominent part in the struggles of the Greeks were reared in the old despotic ideas of the Turkish régime. Some of them survive still, chieftains or members of the old Klephtic bands, who bore the brunt of the war with the Turks, and whose character was utterly unfitted to the working of a system of even partial self-government. The whole population had been reared in the ideas of pasha government, and had no conception of a system of law which would weigh on ruler and ruled alike. These chiefs of districts remained chiefs after the emancipation; they were capable of making trouble for the king, and so he employed them, ideas and all, not the wisest and best, or fittest to govern, but those who served him best; and as he was of that school of kings whose

motto is *l'état c'est moi*, and as his rule and character were utterly antipathetic to the Greeks, it may be imagined that the men he gathered about him were not those of whom a State is made. The redeeming points of Otho were that he had a certain kingly ambition, and understood the German traditions of empire. How often in these later days I have heard the most patriotic Greeks, even those who had helped to drive him away, say, "Ah! if we only had Otho back again!"

This overweening individuality, which is so potent a force in the individual Greek, became under the circumstances of the new national life, as it had been more or less in the old, an organic weakness. Under great pressure of danger from without it was a concentrated force, and saved the State by its exaltation; but, that pressure removed, it generally degenerated into personal ambition and imperiled the State by its extravagance, as it, to this day, often degrades and disgraces it. The Greek abroad is generally an earnest patriot, contributing freely to the needs of the great crises of his country, and the country is full of the great benefactions of the foreign colonies, beneficent institutions of all kinds which confound the traveler, in so poor a land; the Greek at home—but to avoid generalizations which would be odious, and because there are to my personal knowledge many Greeks at home of whom any civilization might be proud, I will only sketch the Government which has grown out of the ill-directed personal ambition, acted upon on one side by the inevitable corruption of an over-centralized government, and on the other by universal suffrage conferred on a people ignorant of the first principles of political organization or economy.

In Greek politics there are no parties, which means simply that there are no principles at stake in the direction of government. The single chamber elected by universal suffrage is divided into as many cliques as there happen to be men capable of forming partisans by their talents or personal influence. Each of these chiefs, little or great, aspires to be a minister—possibly prime minister, and the whole struggle in parliament is to form combinations which shall resist spontaneous disintegration. A chief in the opposition victorious to-day, not finding his ambitions satisfied in the new ministry, goes into the new opposition; the changes are kaleidoscopic. The utmost force and resources of a new government are tasked to gain the influence which is necessary to keep up its majority. The appliances are various: amongst the most legitimate are reckoned the distribution of places; hence the civil service is a caricature of that in the United States of America, such a caricature as might be expected from a poor country with few openings and many anxious to enter into them, and a government that is never sure of its existence during a week of the session of the Chamber. The whole parliamentary existence of every government is passed in a struggle to keep in, and the whole activity of the opposition exercised to upset the ministry—not on any question of principle or public policy, but to get into its place. The nomarchs,

eparchs, custom-house officers, etc., etc., go out with the men who appointed them, and the whole influence of all the officials is employed by various kinds of pressure to keep the elections "straight," and that of the ex-officials to make them go crooked, and between one and the other the fever of office-holding burns away the civic life. Nothing can be more disastrous to the purity of popular government than the making the elections turn on place-holding, which is pro tanto bribery of the worst kind; and in Greece this goes so far that I was told after the last election that in one commune even the school-mistress had been dismissed in favor of another who could control a vote. The evil works two ways—firstly, making corruption a controlling civic power; and, secondly, preventing any economical administration or official efficiency, besides tending to multiplication of places without regard to the needs of the country. At Ithaca I was told that the island had had a new eparch on an average once in six months since the annexation, and in one case the man newly appointed had not reached his post before his successor was following him. It is of course impossible for any government to carry on public works of any importance, when before the necessary preparatory studies are completed every official concerned may be out of office. At Port Vathy I was told that necessary works on the port had been begged for in vain for several years. If the deputy from Vathy was in opposition, the Government paid no attention to his demands; if with the Government, he was not so long enough to have the work done, or he was so absorbed in preparation for the next election that nothing could be attended to till after that. In the United States the danger of such a system—great even there—is modified by the fact that the Government lasts always four years at least, and by the decentralization which takes the control of all the purely State interests out of the sphere of the congressional elections, to leave the regulation of them with the people of the States. On the Greek system good government would be impossible even in the United States, with all their wealth and popular energy. What can we expect of a country poor by nature, and in which the competitors for positions where intelligence is more requisite than physical industry, are more numerous in proportion to the places to be filled than in any other country in the world? What we find is that there is a horde of office-holders of all grades, ill paid, and with every temptation to eke out miserable incomes by means which neither conduce to the interests of the exchequer nor to public morality. Except the Turkish, I doubt if there is in Europe a custom-house service so corrupt as the Greek; when I say that the American is in very much the same condition, I shall not be accused of partiality or prejudice.

Let us go down to the root of the matter at once. We have a people of great natural intelligence, shrewd to perceive its own personal advantages, without the slightest political education, of whom the greatest foible is self-assertion to a degree that makes subordina-

tion and discipline in any department difficult, generally poor and generally ambitious to escape from manual labor into the comfortable and serene life of place-holding (in which, however, they are not in the least singular), with an hereditary contempt for mechanical occupations and manufactures of most kinds. We give these people universal suffrage, and throw them into the hands of the successors of those demagogues who kept Athens in anarchy and disaster from the days of Menestheus down; and from this fire and straw we expect a government to come out! There are deputies and ministers worthy of a better combination, but taken as a whole this single Chamber, elected directly by the people, dismissable at the will of the ministry (and I remember one case where the king not only dismissed a ministry which did not please him, but dissolved the Chamber because it would not support his new nominees, and held to the dismissed ministry), with no Conservative check, and open to every abuse of democracy, is only a caricature of parliamentary institutions, and is an incubus on the prosperity of Greece which no popular virtue could resist. It is a combination of the weaknesses of monarchical and republican institutions, and the stronger it succeeds in making itself, the worse for the country. The elections in Greece are schools of violence and illegality: the rewards for services in them extend to immunity from punishment for crime, and conferring of posts of honor and profit on the most unscrupulous agents in the land; and the elections themselves, except in the cities and centers of intelligence, are no indication of the opinions of the constituency, if indeed those can be said to have opinions who have not the remotest idea of any policy whatever. It is not unknown that a candidate obnoxious to the ministry for the time being has been kept out by the simple device of the functionaries forcibly preventing him from placing an urn for his ballots in the voting place, or that his adherents were prevented from coming to vote by armed bands or regular soldiery. It is not very long ago that a zealous agent in one of the islands, several times convicted and punished for felonious acts, was rewarded by a prefecture on the mainland: a jail-bird made governor of a province to reward him for his successful *mediation* in the elections! It was perfectly well known that brigandage was, until the Marathon massacre, employed by certain prominent and influential deputies, of whom several were, now and then, ministers; to secure their election; and that the persons of well-known brigands were; in consequence, secure from molestation, and the institution of brigandage was secure from extinction. To the intelligent and really patriotic part of the population these practices were as odious as to Englishmen, but the masses of the agricultural population of Greece are no more able to see the harm of Kleptism than the good of elective purity and independence. The inhabitants of the district to which the above-alluded-to felon prefect was sent, rose in revolt, and refused to admit him, and the ministry were obliged to yield, and find him another place. They made him inspector of prisons, on the principle



of setting a thief to watch thieves, I suppose. The people are better than their government.

Of course the great object of such an assembly must be the consulting the interests of their constituents, or what they can be persuaded are their interests. It is not only with the ignorant that the wildest and most irrational notions of politics obtain, but more or less with the whole people. Even of the most intelligent and best-educated of the people of Athens, one finds some whose ideas of political possibilities and practicabilities are of the most visionary, even to the dream of Greece some day coming into the inheritance of the Byzantine Empire—the *grand idea*, the day-dream of Alnaschar. The natural exaltation and enthusiasm of the Greek temperament when directed on politics, the great passion of the whole race, rapidly carries it out of the range of common sense—the ideal, the imaginative potentiality of the subject dazzle the vision, and the necessary and humble preliminaries are overlooked in their obscurity. There is no practical common-sense either in Greek legislation or political administration. Great schemes are more attractive than petty details. In the last Ep rote affair the army was collected on the frontiers of Acarnania, formidable enough in number, but no one had thought of the commissariat or transportation, and if it had crossed the frontier it would have been obliged to retreat in a week for want of food. There is no rank and file; every man who gets into politics (and they are few who can read and write who do not) is anxious to become prime minister; and there is a saying of the army—"So many soldiers, so many generals;" "all officers, and no rank and file;" there is no disposition to settle down to the indispensable mastery of details, and working up from the bottom. This is in part due to the crowding and impatient individuality which I have pointed out, and which evades discipline and subordination; and in part to the sanguine and enthusiastic nature of the people, which sees the far off and unattainable as near, but does not see at all the difficulties at their feet.

Of course under such conditions a centralized government must be a failure, because it can never be strong to control or concentrated to act, and because it must in all over-centralized governments be the case that remote affairs are neglected and go wrong. The present Government of Greece is a failure, not only because it is a weak and disorderly Government, but because though Athens is well-policed, orderly, and clean, the provinces complain with a growing discontent that they are taxed and uncared for; prevented from doing their own works, and having none done for them. Athens is so busy with its own struggles that it can pay no attention to remote districts. In the feverish clutch of the personal ambitions of the ministers and deputies at the capital, individual or provincial liberty stands a poor chance of respect. The men in power will neglect no appliance to keep out those who are out, and as history repeats itself, Greeks who really love their country should read the record of those interneine struggles

by which in olden times Greece lost all her liberties. Every extension of the present system by annexation of new States will aggravate the difficulties until the whole system breaks down in anarchy or revolution. Ministry follows ministry, and the hot disputants for power do not see or seem to care that bankruptcy is following bankruptcy, and that no human government in this unstable condition is fit to meet the dangers of a war or able to establish a sound and healthy administration in peace. They claim the heritage of Constantinople: one part of it they have, for the sects and parties of Byzantium were so absorbed in their party quarrels as not to know when the Turks had taken the city.

As a friend of Greece, as especially an admirer of its courageous, indomitable, and warm-hearted people, not blind to its vices, but knowing that its virtues far surpass them—if those of any people can be said to do so—I ask myself the question others have asked me and will ask now, What can be done, if Greece is in this desperate condition, to make her fit for the new responsibilities Europe proposes to bestow on her? The answer is in one word—decentralization—a radical change of the constitution to one on the Swiss plan, with the fullest administrative liberty to the commune, entire abandonment of the system of nomarchs, re-establishment of the original States as provinces, and the remission of the provincial affairs to elective provincial governments—in short, the most complete separation of the General Government at Athens from the affairs of the country consistent with keeping a firm federal bond, the maintenance of the army, navy, and diplomacy under a common direction; and as far as possible the removal of the central administration and the civil service from the vicissitudes of an ignorant universal suffrage or unseasonable changes.

That the Government is not strong enough to bring about complete assimilation is shown by the fact that it has been obliged to leave the Ionian Islands in the condition in most respects in which it got them. It has never been able to establish uniform taxation, or to abrogate special local laws or institutions. It has generally planted the seeds of great provincial discontent when it has done anything in the way of centralization there. In a voyage through the Ionian Archipelago last springtime, I found everywhere evidence of increasing discontent with the Government of Athens, and a growing regret for English rule as well as a contempt for Athenian law. Ten years ago I could find nothing of the kind. And not only from the islands, but from almost every part of Greece where I have been or where I have friends, I hear the same growing complaint against the absorption by the Government of the liberties and prosperity of the provinces, and the same outcry against over-centralization. Even the poor semblance of municipal liberty is not respected, for the demarch or mayor, though elective, is utterly powerless for good, as he cannot even construct a road without the consent of the Central Government, while even illegal infringement of the prerogatives of the head of the municipality are

not uncommon. As to the elections, woe to the demarch who acts against the will of the ministry!

The plan of the constitution is utterly unfitted to the people, so that were illegality under it absolutely prevented, it would still be destructive to the national development, for it converts what is the greatest element of strength in the Greek character into an injury to the general good. The most honest and upright of legislators could never bring such a constitution into conformity with the Greek genius; while, if I may believe the Greeks themselves, the majority of the men who must work the constitution are the worst of demagogues, in whom personal passions and personal advantages are the substantial ends of political life. And this state of things will become worse with territorial extension. New provinces and richer (and they must be richer than the actual Greece, for nothing else except Montenegro is so poor) will only be new incitements to the greed of place-holders. These petty pretors in petto will burn for new provinces. The oppression of the pashas they will replace is not to be feared, but corruption and dishonest greed may do as much harm, and the new provinces will become the reward of partisanship and not of capacity. Greek nature is, after all, very human nature, and this has always been the rule with all delegates of a practically irresponsible power, whether pretors, satraps, pashas, prefects, or carpet-bagging governors, such as the subjugation of the Southern States developed. The larger the State and the field of corruption, the stronger the greed of the possessors of power and the worse their use of it.

Besides the positive harm of this centralization in repressing personal, municipal, and provincial activity, i.e. abrogating the highest qualifications of the Greek for progress, it has the other grave aspect of being utterly useless for any good. Negatively and positively it is equally pernicious. A strongly centralized government is good with a lawless population, with a turbulent and rebellious nation, or one which is too ignorant to appreciate the necessity of government, but the Greek is neither the one nor the other. It is, with the single exception of brigandage (a survival of an heroic age when the Klepht was the national hero), one of the most law-abiding races in the world, one of the most orderly in its personal relations with the community, as it is one of the most refractory to oppression and personal aggression. So far as his perception of the beneficial effects of law goes, the Greek obeys it from the good sense and innate good-fellowship of his nature. Beyond that he pays no attention to it, and the extent of obedience to law that obtains throughout the country is due to this trait, and not to any force of legal restraint possessed by the Government. A law that does not meet the common-sense of the people remains a dead letter, and it would be folly for the Government to attempt to enforce it. A central authority might carry successfully the charges of purely federal objects—army, navy, diplomacy, the systematization of law concerning the relations of the communities one with another, etc. But when a

government as weak as the Greek must always be, undertakes to carry the load it now flounders under, a break-down, general or partial, is inevitable. Leave the rustic to attend (since the withdrawal of universal suffrage seems impracticable) to the care of rustic interests in rural communes, and let his political influence end there as far as practicable. Education and experience of the consequences of his own errors will bring him in time into the better perception of his higher political relations, and to them he must be left; no constitution borrowed from Gallic needs, or absolutism from Slavonic, will ever make the Greek anything but what he is—a difficult creature to drive when he does not see the way.

Decentralization will remove the great objection to enlargement of the kingdom, and will even make it practicable to a greater extent than will be found possible under the present form of government. It will permit the new provinces to come in with their local administration unchanged, and it is a curious fact that under the Turkish rule the municipal liberty is much greater than in the kingdom of Greece. There is a great and very substantial danger that in annexing a population so large and so habituated to that particular kind of liberty which will be denied it by the Greek constitution, Greece may find itself in the position of a gun that fires a shot heavier than itself—the gun will go farther than the shot. If, for instance, Crete were to come, as the Greeks all hope it will, into the assembly of Greek States, and the islanders, accustomed to an extraordinary amount of provincial independence, and even to an insular autonomy within certain limits, were to experience the operation of a Greek administration with nomarchs appointed from Athens, etc., etc., I am certain that two years would not elapse without a revolution and a separation. And the plain truth is, that Crete is to-day better and more intelligently governed than the Hellenic kingdom has ever been, and is, indeed, a model of government for populations so situated.

Decentralization is the remedy, but how to apply it? I have heard suggestions that the protecting Powers might insist on such modifications as they think necessary, but nobody is so refractory to a compulsion from without as the Greek; he must be left to himself and the consequences of his wisdom or unwisdom; but the Powers have assumed, with justice, a right to demand from Greece the most complete liberty of conscience to all the inhabitants of the annexed districts (an utterly useless if just provision, as the Greek is of a tolerance not known to most Westerns; the only thing which is not tolerated is *proselytism*); and a guarantee to the new provinces of all their municipal and provincial liberty and autonomy would lay the foundations of a confederation to which Greece must accede, or, as a Cretan chief said to me, "it will be Greece which will be annexed, not we;" and this would, in course of time, bring in all the islands, and possibly all the Greek-speaking tribes of Albania, if not the whole of that people,

as there is no nucleus of national organization amongst the Skipetars. Under an Athenian rule they can never be brought.

In the opinion I have here expressed I am not alone. Most intelligent Greeks whom I know, and with whom I have conversed on the matter, agree with me heartily; when once the ball is set rolling many will help it on, but the difficulty of action lies in the tenacity with which the actual possessors of power, the Assembly, will contest any proposition to modify their prerogatives. The formalities which surround any proposition to amend the Greek constitution are so complex that I doubt if any probable organization to effect the reform would succeed, without some extraneous inducement, in overcoming the obstructive force certain to be employed. This inducement might easily be given by the conditional annexation of the provinces proposed to be added—conditions I have indicated.

Here and not in any extension of territory lies the remedy for the ills which afflict Greece. Extension of territory will only exaggerate the present evils, because the Government as it is now constituted cannot carry its present load, much less work with its load doubled. The people, however well-disposed, cannot assist, because nothing is left for the people to do; every municipality, instead of relieving the Central Government of a part of the charge of affairs, is an addition to the burden. I should be much surprised if a considerable war did not develop a revolution which might be more complete than is desirable.

#### [POSTSCRIPT.]

Since writing the above, I find in a file of letters from the historian Finlay, one of the truest and wisest friends Greece ever had, the following observations, apropos of the Cretan insurrection:

"*Athens, March 9, 1867.*—My dear Mr. Stillman: The affairs of Crete are gradually proving that you were the true prophet. Intervention is now direct and decided, and the publication of the advice which France gave the Porte gives the Crétans rights on which they can take up their stand against emperors and governments. But I still think it would be their best policy to trust more to their right than their diplomacy, and make good their liberty, as the Wallachians did, before settling their union with Greece.

"There are two separate questions of importance. One is, How the liberties of the Crétans are to be insured? and the other, How a strong Greek State can be created in the Levant?

"The first, I think, is the business of the Crétans; and at present they would perhaps act wisely by leaving to the care of the governments and nations who have the power to act, all measures connected with the other.

"... You have seen that diplomatists talk of *self-government* as a means of settling the affairs of Crete. On that subject your

knowledge of the population would be of great value. The diplomatists who talk glibly of self-government have frequently very hazy ideas of what it really signifies. In America it exists on the basis of administration in the rural districts as well as the towns. In England it can only be said to exist in the towns. It means, of course, when the people elect their executive officers as well as their councilors, and where election by the people can only be terminated or annulled by law. It is a government in localities, based on perfect independence of the central executive, but in the strictest dependence on the law—an administration by elected mayors, not of nominated mayors; government by the agents of the people instead of government by prefects, the agents of central authority. Now this self-government appears to me alone capable of raising the Greeks from Mexican anarchy or Gallic despotism. My experience in Greece—and in former days I was a provincial councilor in Attica and presided at elections of the mayor of Athens as a member of the electoral college—persuades me that the Greeks are peculiarly prepared for self-government. . . . My theoretical knowledge leads me to think that the greater the liberty (clearly defined) the surer the order. But of one thing I have no doubt, the demogerontes or demarchs elected by the people must not be liable to suspension or removal by the pasha. I intended to give an account of my views on the necessity of framing a strong Greek State, but I have no time, or this letter would be too late for the post. How the thing could be done without an able king is a question.

"Yours sincerely,

GEORGE FINLAY."

"*Athens, February 18, 1867.* . . . The Greeks have a strong feeling of nationality, but they are very deficient in power as a nation, because they will not adopt national institutions. They think their orthodox Church and their ancient Greek grammar are enough for their national existence, and I am far from denying their power, but they might observe that the Russians beat them in orthodox piety, and the Germans in grammatical knowledge. Neither orthodoxy nor literature, as centuries prove, will serve as a foundation for political power, which must be founded on a national organization binding society together by a national army, or by parochial, municipal, and provincial institutions. The Greeks think a central government everything, and overlook that a free State requires citizens to perform local duties in the commonwealth as well as to exercise political privileges. Hence, order and organization are anti-Greek, and whatever demands their existence to insure success, generally fails in Greek hands, unless an individual can do the work. But on this subject I know I am tiresome, for I have spent my life in preaching the necessity of establishing a system of free institutions to organize the nation, and give the power of national action, which might be great, while the governmental action of a Greek State must be small as long as it lives by protection and not political vitality. The extension of Greece before the Greeks

organize a system of free institutions would in all probability turn them over to some foreign despot, chosen by European cabinets for their own convenience. . . .

"I must now conclude, and ask your pardon for troubling you with my despairing views. You must take into account that I am an old man, disappointed with the progress which Greece has hitherto made in laying the foundation of free institutions in the East. So I hope you will overlook my exercising the egotistical garrulity of old age at your expense. Believe me, nevertheless, yours truly,

"GEORGE FINLAY."

In the June number of this Review I saw, and read, an article by a Conservative, upbraiding Mr. Gladstone for his having accused Austria of wishing to annex the little Balkan tribes, and then for having made an apology to the Austrian ambassador on securing from him an assurance that the Emperor of Austria had no such ambition or intention. I don't mean to defend Mr. Gladstone—it would be an impertinence on my part; and I do not quite understand whether the Conservative found fault with the accusation or the apology. But as I had the honor to have in the same number of the Review in which the Conservative's article appeared, some notions on the subject of the extension of Austria, and assumed that the object of the two-headed eagle was (as all the world knows that it is) to go to the *Ægean* and absorb all the minor nationalities and branches of nationalities between, I take the opportunity of recurring to the subject to point out that until Mr. Gladstone took up the subject, and came into a position to make his views on the subject of importance to Austria and Europe, no Austrian official ever cared to disguise the general intention of all that was official in Austria, of assuming the heirship of Turkey, and annexing those provinces. This intention was openly avowed, and was the cause of intense antagonism on the part of the Hungarians, who refused to be swallowed up in a realm so vast and heterogeneous. It was especially manifested by acts—in the taking possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the attempt to occupy Novi Bazar as a point only of value for ulterior operations; and still more unequivocally in the nefarious and infamous seizure of Spizza, which had been taken by assault by the Montenegrins; an act which, though sanctioned by the pliant accomplices of Austria in the Berlin Congress, was none the less the act of Austria alone as positively responsible, and was the most shameful and cowardly act of injustice even of all that Austria has been guilty of towards other and weaker nations. The sole reason for Austria's wishing to govern Spizza was that it was a strong defensive position for the new territory acquired by Montenegro, and the only one, *as against Austria*, which the principality had taken. The stipulation that Austria was to possess the right of way across all territory acquired by Montenegro, was another and even more unmistakable proof of the fixed intention of

## GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

Austria to go farther, because that right of way could only be availed for the conquest of Montenegro or the occupation of Albania. An Austrian official, who has been employed in all the late Balkan negotiations, said to me in 1876: "We may leave Montenegro independent but we must put a girdle around it;" i.e. include it in Austrian territory. No one who has been in intercourse with Austrian officials during the last five years, and who knows anything of the history of Austria the last fifty, can have a shadow of doubt that Austria did intend and does still intend, to go to Salonica and, if possible, to Constantinople. That any man, even a diplomat, should disavow any such intention must have been such a surprise to Mr Gladstone that I can understand that, accustomed to deal with people whose word is binding, he should have been surprised into believing that something had been said which he might accept as a renunciation of Austrian pretensions. It would be a mistake. Austria never renounces. It is not a government or a State; it is not an emperor or a reichsrath, or any other form of parliament which governs, but a bureaucracy, and bureaucracies have no souls, no honor, no humanity, no religion, no responsibility; escape all the responsibilities which weigh on individual ministers, and all the dangers which menace sovereigns. Nobody has a right to disavow anything on the part of a bureaucracy. Mr Gladstone might be justified in accepting the disavowal of the Emperor of Austria, but the Austrian Emperor is not even his own master; he is only an instrument in the hands of a bloodless, soulless organization, which is a survival of the days when all human rights were hidden behind the clouds that veil Divine justice.

My article on Austria above alluded to was out of hand before Mr Gladstone made either of his speeches, and while the appearance of them was to my apprehension, that the Government of Lord Beaconsfield were likely to remain in power another term of years; and my vision that Austria would absorb the Balkan Slav States was based on the reasonable conviction that England would, under Conservative auspices, remain, as she had been, the contented tail of the Bismarck-Bureaucracy combination—a position which effectually secured the subjugation of all the Balkans by the said combination. The suggestion of Mr Gladstone, and the successful carrying out of his proposal, ought to insure that if Austria goes further it will be as the head of a confederation of independent States, but no longer either as emperor or bureaucracy. Such a solution would remove the greatest danger which threatens the peace of Europe. Other dangers remain, but none was most imminent.

W. J. STILLMAN, in the *Fortnightly Review*



## BOSTON IN ENGLAND.

To a visitor from the shores of Europe the names of American towns are not a little surprising. All the lands of Homer, and nearly all the cities of Scripture, seem to be pressed into the service of the guide-books and time-tables, and sometimes the traveler may almost doubt, when the name of the station is called out, whether he be not waking from a reverie and traveling in the old country. Nearly all this chapter will be occupied by Boston and its associations, and many readers may be surprised to see how much our own Boston is associated with the city of the States, nor will any one be surprised at the erratic wanderings of a letter which was posted from Chester to a friend in Boston, and wandered free of expense twice across the Atlantic Ocean because "Linc." was not inscribed on the envelope. Boston is easily approached through Stamford—the town which was seen by Nicholas Nickleby on the cold winter night when he made a dreary journey with the amiable Mr. Squeers. The churches that rose "dark and frowning" above the snow were St. Michael's, St. Mary's, St. George's, All Saints', and St. John's. There are many remains of fourteenth century architecture in Stamford, and traces of the Gray Friars, the Black Friars, and the Austin Friars. There is a curious account of an old custom in Stamford given by so careful an antiquary as Britton, and it was in existence in 1807, when he wrote. It is called Bull-running, and tradition says that William Earl of Warren, in the reign of King John, standing on his castle wall, saw two bulls fighting, as indeed bulls will often fight, and a butcher who owned one set his dogs upon the animal belonging to him to get it away, but they chased it to Stamford, and were joined by a number of other dogs, who followed it with so much vigor that a large multitude assembled in the streets, and were charged upon by the bull, and some of them fared badly. The episode was so congenial to the tastes of the nobleman who had witnessed it from the beginning, that he gave the meadows where the entertainment commenced to the butchers of Stamford after the first crop was taken off, on condition of their supplying a bull annually six weeks before Christmas to run the gauntlet hotly pursued by townsmen; but when Britton wrote in 1807, the proceedings had so far fallen in interest and vigor that no extra duty was entailed on the coroner. This is the land of the early settlers in New England. They left not from want, or because they were tired of their country. It was the incorrigible persecutions of the Stuarts that drove men who were as truly and loyally English as any that ever heard the lark carol into a distant and then a desert land, to become in the fullness of time the founders of the United States.

The traditions of Boston are intimately connected with America, and the inhabitants will often listen with delight to the tales of those

who have been there, and can describe what perhaps they would obtain easy absolution for having called their "daughter." They have always a list of visitors from America who may have come to see the original town, and who rarely search in vain for the reminiscences or the tombs of their forefathers. These are found not only in the grand old church of St. Botolph, but in the neighboring parishes of Leverton, Bennington, Butterwick, Freiston, or Skirbeck: and it is curious to remark how Boston names have crossed the ocean to New Boston. There are, for example, in Liverpool not more than six Everetts, out of nearly half a million of inhabitants, and not a single address appears in the Liverpool directory of Cushing or Frothingham; yet these names, familiar in America, are common in Lincolnshire, so that it is no manufactured ancestry.

*Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem.*

And when John Cotton, after ministering some twenty years, in blameless life, at the church of St. Botolph, fled in disguise from the persecutions of Laud, he spoke of joining those of his fellow-countrymen, whom he well knew, that had gone before him, and those that would follow after. A far more slender thread has sufficed to make a family tree out of recent additions to English aristocracy than Boston men might find in Lancashire.

If we take also a railway guide and look at the stations round Boston (America), we find the same recollections of their old homes preserved. We have Lynn, Beverley, Ipswich, Woburn, and Billerica, with many others that show that the pilgrim fathers and all their copatriots, in crossing the ocean, changed their skies but not their affections.

Old Boston is a delightful town, and it would well repay a visit even as a pleasant trip to an American, especially as he may take in Lincoln with its gigantic cathedral, on the way. It is only a few hours' distance from Liverpool, and there are many choices of routes; but the Manchester, Lincoln, and Sheffield Railway has probably the greatest attraction for an American tourist.

There is a singular resemblance in Boston to some of the best cities in Holland, and the tower of the church is said to have been copied from Antwerp. However this may be, any one who walks up the wharves and banks of the Wytham will not fail to recognize the resemblance to a city in the Low Countries. The narrow river is lined on each side with tall old-fashioned warehouses, and these find their way into unexpected parts of the town. There are red-tiled roofs, similar to those we find in Rotterdam and Antwerp, and some of these have introduced those gable-lights that help to make even warehouses picturesque. Not a few have their gables to the streets, and the low stories and small windows that crowd over each other do in reality indicate a more economic style of architecture than the sumptuous warehouses of modern days; for I have often noticed in Montreal a city that combines the old and modern America, that the warehouses

which the French Canadians of the last century built are far more fitted for the requirements of the country than the gorgeous warehouses that are now taking their places. They are more easily warmed, and the lifts from one floor to another are so much easier. All along the Wytham are antique wooden wharves, where old-fashioned Dutch-looking vessels are moored, and some of these vessels are of great antiquity; hardly perhaps equaling the *Mayflower*; but certainly one that had traded for coals and came to we could hardly say an untimely end, was discovered by an astonished Court of Inquiry to have been built in the reign of William and Mary. Some English papers, in commenting last year upon the circumstance, said that there was not a single plank of the old vessel left, but that all had been renewed. It is perhaps more probable that many of the old planks and timbers were remaining, and the repairs occupied a comparatively small surface.

There is a peculiar feature also in Boston that reminds one of the thrifty days of our ancestors. Attached to the warehouses are some goodly dwellings where the old merchants used to live, and we can see through breaks in the streets great walls that surround broad gardens. There is one curious black-painted wooden warehouse that must have been there for many generations. It is built of oak, and stands across the roadway on oak columns, having a walk under. Here and there, a flight of well-worn steps conducts any traveler who may require it to the water's edge, where boatmen and fishermen do congregate, and are willing to do his bidding. The markets at Boston are held on Wednesdays, and on a much smaller scale on Saturdays, and these greatly resemble some of the fairs where wool and staples were sold, when Boston was one of the few staple towns in England. A staple town, it is hardly necessary to add, was a town chartered to carry on a business in what is called a staple article, such as wool, or lead, or tin, and it was also a place for the receipt of the king's customs; perhaps in the latter respect it might be said to resemble one of our own ports of entry, though it both exacted and was subject to greater obligations; and if we observe the various contrivances in the market place, it is not possible to avoid the conclusion that Boston market derives some of its peculiar character from the old times of the fairs. Curious vans are pushed out into the ample market square, and canvas awnings are erected early in the morning. Any one passing through the square on Tuesday would notice only a large irregular space, overshadowed by the vast tower of St. Botolph's Church, and surrounded by substantial old-fashioned buildings; but at an early hour on Wednesday this large space is covered with a fungous growth, and presents no appearance of the quiet of the day before. Railways and country wagons supply a goodly assortment of merchandise, and the vans that are run out from yards and converted into shops are soon filled with goods. One particular class of van is shown in the market square here: it is on low wheels, and is drawn out by a horse from some yard on market days. Its construction may be said to resemble a large

trunk with a double lid, and this lid is turned to the street. When in commission the lower half of the lid is dropped down so as to form a gangway, and the upper part is supported so as to make a kind of awning. But the goods which are offered are very various, and in a short tour round the market square I noticed laid out for sale every kind of agricultural machinery—plows, harrowing machines, and all the latest inventions in scythes and rakes. One enterprising Boston man had brought a small steam-engine, which he erected in a long tent, and soon had in working order. I passed later in the day to discover what his particular line of business was, and saw a great heap of axes, hedge-clippers, and knives, and even spades and shares, that had been brought (in some instances from a long distance) to be ground. There were tailors' shops, dyers, American sewing-machines, corn merchants, sentry-boxes, one or two auctioneers', probably to be on hand to dispose of unsold stock at the close of the day, and of course every possible kind of farming, or dairy, or garden produce. Next day we may search for the assembly in vain. The insubstantial pageant has faded, and the square is swept and empty.

Camden thus speaks of Boston: "It is a considerable town, standing on both sides of the Wytham, over which is a lofty wooden bridge. Its commodious harbor occasions it to be much frequented, and it has a large market-place, and a church remarkable for its beauty and size, whose tower, running up to a great height, as it were hails travelers at a great distance."

This is but too true, or at least the residents there in Edward I.'s time had too good cause to say so. The tower of St. John's, its predecessor, hailed too many travelers to its shadow, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the fair did. For a number of knights announced that there was to be a tournament at Boston, and so drew an exceptional amount of éclat to the coming fair; and when the fair of staples was at its height, the chivalrous knights entered the town disguised as monks, and when fairly in, they detached themselves over the place, and set fire to various parts of it. In the hurry that ensued they set fire to the merchants' tents and plundered their goods. It is said by some of the historians that the treasures in the tents were very great, and as the fair was advanced, much gold and silver had accumulated, which ran down in streams in Boston market square; nor is this quite improbable: a very few moldores would make a great show when set loose in such a way. The leader of this remarkable exploit, named Chamberlin, was subsequently captured and executed; but he always, to the last, refused to give the names of his accomplices. "Better times succeeding raised Botolph's town once more out of its ashes, and the staple for wool, etc., brought in great wealth, and invited the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who established here their guild or house. It is at present handsomely built and drives a considerable trade." Leland also, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., thus speaks of the calamity that overtook Boston: "Mr. Paynel, a gentle

man of Boston, tolde me, that syns that Boston of old tyme at the great famosse fair there kept was burnt, that scant syns it ever came to the old glory and riches that it had; yet sins hath it beene manyfold richer than it is now. The staple and the stiliard houses yet there remaine; but the stiliard is little or nothing occupied. There were iiii colleges of freres, merchants of the stiliard cumming by all partes by est were wont greatly to haunt Boston, and the Grey freres tooke them in a manor for founders of their house, and many Esterlinges were buried there. In the blake freres lay one of the noble Huntingfeldes, and was a late taken up hole, and a leaden bull of Innocentius, Bishop of Rochester, about his neck." He further says that: "Ther remaineth at Boston a manor place of the Tilneys by their name, and one of them began the great steeple in Boston, and lies in the church by the steeple." The men of Boston of the soke belonging to the honor of Richemunt in Holland paid £100 and two palfreys that no sheriff or his bailiffs should interfere or have anything to do with them, but they should choose a bailiff of their own from among themselves, who was to answer at the Exchequer for pleas and outgoings, as they used to answer the Earl of Bretagne while it was in his hands. They received a charter from the king; and the seal of the guild represented Bishop Blaise with a woolpack and crosier.

Leland speaks of the "faire market-place, and a crosse with a square tower," and says that at one time the church of the parish was at St. John's, and St. Botolph's was but a chapel to it. "Now," however, in his time, "the church of St. Botolph's has become the principal one," and is indeed the "fairest of all in Lincolnshire," "and served so with singing, and that of cunning men, as no parish is in all England." Richard Gough, the antiquary, who visited Boston in 1783, says that even then there was no trace of St. John's Church, and the font of St. Botolph's was a new one that dated back only to 1667. He also says that the singing was "not extraordinary" at the time he was there.

We must always remember the uphill times the Boston men had in the fights with the sea in earlier days, almost resembling that of their opposite neighbors in Holland. It is often remarked that a luxurious soil is apt to beget a negligent race of cultivators, and indeed if we look round Europe, we must admit that there is much reason in this, even though happily the rule is not universal; but the Lincoln soil had to be reclaimed, and the tillers became all the fonder of it. In the year 1178 the old sea-bank at the mouth of the Wytham broke and flooded the fen country; but the sturdy inhabitants were equal to the occasion, and so soon repaired the damage that William of Malmesbury, writing twenty-three years after, says that the "country was a very paradise, and a heaven for the delight thereof." And even if we may suspect that a little surplusage could be taken off this description, from the genial weather, and the happy frame of mind William happened to be in at the time he made his report, there is yet left abundant

evidence of the energy with which the men of Boston and its neighborhood set themselves to repair the damages. Now the many generations of toil have produced a magnificent country and a fine race of men—men who are descended from those that stood so boldly forward in asserting the liberties of England. It is impossible to go into Boston market on a Wednesday morning without being struck by the size and "heft," as the word goes there, of the countrymen.

They cannot always, it is sad to admit, be acquitted of sharp trading; for the year after William of Malmesbury was round the Boston fens, a complaint reached the king that the cloth the manufacturers were turning out was not so wide as it should be according to statute—that was, two ells between the lists. "But instead of taking them in the king's name," Camden says, "the merchants persuaded the justiciaries to leave them for a sum of money, to the damage of many." The importance of Boston as a commercial center may be gathered from the fact that when King John (who, like the line of Stuarts, perished in a "desperate struggle against English freedom") ordered a tax on merchants, London yielded £836, Boston £780, and Southampton £712; so that Boston was in reality the second town in England in commercial importance. In the year 1206, Ralph Gernum and Robert Clark of London were sent to the various ports of Lincolnshire with orders to collect every vessel capable of holding eight or more horses, which were to be sent to Portsmouth, and at the same time a very wholesale order was given for "all merchants, helmsmen, and sailors to repair to the king at Portsmouth;" and some idea of the energy of John, who has commonly been regarded as listless, may be gathered from the terms of his summons: "Any one disregarding these commands, whatever be his country, we will always hold our enemy, wherever we find him in our dominions, whether on land or water."

It would seem from the annals of Boston that the

good old rule . . . .  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,

was well understood in the year 1276, when an inquisition was held by twenty-four jurors of wapentake, and they found that "Robert de Tattershall claims to have at St. Botolph's on the west side of the river a tonnage of lead and wool, and a court from seventh day to seventh day—they know not by what tenure." But the king's claims seem to have been of a much more comprehensive nature, and some of them, one would think, nobody would have cared much to have deprived him of. He not only claimed the "assize of beer and bread," but also "the right of gallows, pillory, ducking-stool, and all waifs and strays of the sea from salting to wrangle, by what warrant they know not."

The name "St. Botolph's town" that continually occurs was the origin of Boston. St. Botolph was a Saxon saint who lived in the

seventh century, and was almost contemporaneous with the more celebrated St. Cuthbert. The common pronunciation in the eastern counties is St. Bottle, so the transition from Bottlestown to Boston is very comprehensible. He appears to have been a favorite saint along that coast, and the priory at Colchester, of which the west front and some of the walls remain, is very interesting. It seems to have been built in part with the Roman bricks that were used at the great military station there.

Boston furnished during the reign of Edward III. a great part of the navy that conveyed his army to the battle of Cressy, a battle that taught the world that a man-at-arms was equal to a knight of the most ancient lineage, and marked the period when feudalism began to totter to its fall. And almost at the same period the great church began to raise its stately head. Its history is quite characteristic of the Lincoln men. It was not erected by any wealthy prelate or lord of the soil, but was the free work of the inhabitants of Boston. Margaret Tylney gave five pounds towards the building, and two others gave similar sums, which were the largest amounts contributed; all the rest was made up of small sums. The tower is generally called "Boston stump," though why so graceful and tall a structure should be called so is not at first clear; but the stem of a pollard tree would make the proportions of a high tower, and as a vessel approaches through Boston Deep it has in a mist or in twilight very much the appearance of a stem, called a stump there, rising high above the flat lands. It was intended, indeed, as a landmark for mariners, and in its graceful lantern a beacon-fire used to be lit at night. It is not the only church tower that was used for a beacon-light; at Hadley the iron cradle that held the fire is still standing at its post. Boston tower is said, on the authority of a folio engraving published by Dr. Stukely in 1715, to have been begun in the year 1309, but no authority is given for this date. Some parts of the church may be nearly of that age, but the architecture of the tower is fully a century later. Of course it is supposable, when we consider how the money was raised for the church, that it may have been many years in building.

The height is given in guide-books as 300 feet; this must be taken from the water's edge, for from the churchyard to the pinnacles it is 276 feet, which is, however, prodigiously high. It is a wonderful piece of architecture as to its mechanical construction, and four circular staircases, one in each turret, lead to the lantern, from which a view of a vast landscape stretches out to the west, while the German Ocean spreads out to the east. In early times this church had the right of sanctuary, and malefactors who could reach it were for the time safe from the process of the law. Curious theories of law prevailed in those times. A Mr. Francis with his horse was drowned in St. Botolph's river near the church, and a fine of 11*d.* was levied on the horse's skin: a grim judgment that was arrived at in consequence of that being regarded in court as the most valuable asset left. The river

at Boston was at one time comparatively swift, though perhaps Leland's "runs like an arrow" is hardly accurate; at any rate, boat accidents were not uncommon, and in such cases a fine was levied on the boat. Two females who fell into tubs of hot verjuice were scalded to death, and in this case the tubs were fined; and in cases of wounds from weapons, the weapons were fined. These fines, of course, went to the crown. Walls at one time surrounded Boston, and some traces of them are yet left: these were kept in repair by tolls on goods, and a curious record is preserved of them. A "weight," for some unexplained cause, was the Boston method of expressing 256 pounds; perhaps it was given by the porters who had to convey packages of this measure across a wharf, or street; at any rate, all "weights" of cheese, fat, tallow, butter, or lead for sale paid  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.; a hundred-weight was of course 112 pounds, and one of almonds, or rice, or wax, paid  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.; but this amount of pepper, ginger, white cinnamon, incense, quicksilver, vermilion, cinnamon, and what would now be termed heavy groceries, paid  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.; and so the lists run on, including everything that can have been in general use, even to fox-skins and stock-fish. It may be interesting to remark here that the many curious weights and measures that had prevailed in England saw their end on January 1, 1879, and since that the wonderful tables, that have puzzled not only Americans but Englishmen, have been merging into the imperial standard. Soon this was done in America, when the colonists weht over; but it is a little singular that, though these measures have passed away, many of the old words obsolete in England have found a home in America, and can only be discovered here in provincial vocabularies. One of these I happened to meet with in a fine old hostelry at Boston, and asked a friend who had spent some years in America if he ever heard the expression "game leg" as applied to a damaged limb, or of any one who had changed his residence as "flitting," or a turkey-cock called a "gobbler," or any one being required to "foot" a bill; all of which he said he had often heard, but never out of America, and I astonished him by pointing out every word in a book of old Lincolnshire dialect; but the list might have been extended indefinitely; and even what is often regarded as a pure American expression, "I guess," is really very old English. Chaucer says:

Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,  
Behind her back, a yard long, I guess;

and Locke says, "He whose design it is to excel in English poetry would not, I guess, think that the way of it was to make his first essay in Latin verse." Locke may, it is possible, have introduced it into Carolina. But it probably is only a variation of the old English word "wis," to know anything, and that is almost the exact sense in which it is commonly used in the States. Many an "Americanism" has been used in Boston Grammar-school, before the great exodus to Massachusetts. The Boston School is a large imposing house probably not



more than a century old, and at its side is a very noble wrought-iron gateway of greater age; a liberal playground leads up to the school, which was built in the year 1567, and endowed. The master's fees have been varied from time to time, both in the amount and in the manner of collection, and now they are fixed at £200 with a residence. Under him was an usher, who is now styled the second master, and who is paid by rents rising from property. This building consists of a center rather nicely broken by a bow window, and two wings. From the style one might have considered it to be later, but from James I. to Charles II. there is in such buildings a great general similarity. At the back of the school, enveloped in trees, is a fine old brick tower, once attached to a mansion-house that has disappeared. This is built of brick like Tattershall Castle, which was at one time the residence of the family who seem to have levied tolls on Boston, though the wapentake jury, as we have seen, sadly declared that they did not know by what warrant. To make a slight digression here, it may be remarked that these tolls have in some instances survived up to the present time; as for example, a very wealthy English nobleman, now living, erects a barricade at the entrance to an old market and levies 2d. on every four-footed animal that comes there to be sold; if the custom has been abolished, it is only very recently, for I heard complaints of it the last time I was at the town in question.

The brick tower just referred to is called Hussey Tower; and it stands to the north of St. John's church-yard, which has before been mentioned; an ancient wall that runs along the roadway incloses it. The estate of Lord Hussey was granted to the corporation of Boston, and they sold and took away much of a venerable old mansion called Hussey Hall, but a great pile of gabled buildings was removed in 1780, and various articles both before and since were carted away. And old engraving still remains that shows it to have been a very noble residence, and its removal was little less than a national loss. It might have been so readily converted, had it remained, into some fine institution, or even public offices—like Aston Hall near Birmingham, or Bank Hall near Warrington—but unhappily the powers decreed otherwise, and the materials were taken away and sold. One thing is clear, that it must have required some time and labor to demolish it. The brick-work all round Boston is excellent; the old-builders seem to have taken their models generally from the Low Countries on the other side of the German Ocean, though, singularly enough, they used the style of setting which is called English very generally, in preference to "Dutch bond;" and this is believed to be so much better constructively, that it is in the present day commonly employed. The walls of Tattershall Castle and other old buildings in Lincolnshire are so perfectly even, that any builder would stand high in his craft who was able to put up such work.

The grammar-school itself that has caused this digression has the following inscription over the door: "*Reginæ Elisabethæ nono. Maior*

et Burgenses Bostoniæ uno et eodem consensu puerorum institutionis gratiâ in piis litteris hanc ædificerunt scholam Gulielmo Ganocke stapulæ mercatore et tunc maiore esistenti." At one time the fairs alluded to in another place were held in the school inclosure, and even so lately as the last century it was called the mart yard. It was enacted, however, that no soldiers should drill in the mart yard, for fear of distracting the attention of the scholars unduly. But the present market square has for generations been also a mart. Old Boston school has been the original "alma mater" where many a resident of New Boston might trace the names of his forefathers. Boston records are, as a general rule, freely open, and especially to what Old Boston calls its offspring; and it is not very uncommon for farmers who come to market to speak of their namesakes across the deep, and dilate on the prosperity of their tenth cousins; for it must be remembered that many of the early settlers in Massachusetts before Cotton's time were men either from Boston or the neighborhood; and it has been remarked that they differed in most particulars from the earlier settlers in Maryland or Virginia; these had often either run through a patrimony, or were younger brothers of noble families with no prospects at home, that contrived to get a large grant of land where tobacco and cotton might be grown. The Massachusetts settlers were men of the middle and upper classes in England, and as such may be said to have differed even from the artisans who ventured across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*. They wished only for substantial men in their number; they were not driven from their fatherland by earthly want or adventure, or in hopes of finding the gold mines that Cabot had falsely said abounded in the New World. They were men who could not conform to the practices of English sacerdotalism, and tore themselves away with many a pang from their fatherland. "Our hearts," Winthrop's followers wrote to some of the brethren they left behind, "shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness." John Cotton,\* the vicar of Boston, who resigned his benefice to join the new settlers, was a man of scholarship and high standing, and only left his vicarage because he would not conform to the genuflections and bowings that were ordained to be used in the Church of England; his life was, it is true, without reproach, but he could not conform to what he believed to be superstition, and he appealed in vain to the Bishop of Lincoln and the Earl of Dorset to save him from the impending persecution, urging that for twenty years his sole aim had been to advance righteousness and godliness, and saying, with perfect truth, that his way of life was before

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\* In an interesting article in the London Standard, which mentions Boston celebrating its 250th anniversary, it is stated that Cotton was not the first minister who came to New Boston, but a somewhat crusty old divine, the Rev. Mr. Blaxton, had preceded him. He was, however, brought out by Winthrop, and settled in parts unknown with some few of his followers.

all men, and none could challenge it. He indeed might have gone far beyond the patriarch in asking whose ox or whose ass he had taken, for he gave to the extent of his power, and left himself often very bare. All this Lord Dorset knew quite well, and his reply showed that at any rate he was not a hypocrite, for he told him that "if his crime had been merely drunkenness, or uncleanness, or any such lesser fault," there would have been no difficulty at all in procuring his pardon, but as for Puritanism or non-conformity, these were too heinous, and he had better fly. But the Stuarts had run thirty years their astonishing career before Cotton left Boston for America, and Eliot and Cromwell all in vain had stood between them and their doom. Distance has hardly softened down those dreary days, though we can turn always with delight to the heroic souls that might hardly have been heard of in prosperity, but, like Boston beacon, shone all the brighter on the darkest night.

The Puritans, it is unnecessary to say, only wished to worship in their own way, or else, if that were forbidden, to leave England for freer skies. But the genius of Laud stopped the latter resource, and filled the English jails with those who were only there for conscience's sake. Still, to prevent vast numbers leaving the shores for America was beyond even his power, and indeed the dissolution of the Parliament in 1629 was accompanied by some of the most dramatic scenes in English history. The king had decided to rule without a parliament, and the doctrine of passive obedience was preached from almost all episcopal pulpits. Eliot, who was a great landed proprietor, was far from being a fanatic, but he caught the spirit of the times, and wrote from his country mansion, "Nothing but Heaven shrouds us from despair;" and when he went up to the House of Commons afterwards—the last that sat before it was dissolved for eleven years—he broke out in impassioned eloquence: "The Gospel is that truth in which this kingdom hath been happy through a long prosperity. This ground therefore let us lay for a foundation of our building, that that truth, not with words but with actions, we will maintain. There is a ceremony used in the Eastern churches, of standing at the repetition of the creed, to testify their purpose to maintain it, not only with their bodies upright but their swords drawn. Give me leave to call that custom very commendable." But now all was in confusion: Charles was in the Lords' Chamber, and had summoned the Commons into his presence. The framers of the taxes, who had appeared to answer their illegal levies before the Commons, pleaded the king's commands for silence, and the Speaker intimated that he had a royal order to adjourn. Through all this confusion, however, Eliot was still on the floor of the House. The doors were locked against the king's messengers; the Speaker, with a sturdy sense of legality, was held down in the chair; and Charles could have heard his own knell in the ringing cheers that greeted Eliot's closing words, "None have ever gone about to break parliaments but in the end parliaments have broken them." It would

be about five years after this memorable scene that John Cotton decided to give up his vicarage at Boston, and fly to New England. Cotton belonged to an old and honorable English family. One branch has for many generations been settled at Combermere Abbey in Cheshire, a venerable mansion in a very beautiful park, that once belonged to the Cistercian monks, and skirts one of the meres or small lakes which are a feature in Cheshire. This branch of the family is now represented by Lord Combermere. To another branch belonged Charles Cotton, whose name will always be held dear as the associate of good old Isaac Walton. Walton, by the way, curiously appears as an admirer of Sheldon the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in his palace at Lambeth listened with amusement to the mock sermon of a cavalier, who had returned from Boston and Essex, and held up the nasal twang and Puritan idioms to derision; yet Sheldon was by no means the worst of his day, or good old Isaac Walton would not have spoken so kindly of him as he did, even though it must be admitted that he warmed over him as a fisher, not of men, but of "the barbel or umber." Cotton was born at the town of Derby on December 4, 1585. His father was Rowland Cotton, a lawyer, and it was at first intended that he should follow the profession of his father, in order to enable him to recover some estates that had left the family, as was supposed, unjustly; but fortunately his lot was otherwise cast, and he went, after having passed a creditable career at Derby School, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where at the age of twenty-one he became a Master of Arts. He married Elizabeth Horrocks, the sister of James Horrocks, a celebrated minister of Lancashire: and the family of Horrocks is as well known by Australian and American "dry-goods" merchants of the present day as is Witney in Oxfordshire, a town that at one time excelled all others in the manufacture of blankets, and can boast of a noble church with one of the richest livings in England. Of this church, as it happens, a grandson of Cotton's born in America became rector, having accompanied his father to England in the year 1688. In his day Witney was in its glory, and twenty shuttles were busy where now we only have one. Among Cotton's descendants are the families of Cushing, Everett, Frothingham, Grant, Hale, Jackson, Lee, Mather, Storer, Thayer, Tofts, Tracy, Upham, Walter, Whiting, and many other well-known names. The chapel lies on the south-west angle of St. Botolph's Church, and was restored to Cotton's memory by the residents of the United States, at a cost of £700 sterling. An inscription in Latin by the Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, Massachusetts, records the circumstance.

*In perpetuam Johannis Cottoni memoriam*

*Hujus ecclesię multos per annos*

*Regulantibus Jacobo et Carolo, Vicariis.*

*Gravis, disertis, doctis, laboriosis.*

*Dein propter res sacras in patria misere turbatas*

*Novis sedibus in novo orbe quęsitis.*

Ecclesiæ primariæ, Bostoniæ. Nov-Anglorom  
 Nomen hoc venerabile.  
 In Cottoni honorem deducuntis  
 Usque ad finem vitæ summâ laude  
 Summâque in rebus tam humanis quam divinis auctoritate  
 Pastoris et Doctæ is,  
 Annis CCXXV, post migrationem ejus peractis  
 Prognati ejus civesque Bostonienses Americani  
 A fratribus Anglicis ad hoc pium munus provocati  
 Ne viri eximii nomen  
 Utriusque orbis desiderii et decoris  
 Diutius a templo nobili exularet  
 In quo per tot annos oracula divina  
 Diligenter docte sancteque enuntiavisset  
 Hoc sacellum restaurandum, et hanc tabulam ponendam  
 Anno salutis recuperatæ  
 Libenter grate curaverunt.

Cotton was not the only English clergyman who left at that time to found a new church. Hooker went from Hartford to found the church of Hartford, giving the name to the city, as Cotton's friends had done for Boston. For many years Cotton continued his labors in his new country, and could he only now see the result of his pilgrimage, he might say, "With my staff I crossed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

But darker times were still before the Puritans, and however disastrous these might be to England's welfare, they were of great benefit to the Western Hemisphere. It is true that Cromwell appeared on the scene, and during his short reign peace and justice were restored; but his mighty soul had hardly passed away, before the third of the Stuarts appeared on the scene, and sauntered into the palaces of his ancestors as if he had only returned from the "grand tour," and as if the solemn protest of Cromwell's whole reign and the terrible tragedy of Whitehall had no concern for him. He devoted the whole of his not inconsiderable abilities to cultivate all that was frivolous and nearly all that was vicious in life, and to mock, and teach others to mock, at whatever was earnest: but the ill-starred house was permitted to descend to even a lower depth still, before the long-suffering of England was filled up to the measure, and the Stuarts banished. James II. came to the throne, and from the first outstripped even his brother in wickedness. Perhaps, indeed, he was the worst monarch that ever sat on an English throne. Those who would have gone over the ocean quietly to New England were imprisoned, and except in the actual bloodshed, England resembled Spain at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford Jail in Charles II.'s time, with many other good men who had not succeeded in crossing the ocean, and his mental sufferings were touchingly told. The parting from his wife, he says in his own pathetic language, was "like the pulling off the flesh from the bones, and that not because I am somewhat too fond of those great mercies, but also because I should often have it brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants my poor family was like to meet with

should I be taken from them." He is especially anxious about his "poor blind child." He says, knowing too well the hard times that Puritans were having: "Poor child, what sorrow art thou to have for thy portion in this world! thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer cold, hunger, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee." Whether the strictly Saxon spirit of independence—the spirit that enabled the inhabitants to hold out so long against the Normans—lingered longest in the lands round the fens, it may not be easy to say; but this part of England was the stronghold of the Puritans, and there is hardly a town that has not several namesakes in New England.

ALFRED RIMMER, in *Belgravia*.

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## THE OLD PACIFIC CAPITAL.

### THE WOODS AND THE PACIFIC.

THE Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas River is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and north-west, and then westward to inclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all round, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above a battle.

These long beaches are enticing to the idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea-gulls hover over the sea. Sand-pipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcass, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a sur-

prising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long key-board of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing color, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.

In-shore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets—the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among—and here and there the skirts of the forest extend downward from the hills, with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's beard. Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City—though that and so many other things are now forever altered—and it was from here that you had your first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white windmills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland cañons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the south-west, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracts that lead nowhither. You see a deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit, out breaks on every hand and with freshened vigor that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beach towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pinos light-house, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello River. The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumor. It sets your senses upon edge; you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

When once I was in these woods I found it difficult to turn homeward. All woods lure a rambler onward; but in those of Monterey it

was the surf that particularly invited me to prolong my walks. I would push straight for the shore where I thought it to be nearest. Indeed, there was scarce a direction that would not, sooner or later, have brought me forth on the Pacific. The emptiness of the woods gave me a sense of freedom and discovery in these excursions. I never, in all my visits, met but one man. He was a Mexican, very dark of hue, but smiling and fat, and he carried an axe, though his true business at that moment was to seek for straying cattle. I asked him what o'clock it was, but he seemed neither to know nor care; and when he in his turn asked me for news of his cattle, I showed myself equally indifferent. We stood and smiled upon each other for a few seconds, and then turned without a word and took our several ways across the forest.

One day—I shall never forget it—I had taken a trail that was new to me. After a while the woods began to open, the sea to sound nearer hand. I came upon a road, and, to my surprise, a stile. A step or two further, and, without leaving the woods, I found myself among trim houses. I walked through street after street, parallel and at right angles, paved with sward and dotted with trees, but still undeniable streets, and each with its name posted at the corner, as in a real town. Facing down the main thoroughfare—"Central Avenue," as it was ticketed—I saw an open-air temple, with benches and sounding board, as though for an orchestra. The houses were all tightly shuttered; there was no smoke, no sound but of the waves, no moving thing. I have never been in any place that seemed so dream-like. Pompeii is all in a bustle with visitors, and its antiquity and strangeness deceive the imagination; but this town had plainly not been built above a year or two, and perhaps had been deserted overnight. Indeed, it was not so much like a deserted town as like a scene upon the stage by daylight and with no one on the boards. The barking of a dog led me at last to the only house still occupied, where a Scotch pastor and his wife pass the winter alone in this empty theater. The place was the "Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort." Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion, and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable. The neighborhood at least is well selected. The Pacific booms in front. Westward is Point Pinos, with the lighthouse in a wilderness of sand, where you will find the light-keeper playing the piano, making models and bows and arrows, studying dawn and sunrise in amateur oil-painting, and with a dozen other elegant pursuits and interests to surprise his brave, old-country rivals. To the east, and still nearer, you will come upon a space of open down, a hamlet, a haven among rocks, a world of surge and screaming sea-gulls. Such scenes are very similar in different climates; they appear homely to the eyes of all; to me this was like a dozen spots in Scotland. And yet the boats that ride in the haven are of a strange outlandish design; and if you walk into the hamlet you will behold



costumes and faces and hear a tongue that are unfamiliar to the memory. The joss-stick burns, the opium-pipe is smoked, the floors are strewn with slips of colored paper—prayers, you would say, that had somehow missed their destination—and a man, guiding his upright pencil from right to left across the sheet, writes home the news of Monterey to the Celestial Empire.

The woods and the Pacific rule between them the climate of this seaboard region. On the streets of Monterey, when the air does not smell salt from the one, it will be blowing perfumed from the resinous tree tops of the other. For days together a lot of dry air will overhang the town, close as from an oven, yet healthful and aromatic in the nostrils. The cause is not far to seek, for the woods are afire, and the hot wind is blowing from the hills. These fires are one of the great dangers of California. I have seen from Monterey as many as three at the same time, by day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little thing will start them, and if the wind be favorable they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse. The inhabitants must turn out and work like demons, for it is not only the pleasant groves that are destroyed; the climate and the soil are equally at stake, and these fires prevent the rains of the next winter, and dry up perennial fountains. California has been a land of promise in its time, like Palestine; but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation.

To visit the woods while they are languidly burning, is a strange piece of experience. The fire passes through the underbrush at a run. Every here and there a tree flares up instantaneously from root to summit, scattering tufts of flame; and is quenched, it seems, as quickly. But this last is only in semblance. For after this first squib-like conflagration of the dry moss and twigs, there remains behind a deep-rooted and consuming fire in the very entrails of the tree. The resin of the pitch pine is principally condensed at the base of the bole and in the spreading roots. Thus, after the light, showy, skirmishing flames, which are only as the match to the explosion, have already scampered down the wind into the distance, the true harm is but beginning for this giant of the woods. You may approach the tree from one side, and see it scorched indeed from top to bottom, but apparently survivor of the peril. Make the circuit, and there, on the other side of the column, is a clear mass of living coal, spreading like an ulcer; while underground, to their most extended fiber, the roots are being eaten out by fire, and the smoke is rising through the fissures to the surface. A little while, and, without a nod of warning, the huge pine-tree snaps off short across the ground and falls prostrate with a crash. Meanwhile the fire continues its silent business; the roots are reduced to a fine ash; and long afterwards, if you pass by, you will find the earth pierced with radiating galleries, and preserving the design of all these subterranean spurs, as though

it were the mold for a new tree instead of the print of an old one. These pitch pines of Monterey are, with the single exception of the Monterey cypress, the most fantastic of forest trees. No words can give an idea of the contortion of their growth; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it; and at the rate at which trees grow, and at which forest fires spring up and gallop through the hills of California, we may look forward to a time when there will not be one of them left standing in that land of their nativity. At least they have not so much to fear from the axe, but perish by what may be called a natural, although a violent death; while it is man in his short-sighted greed that robs the country of the nobler red-wood. Yet a little while and perhaps all the hills of seaboard California may be as bald as Tamalpais.

I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynching on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of Californian forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan; for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine-tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combating the original conflagration. I could see the wagon that had brought them tied to a live-oak in a piece of open; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had any one observed the result of my experiment, my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

To die for faction is a common evil;  
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater spirit.

But it is the Pacific that exercises the most direct and obvious power upon the climate. At sunset, for months together, vast, wet, melancholy fogs arise and come shoreward from the ocean. From the hill-top above Monterey the scene is often noble, although it is always sad. The upper air is still bright with sunlight; a glow still rests upon the Gabelano Peak; but the fogs are in possession of the lower levels; they crawl in scarves among the sand-hills; they float, a little higher, in clouds of a gigantic size and often of a wild configuration; to the south, where they have struck the seaward shoulder of the mountains of Santa Lucia, they double back and spire up skyward like

smoke. Where their shadow touches, color dies out of the world. The air grows chill and deadly as they advance. The trade-wind freshens, the trees begin to sigh, and all the windmills in Monterey are whirling and creaking and filling their cisterns with the brackish water of the sands. It takes but a little while till the invasion is complete. The sea, in its lighter order, has submerged the earth. Monterey is curtained in for the night in thick, wet, salt, and frigid clouds; so to remain till day returns; and before the sun's rays they slowly disperse and retreat in broken squadrons to the bosom of the sea. And yet often when the fog is thickest and most chill, a few steps out of the town and up the slope the night will be dry and warm and full of inland perfume.

#### MEXICANS, AMERICANS, AND INDIANS.

The history of Monterey has yet to be written. Founded by Catholic missionaries, a place of wise beneficence to Indians, a place of arms, a Mexican capital continually wrested by one faction from another, an American capital when the first House of Representatives held its deliberations, and then falling lower and lower from the capital of the State to the capital of a county, and from that again, by the loss of its charter and town lands, to a mere bankrupt village, its rise and decline is typical of that of all Mexican institutions and even Mexican families in California. Nothing is stranger in that strange State than the rapidity with which the soil has changed hands. The Mexicans, you may say, are all poor and landless, like their former capital; and yet both it and they hold themselves apart and preserve their ancient customs and something of their ancient air.

The town, when I was there, was a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea sand, and two or three lanes, which were water-courses in the rainy season, and were, at all times, rent up by fissures four or five feet deep. There were no street lights. Short sections of wooden sidewalk only added to the dangers of the night, for they were often high above the level of the roadway, and no one could tell where they would be likely to begin or end. The houses were, for the most part, built of unbaked adobe brick, many of them old for so new a country, some of very elegant proportions, with low, spacious, shapely rooms, and walls so thick that the heat of summer never dried them to the heart. At the approach of the rainy season a deathly chill and a grave-yard smell began to hang about the lower floors; and diseases of the chest are common and fatal among house-keeping people of either sex.

There was no activity but in and around the saloons, where people sat almost all day long playing cards. The smallest excursion was made on horsback. You would scarcely ever see the main street without a horse or two tied to posts, and making a fine figure with their Mexican housings. It struck me oddly to come across some of the

Cornhill illustrations to Mr. Blackmore's "Erema," and see all the characters astride on English saddles. As a matter of fact, an English saddle is a rarity even in San Francisco, and, you may say, a thing unknown in all the rest of California. In a place so exclusively Mexican as Monterey, you saw not only Mexican saddles but true Vaquero riding—men always at the hand-gallop up hill and down dale, and round the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations and cruel rotary spurs, checking them dead with a touch, or wheeling them right-about-face in a square yard. The type of face and character of bearing is surprisingly un-American. The first ranged from something like the pure Spanish, to something, in its sad fixity, not unlike the pure Indian, although I do not suppose there was one pure blood of either race in all the country. As for the second, it was a matter of perpetual surprise to find, in that world of absolutely mannerless Americans, a people full of deportment, solemnly courteous, and doing all things with grace and decorum. In dress they ran to color and bright sashes. Not even the most Americanized could always resist the temptation to stick a red rose into his hat-band. Not even the most Americanized would condescend to wear the vile dress hat of civilization. Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion. The only communications in which the population joined were with a view to amusement. A weekly public ball took place with great etiquette, in addition to the numerous fandangoes in private houses. There was a really fair amateur brass band. Night after night serenaders would be going about the street, sometimes in a company and with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally, each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth-century America, and hear the guitar accompany, and one of these old, heart-breaking Spanish love songs mount into the night air, perhaps in a deep baritone, perhaps in that high-pitched, pathetic, womanish alto which is so common among Mexican men, and which strikes on the unaccustomed ear as something not entirely human but altogether sad.

The town, then, was essentially and wholly Mexican; and yet almost all the land in the neighborhood was held by Americans, and it was from the same class, numerically so small, that the principal officials were selected. This Mexican and that Mexican would describe to you his old family estates, not one rood of which remained to him. You would ask him how that came about, and elicit some tangled story back-foremost, from which you gathered that the Americans had been greedy like designing men, and the Mexicans greedy like children, but no other certain fact. Their merits and their faults contributed alike to the ruin of the former landholders. It is true they were improvident, and easily dazzled with the sight of ready money; but they were gentlefolk besides, and that in a way which curiously unfitted them to combat Yankee craft. Suppose they have a paper to sign,

they would think it a reflection on the other party to examine the terms with any great minuteness; nay, suppose them to observe some doubtful clause, it is ten to one they would refuse from delicacy to object to it. I know I am speaking within the mark, for I have seen such a case occur, and the Mexican, in spite of the advice of his lawyer, has signed the imperfect paper like a lamb. To have spoken in the matter, he said, above all to have let the other party guess that he had seen a lawyer, would have "been like doubting his word." The scruple sounds oddly to one of ourselves, who has been brought up to understand all business as a competition in fraud, and honesty itself to be a virtue which regards the carrying out but not the creation of agreements. This single unworldly trait will account for much of that revolution of which we are speaking. The Mexicans have the name of being great swindlers, but certainly the accusation cuts both ways. In a contest of this sort, the entire booty would scarcely have passed into the hands of the more scrupulous race.

Physically the Americans have triumphed; but it is not yet entirely seen how far they have themselves been morally conquered. This is, of course, but a part of a part of an extraordinary problem now in the course of being solved in the various States of the American Union. I am reminded of an anecdote. Some years ago, at a great sale of wine, all the odd lots were purchased by a grocer in a small way in the old town of Edinburgh. The agent had the curiosity to visit him some time after and inquire what possible use he could have for such material. He was shown, by way of answer, a huge vat where all the liquors, from humble Gladstone to imperial Tokay, were fermenting together. "And what," he asked, "do you propose to call this?" "I'm no very sure," replied the grocer, "but I think it's going to turn out port." In the older Eastern States, I think we may say that this hotch-potch of races is going to turn out English, or thereabout. But the problem is indefinitely varied in other zones. The elements are differently mingled in the south, in what we may call the Territorial belt, and in the group of States on the Pacific coast. Above all, in these last, we may look to see some hybrid—whether good or evil, who shall forecast? but certainly original and all its own. In my little restaurant at Monterey, we have sat down to table day after day, a Frenchman, two Portuguese, an Italian, a Mexican, and a Scotchman; we had for common visitors an American from Illinois, a nearly pure-blood Indian woman, and a naturalized Chinese; and from time to time a Switzer and a German came down from country ranches for the night. No wonder that the Pacific coast is a foreign land to visitors from the Eastern States, for each race contributes something of its own. Even the despised Chinese have taught the youth of California, none indeed of their virtues, but the debasing use of opium. And chief among these influences is that of the Mexicans.

The Mexicans, although in the State, are out of it. They still preserve a sort of international independence, and keep their affairs snug

and to themselves. Only four or five years ago Vasquez, the bandit, his troop being dispersed and the hunt too hot for him in other parts of California, returned to his native Monterey, and was seen publicly in her streets and saloons, fearing no man. The year that I was there there occurred two reputed murders. As the Mexicans are exceptionally vile speakers of each other and of every one behind his back, it is not possible for me to judge how much truth there may have been in these reports; but in the one case every one believed, and in the other some suspected, that there had been foul play; and nobody dreamed for an instant of taking the authorities into their counsel. Now this is, of course, characteristic enough of the Mexicans; but it is a noteworthy feature that all the Americans in Monterey acquiesced without a word in this inaction. Even when I spoke to them upon the subject, they seemed not to understand my surprise: they had forgotten the traditions of their own race and upbringing, and become, in a word, wholly Mexicanized.

Again, the Mexicans, having no ready money to speak of, rely almost entirely in their business transactions upon each other's worthless paper. Pedro the penniless pays you with an IOU from the equally penniless Miguel. It is a sort of local currency by courtesy. Credit in these parts has passed into a superstition. I have seen a strong, violent man struggling for months to recover a debt, and getting nothing but an exchange of waste paper. The very store-keepers are averse to asking for cash payments, and are more surprised than pleased when they are offered. They fear there must be something under it, and that you mean to withdraw from them your custom. I have seen the enterprising chemist and stationer begging me with fervor to let my account run on, although I had my purse open in my hand; and partly from the commonness of the case, partly from some remains of that generous old Mexican tradition which made all men welcome to their tables, a person may be notoriously both unwilling and unable to pay, and still find credit for the necessities of life in the stores of Monterey. Now this villainous habit of living upon "tick" has grown into Californian nature. I do not only mean that the American and European store-keepers of Monterey are as lax as Mexicans; I mean that American farmers in many parts of the State expect unlimited credit, and profit by it in the meanwhile, without a thought for consequences. Jew store-keepers have already learned the advantage to be gained from this; they lead on the farmer into irretrievable indebtedness, and keep him ever after as their bond-slave, hopelessly grinding in the mill. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and except that the Jew knows better than to foreclose, you may see Americans bound in the same chains with which they themselves had formerly bound the Mexican. It seems as if certain sorts of follies, like certain sorts of grain, were natural to the soil rather than to the race that holds and tills it for the moment.

In the meantime, however, the Americans rule in Monterey County.

The new county seat, Salinas City, in the bald, corn-bearing plain under the Gabelano Peak, is a town of a purely American character. The land is held, for the most part, in those enormous tracts which are another legacy of Mexican days, and form the present chief danger and disgrace of California; and the holders are mostly of American or British birth. We have here in England no idea of the troubles and inconveniences which flow from the existence of these large landholders—land thieves, land sharks, or land grabbers, they are more commonly and plainly called. Thus the town lands of Monterey are all in the hands of a single man. How they came there is an obscure, vexatious question, and, rightly or wrongly, the man is hated with a great hatred. His life has been repeatedly in danger. Not very long ago, I was told, the stage was stopped and examined three evenings in succession by disguised horsemen thirsting for his blood. A certain house on the Salinas road, they say, he always passes in his buggy at full speed, for the squatter sent him warning long ago. But a year since he was publicly pointed out for death by no less a man than Mr. Dennis Kearney. Kearney is a man too well known in California, but a word of explanation is required for English readers. Originally an Irish drayman, he rose, by his command of bad language, to almost dictatorial authority in the State; throned it there for six months or so, his mouth full of oaths, gallowses, and conflagrations; was first snuffed out last winter by Mr. Coleman, backed by his San Francisco Vigilantes and three Gatling guns; completed his own ruin by throwing in his lot with the grotesque Greenbacker party; and had at last to be rescued by his old enemies, the police, out of the hands of his rebellious followers. It was while he was at the top of his fortune that Kearney visited Monterey with his battle-cry against Chinese labor, the railroad monopolists, and the land thieves; and his one articulate counsel to the Montereyans was to "hang David Jacks." Had the town been American, in my private opinion this would have been done years ago. Land is a subject on which there is no jesting in the West, and I have seen my friend the lawyer drive out of Monterey to adjust a competition of titles with the face of a captain going into battle and his Smith-and-Wesson convenient to his hand.

On the ranch of another of these landholders you may find our old friend, the truck system, in full operation. Men live there, year in year out, to cut timber for a nominal wage, which is all consumed in supplies. The longer they remain in this desirable service the deeper they will fall in debt—a burlesque injustice in a new country, where labor should be precious, and one of those typical instances which explains the prevailing discontent and success of the demagogue Kearney.

In a comparison between what was and what is in California, the praisers of times past will fix upon the Indians of Carmello. The day of

the Jesuit has gone by, the day of the Yankee has succeeded, and there is no one left to care for the converted savage. The mission church is roofless and ruinous; sea breezes and sea fogs, and the alternation of the rain and sunshine, daily widening the breaches and casting the crockets from the wall. As an antiquity in this new land, a quaint specimen of missionary architecture, and a memorial of good deeds, it had a triple claim to preservation from all thinking people; but neglect and abuse have been its portion. There is no sign of American interference, save where a headboard has been torn from a grave to be a mark for pistol bullets. So it is with the Indians for whom it was erected. Their lands, I was told, are being yearly encroached upon by the neighboring American proprietor, and with that exception no man troubles his head for the Indians of Carmel. Only one day in the year, the day before our Guy Faux, the padre drives over the hill from Monterey; the little sacristy, which is the only covered portion of the church, is filled with seats and decorated for the service; the Indians troop together, their bright dresses contrasting with their dark and melancholy faces; and there, among a crowd of somewhat unsympathetic holiday makers, you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstances than in any other temple under heaven. An Indian, stone blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing; other Indians compose the choir; yet they have the Gregorian music at their finger ends, and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the meaning as they sang. The pronunciation was odd and nasal, the singing hurried and staccato. "*In sæcula sæculo-ho-horum*," they went, with a vigorous aspirate to every additional syllable. I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It was to them not only the worship of God, nor an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture, where all they knew of art and letters was united and expressed. And it made a man's heart sorry for the good fathers of yore, who had taught them to dig and to reap, to read and to sing, who had given them European mass-books which they still preserve and study in their cottages, and who had now passed away from all authority and influence in that land—to be succeeded by greedy land thieves and sacrilegious pistol-shots. So ugly a thing our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism may appear beside the doings of the Society of Jesus.

But revolution in this world succeeds to revolution. All that I say in this paper is in a paulo-past tense. The Monterey of last year exists no longer. A huge hotel has sprung up in the desert by the railway. Three sets of diners sit down successively to table. Invaluable toilettes figure along the beach and between the live oaks; and Monterey is advertised in the newspapers, and posted in the waiting-rooms at railway stations, as a resort for wealth and fashion. Alas for the little town! it is not strong enough to resist the influence



of the flaunting caravanserai, and the poor, quaint, penniless native gentlemen of Monterey must perish, like a lower race, before the millionaire vulgarians of the Big Bonanza.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSERVATISM.

MODERN sociology is never weary of teaching us how like is the body politic to the body of the individual; it insists even that such likeness means a real sameness in character. With the truth of this last doctrine we are not concerned here; but whether or no it expresses a literal fact, it points out, at all events, a very suggestive analogy. Life is in each case a process of constant change. In each case, when the body is healthy, this process is more or less an unconscious one; it calls attention to itself when its working is uneasy or hindered. Then the head aches; then the heart palpitates. Applying the same metaphor to the England of this year, we may say that it has been suffering from a fit of political palpitation. It has heard its heart beating; it has been fluttered, breathless, nervous, and has been divided pretty equally between fear and hope. Such symptoms as these need not of necessity portend any great crisis; but they at least suggest anxiety, even if they do not inspire it. They bring to the surface some of the deepest questions as to society and civilization—on what basis they rest, and of what developments they are capable. Unfortunately, however, the very circumstances that give these questions their interest tend to hinder their being discussed fruitfully. In the heat of party warfare, when men are perforce busy with details, they have little time to be mindful of what seem to be abstract principles. It is true indeed that they have to make constant appeals to these; but they make them in haste, without leisure for calm reflection, and the more eager they grow in their arguments, the less clear they grow as to the final points they are arguing for.

Rarely, I think, has this been so clearly shown as it has in certain quarters since the meeting of the present Parliament. All parties perhaps have been to some degrees examples of it; but there is one in particular which has been so most conspicuously. The party I speak of is that of the advanced Radicals. I am writing now in no sectarian spirit, and I wish to say nothing that may seem offensive to any one; but, so far as the bare facts go that I am alluding to, the advanced Radicals will be the last people to deny them. It is not only a matter of notoriety with the public, it is a matter of pride with themselves, that they have broached certain doctrines, proposed certain

measures, and tried to excite certain hopes in the people, which have seemed to more moderate men to be little short of revolutionary, and not only to threaten the present constitution of England, but also the structure of all human civilization.

Such alarm as this may very likely be excessive, and that for two reasons. In the first place, the proposals in question may be less wild than they are supposed to be; in the second place, they may be more impracticable. But in any case the alarms are real; they are felt by many people, and they have received loud public utterance. This alone would make it worth our while to consider them; but they have another claim on our notice besides their inherent weightiness. If they are not in themselves a very profitable consideration, they may at least serve to force on us considerations that are profitable. Because our house trembles, it need not be about to fall; yet it may be good that we are led by its trembling to examine what ground it stands upon, what its structure is, what strains it will bear, and what strains are at all likely to be put upon it. It is well sometimes to dwell at length upon facts which in a common way we suppose that we take for granted. There are circumstances in the lives of nations, as in the lives of men, which suddenly give to platitudes all the sting of truths; and there are such circumstances in the life of England now. They consist in the present fortunes of the advanced Radical party.

The importance of that party I have no wish to exaggerate—a thing very often and very easily done—but its importance is still considerable, though not of the kind perhaps that its sanguine members think. Locally it may be scattered, numerically it may be weak, and intellectually it may not be wise; but for all this it has acquired a great prestige for itself, and to a certain extent it has caught the popular ear. It has done this, too, in a somewhat singular way. It has enlisted in its behalf a number of the vague superstitions which have been gathering during the present century on the ground left vacant by religion; and these, though originating with those who wished them true, are not without power over many who wish them false. Embodying at first but the hopes of their ardent apostles, they now embody the fears of many reluctant proselytes. The nature of these superstitions is not very definite, but in a general way it is familiar enough to all of us. It consists in a belief, more or less hazy, that the process of social change is surely and irresistibly advancing us to some democratic consummation. It is being expressed constantly with the aid of certain, well-worn antitheses, of which the favorite perhaps is that of *the few* and *the many*; a day of sure abasement being predicted for the former, and a day of exultation of some sort for the latter. And all this is being offered and accepted as though it were a scientific statement and could be verified by scientific methods. We hear of laws, of forces, and of tendencies, working, like fate or nature, in the direction spoken of; and the prophets of the movement at once solace themselves, and seek to dispirit their adversaries by presenting these forces as certain,

inexorable, and irresistible. "*It will come,*" they delight to say oracularly; or "*It may be delayed, but it cannot be prevented;*" or, still more impressively, "*Time is on our side.*"

Now there are doubtless a number of facts in the present condition of things which may seem to justify some such language as this, and to warrant, as the case may be, our being inspired or frightened by it. Doubtless too, apart from seeming, such language really does mean something. The important question is, what? and how much? Things, we all know, are changing; changing they always have been; and we all know that they can never be kept stationary. What we do not know is, if change in the democratic direction is more-inevitable than in any other; we do not know definitely what the democratic ideal is; we do not know the side results that would follow on our near approach to it.

Questions like these may seem too vague and abstract to have any immediate or any practical import; but this is not so. They only sound vague when they are being briefly stated. If we examine them more closely, they resolve themselves into definite problems; and these, though so far abstract that they deal with human nature in general, not with the details of any special portion of history, have yet an application instant and obvious to the present condition of England and the events of the present year. My meaning in another moment will be sufficiently unambiguous, as I shall begin with mentioning some of the special events in question, and go on from these to the general principles that are involved in them. But let me first say a word or two as to what the relation is between the knowledge of such general principles and the practical skill and judgment that deals with the concrete cases.

To men brought up amongst politics, and who approach them from their practical side, there are few sights so ridiculous as the professor turned politician. Carefully thought-out theories, and quick practical sagacity, the insight that comes of thought, and the insight that comes of action, are apt to seem to the common sense of many of us not to be really each other's proper complements, but to be mutually exclusive, and in a kind of bizarre contrast. To call a man a theorist or an academic politician is, with many people, to call him incapable or dangerous—to dismiss him as an imbecile, or to assail him as an incendiary. And in this view of the matter there is a certain amount of truth. For a successful politician two things are needed—one a general knowledge of the human character and the laws of human society; the other a special knowledge of certain times and places, and of the special characters of special bodies of men. Now a certain amount of the general knowledge needed comes by education, we might almost say by instinct, to all of us; but practical sagacity, and a power to manage others, come only to few, and that through a special training. Now it is precisely this training that the academic politician lacks, and he is therefore at complete disadvantage when

compared with practical men. For he at his best does but excel the others in a knowledge which they too are to some extent masters of, whereas they excel him in being masters of what he is wanting in altogether. But though to generalize upon human nature and politics, and to formulate the logic of common sense and experience, does not fit a man, by itself, to become in his own person a politician, it is none the less important that this common sense should be organized. Political philosophy has the same relation to politics that political economy has to business; and there are crises when the general truths of the thinker may have instant and incalculable effect on the conduct of men of action. The politicians who assimilate them may themselves become thinkers, though the thinkers who discovered them may not become politicians; and it is not too much to say of the England of the present moment that there are certain general truths with regard to human nature and civilization which, if once fully recognized by politicians and the public, would make each of our moderate parties better understand the other, and prevent our extreme parties being listened to any longer by any one.

Three special questions are at present before the public, and are still matters of keen popular interest, which will at once lead us to the general truths I speak of. The first of these questions is the relation of landlord to tenant; the second is the relation of the constituencies to the members elected by them; the third is the *raison d'être* of a class of hereditary legislators. With regard to all three opposite sides have been taken; and with regard to all three we are still hearing doctrines of the most *radical* if not of the most revolutionary kind. The Irish Disturbance Bill still finds defenders, who, even if they think that it was faulty in its details, are unable to see that it was the least unsound in principle. The House of Lords, though not practically threatened, is still audibly hissed and cackled against; and a new theory has been broached as to the House of Commons, that its function is not to make laws for the people, but to register and to formulate the laws that the people make.

I propose to take for a text the above three questions, and, noting the various views that our rival parties hold about them, to inquire how these are related to general facts and principles, what it is in the long run that each party is contending for, what is the strength that each party relies upon, what part each plays in the structure of society and civilization.

The typical character of the questions must be at once apparent. They are concrete examples of the oldest of social paradoxes—inequality of wealth, inequality of rank, and the obedience to the few of the many; and they are bringing them all before us in a distinct and “questionable shape.” In these three inequalities is the sum and substance of all that modern Radicalism is supposed to war against; and its call to arms seems at once just and irresistible. Why should the many toil for and obey the few? On what grounds is such an

arrangement defensible? and why do the mass of men any longer tolerate it? What the few have to defend is only the cause of selfishness, and they have only weakness to defend it with. What the many have to win is the welfare of all mankind, and it is surely self-evident that they have enough strength for winning it. Such arguments are old and obvious. They stare us in the face each time we look at society; they have been stated on every side of us, and in every kind of way—in prose and in verse, and with every degree of emphasis.

Men of England, wherefore plow  
For the lords who lay you low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore, bees of England, forge  
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil?

The seed ye sow another reaps;  
The wealth ye find another keeps;  
The robes ye weave another wears;  
The arms ye forge another bears.

In these lines of Shelley we have the whole case before us. We have an eloquent epitome of the whole appeal of Radicalism. And yet, obvious and moving as it may well seem to be, it is still not responded to in any effective way.

This inevitably leads us to certain further considerations. Since the Radical cause has apparently so much strength and so much reason on its side, and yet, in spite of this, is still baffled and powerless, we cannot but suspect that the state of things assailed by it has some secret fitness, if not some secret necessity, which our current Radicalism has neither seen nor reckoned with. No moderate man, indeed, can doubt that such is the case; and to reaffirm it as a generality would be nothing but a useless truism. What I am about to attempt is something more than generalities. I propose to examine, with what accuracy may be possible, the chief facts in the constitution of human nature which cause inequalities apparently so unjust and so precarious, or which insure their again appearing should they be for a time obliterated. I propose to examine how far these inequalities are permanent, and what depends upon their permanence; and how much of what men fear or value will be gained or lost by any possible modifications of them.

First, then, it will be well to remember this—that whatever institutions exist at any given time, exist only because the national strength supports them. Let them be never so unjust or unpopular, this is still the truth. My meaning can be illustrated by a very near exam-

ple. It was said not long since by one of our Liberal newspapers that the House of Lords existed only on sufferance. Now, if the writer meant that the House of Lords was a cipher—that, except in name, it had ceased to exist already—from his own point of view this would doubtless be true enough. But the exact reverse was the case. He was attacking the Lords because they used their authority, not sneering at them because they had lost it; and what he meant to convey was, that in their present unpopular use of it they were borne with only out of a species of good nature or apathy. The people, he implied, could at any moment make them powerless, and were ready at any moment to do so. The idea at the back of this language is a very simple and a very striking one. It is the physical strength of the millions of the people, and the physical weakness of the few hundreds of the peerage. But this appeal in imagination to the physical strength of numbers is altogether misleading, and leaves out of count the most important part of the question. Such strength is only strong in proportion as it is rightly organized, and in proportion as circumstances sting men into making use of it. "I could write," said Tom Hood, "as fine plays as Shakespeare's, if I only had the mind; but the worst of it is, I never have the mind." And precisely the same thing may be said at any time of the people. They can always do anything if they only have the mind to do it. But in that *if* is contained all the difficulty. The fact is that they rarely have the mind, and there are only rare circumstances under which they possibly can have it. A certain amount of fierce excitement is necessary, and such excitement cannot be produced at will. It needs for producing it some strong external stimulus, such as want or insult, which can never be self-applied. The physical strength of the individual, still more the strength of the multitude, depends practically on a number of alien causes. Strength, even in the individual, depends on conditions that are not physical. It depends on the presence or the absence of motive; it depends on knowledge and on ignorance. Let me be never so much stronger than another man, I cannot knock him down unless he gives me sufficient reason for doing so. It is not that I *will* not; it is literally that I *cannot*. If I imagine ignorantly that by some great exertion on my part I can gain some great advantage, my ignorance gives me a strength that would else be absolutely wanting to me. If I imagine death is behind me, I become physically more capable of running. A strong man may be ready to fight when he is angry; but if there is nothing to make him angry, he is as incapable as a coward. Strength that is not available is strength that is non-existent. In the case of the multitude this is still more apparent. To make the multitude strong against existing institutions, we need, besides motive, organization and leadership; and to make these latter possible, the motive must be of some given intensity. For a rebellion or revolution, whichever we please to call it, the first requisite is universal discontent, and discontent of a given temperature. If it falls short of that temperature, it

will no more generate the force required than water, though nearly boiling, will work a steam-engine. There is, further, this great fact to remember. Such discontent cannot be had for the asking. We must all know many men who are discontented enough to be miserable, and to wish all their lives they could better their own condition; and yet, in spite of all this, they make no effort to do so. They long for energy, but no energy comes to them. They possess discontent, but they do not possess enough of it. And the same is the case with the people. Their discontent must be intensified by certain definite causes, and up to a certain point.

Now here is a subject which, though never yet treated scientifically, is yet plainly capable of regular scientific treatment. What are those causes which such discontent is excited by, and what are the laws which regulate it? We can only glance at the matter very briefly here, but a few rough truths may be readily laid down about it. Popular discontent is excited by two causes, and it can no more exist without one or other of these than water can boil without a fire to boil it. One of these causes is physical suffering, and the other is imaginative ambition. We may observe further that between these there is this great difference. The latter is more or less under the control of rulers; the former is not so. Physical suffering, when past a certain point, gives the strength of despair or madness to those who are the victims of it. We cannot so influence men that this shall not be so. If a man is dying with thirst, he will rave for drink as a wild beast does; no education of ours can ever alter that. But, on the other hand, though we cannot suppress this physical longing to drink, we can prevent men who have beer from being wretched that it is not champagne. Such wretchedness as this last is in no way natural or necessary. Its source would be not the physical want which we cannot modify, but the imaginative ambition which we can. Let us presume then in a people so much of well-being, that their natural wants and appetites are fairly satisfied—that life, if no great pleasure, is at least no pain to them. Their strength in this case, as against the existing order of things, depends altogether on their imaginative ambition, and the various ways in which it is excited, checked, or modified.

Now the laws by which this ambition acts are, within certain limits, very easily ascertainable. Its operation is much the same in the multitude as in the individual; only in the former case the ambition needs to be stronger. Now every individual is more or less ambitious; it is one of the commonest of proverbs that no one is quite content. But the ambition that makes discontent a really active stimulus has certain strict limitations. It is limited to something that is more or less near at hand, or that is at any rate thought to be so. And it may be laid down as an axiom in the dynamics of human action, that things desirable excite a working wish for them, not in proportion to their desirableness, but in proportion to the ease with

which they seem attainable. Macbeth, at any time of his life, would have liked to be a king if he could; but his wish never moved him to action till kingship seemed in his grasp. Most country gentlemen would be pleased at being made peers; but their way to getting the honor must be more or less plain to them before the want of the honor gives them the least uneasiness. Precisely the same thing holds good of classes. Their ambition is limited to what seems to be near at hand to them. It is no exception to the great law of nature: it neither does nor can do anything *per saltum*. What thus far has excited our discontented workmen has been the wish to be better paid laborers, not to be capitalists. What is exciting the classes who are at present without the franchise is not the wish to legislate, but the wish to vote for legislators. And in all like cases exactly the same is true. Even in the wildest revolutions the changes aimed at have been gradual: they have only come to be aimed at because they have been, or seemed to have been, things not hard to accomplish. Remote hopes will no more excite masses than a remote magnet will attract steel.

The power of discontent is thus strictly conditioned through the existence of a power its exact opposite—the power of content. Content, as a power, is just as real as discontent. It is just as permanent a factor in human nature and society. It belongs to each man just as surely as does its opposite, and, let him do what he will, he cannot escape its influence. It is the tendency of all men and of all bodies of men to acquiesce in the larger part of the conditions they are born and grow up under, so long as these conditions are at all physically tolerable. Nor is this vast force of content really in opposition to the force of discontent. It is its complement rather than its antithesis. Both of them are equally needful for human welfare; and in so far as human welfare has advanced, the two have been fellow-workers, not antagonists. Were we all entirely contented, society would be in a lethargy; were we all entirely discontented, it would be in a delirium. Without content there could be no order; without discontent there could be no progress; and not only would there be no progress, there would be constant retrogression.

The existence, the well-being, and the upward growth of society depend altogether on the proportion between these two forces. Now this proportion is by no means constant; on the contrary, it is always fluctuating, and is capable of all kinds of modifications. These modifications depend upon two things—one is the instinctive common sense of the masses; the other is the influence of the few whom the masses accept for leaders. The common sense in question is a restraint rather than a stimulus. It rarely initiates movements; its function is to check or to modify them. What initiates movements is the insight or the ambition of the leaders, and these leaders become powerful in proportion as the ends they contemplate can be exhibited or disguised in a form that shall seem desirable to the masses. The



power of all leaders, and of all rulers, is derived from the masses and the masses only. This is no theoretical opinion; this is no party symbol. It is a simple fact, and it can be denied by no one. Everything is literally "broad-based upon the people's will." Only there is this to be added, which is too often forgotten—that the will of the people is not free.

An illustration of this may be found at the present moment in Ireland. There we see the working of both the above forces, and the method of their working. We see content and discontent each equally operative, and each assisting the other. We see the power of content in the fact that the Irish peasant, let him be never so desperate, is desperate for an ideal state that is in most respects like his real one. He is content with squalor and with ignorance, and, within limits, with poverty. He has no longing to be able to buy a palace. All he wants is to pay no rent for his hovel. On the other hand, we see the power of discontent in the fact that, small as in itself this desire may seem to be, he is ready to risk his life for the sake of gratifying it. Now such discontent is due to two causes, partly to physical privation, partly to imaginative ambition; and it is well to note the parts that each of these two plays. The latter would probably be powerless without the former; but the former would be easily manageable if it were not for the latter. Had the Irish peasantry no real distresses to stimulate them, it would be hard for agitators to excite them to any agrarian sedition; but had their distress, on the other hand, had no agitators to manipulate it, the discontent it has given rise to would have lost more than half its persistency. Be it for good or for bad, the political passion of the Irish is due, at the present moment, partly indeed to the physical want of the many, but far more to the advice and teaching of the few. It is only by this latter agency that the natural murmurs caused by a temporary calamity have been turned into a fierce demand for a certain permanent change. Such a change is what the people have come to *will*; but they would not have willed it except under certain conditions, of which a large part is determined not by themselves, but by their leaders.

The process by which the popular will is thus directed to change is the same in all cases. It consists in presenting the change as a picture that shall excite the popular imagination; and the picture, to do this, must have two characteristics of which I have already spoken. It must be in itself desirable, and it must be, or it must seem to be, near and easy to realize.

Now, just as the people are contented because their imagination is controlled by their instinctive reason, so their reason, when they are discontented, is controlled by their imagination. Let them once be excited by some vivid ideal, let some improved condition once seem really near to them, and their critical common sense for the time being leaves them. Thus with the leaders of all great popular movements there rests an enormous and very special responsibility.

Changes that to the imagination seem easy to accomplish, and if accomplished full of nothing but benefits, may be seen by reason to be the exact reverse of this—to be impossible to finish and ruinous to attempt. We may indeed say something much stronger than this. It may be laid down as a universal truth in politics, that social changes are impracticable in proportion as the imagination finds them complete and satisfactory. Failure after failure has warned us how hopeless it is to realize any Utopia. Attempt after attempt has been made, and each has ended in sad or absurd failure. The reason of all this lies deep in the nature of things. It lies in the fact that the most obvious imperfections in all human societies, or, to speak more truly, in all human society, are imperfections inherent naturally in the whole social structure. They are like a number of props or pillars in a large ball-room, which evidently spoil the dancing, but which, if taken away, will let down the ceiling. The first duty, then, of the progressive politician is to distinguish, in the social fabric, between the defects that are an essential part of its structure and the defects that are not, and, however great in themselves the former may seem to be, to forbear exciting in the people any hopes of their removal. To make this distinction is certainly a very difficult thing; and, with the best intentions, men are continually mistaken about it, going too far either one way or the other. We have in this difficulty the logical justification of party government. The required judgment which it is so hard for one set of men to arrive at, is obtained, with a rough accuracy, from the antagonistic judgments of two. The function of the Conservatives is to guard the necessary imperfections in the social structure, the function of the Liberals to attack the curable imperfections. The former have to check the ardor of the latter; the latter has to conquer the jealousy of the former.

But besides these two parties there is yet a third, which we in England now call the Radical. What is the logical function of this, and in what relation does it stand to the others? The word Radicalism is used commonly to denote a sort of ardent Liberalism, or else as an offensive synonym for Liberalism of any sort. It is not seen generally that between the two there is any essential difference—a difference not in degree, but in kind and principle. Such, however, is most emphatically the case. Whereas the logical function of Liberalism is to improve society, the logical function of Radicalism is to destroy it. Both parties equally aim at imperfections; but whereas Liberalism aims only at removing rubbish and lumber, Radicalism puts its crowbar to props and pillars as well.

It may be said perhaps that this use of the word *Radical* is an entirely arbitrary one. But it is not so, and for this reason. The Radical party in England is distinguished by certain marks—by its inculcation of certain principles and its advocacy of certain measures; and these have all of them one common tendency—the tendency just described. They tend not to ameliorate but to destroy society.

We have had lately one of the clearest illustrations that were ever given of where Liberalism ends and Radicalism begins, and how easy it is, through ignorance or trepidation, to be hurried over the Rubicon that divides the two. I refer to the Irish Disturbance Bill of the present Government. The present Government, with all honesty of intention, is a strictly Liberal, and in no way a Radical one; and yet the measure in question, though not designed to be so, was one of the most radical that it is possible to imagine. This, however, though discerned by many, was not by any means self-evident upon the surface; on the contrary, a stanch Conservative might quite conceivably have found much to say for it. Let us briefly consider it, and the difficulty it was designed to meet. Property in land is of all questions the one in which the imperfections necessary to all human civilization become most apparently imperfect and least apparently necessary. Let us suppose the case of a poor family who have occupied a farm for generations, held of an absentee landlord. Their cottage, the hills and fields about them, cannot but seem in a very deep sense their property. The cottage is the work of their own hands; it is their industry that has made the fields fertile; and the whole spot is, by countless memories, made a part of their very lives. The fact that they occupy this at the pleasure of another—that another can tear them, if he pleases, from what is almost one half of themselves—seems, at first sight, to be monstrous even in theory. The fact that he actually will do this, if, through no fault of their own, they are unable to pay their rent, seems more monstrous still. Rent, under such circumstances, comes to seem an extortion—an evil easily remediable, and one that ought instantly to be remedied. This is how the case appears to the eye of the imagination. The landlord assumes the aspect of an oppressor. He is the chief, as Shelley says in the lines before quoted,

Of those stingless drones that spoil  
The forced produce of your toil;

and any measure that stops short of the abolition of rent altogether may well seem moderate—we might almost say conservative.

But if we turn from imagination, and examine the case by reason, its entire aspect changes. It is true, indeed, that nothing can change our view of the piteousness of the lot of the poor peasant who, through the badness of the seasons, or even through his own improvidence, is unable to pay his rent, and is therefore driven homeless from his home. But we shall see that his misfortune is in no way to be laid at the landlord's door, and that, if the latter does anything to avert or to relieve it, his act is one of generosity, not of justice; it is an act we may expect of the *man*, not one that we can demand of the landlord. We shall see that the misfortune of the impoverished tenant does not differ essentially from any other misfortune—does not differ from those that are caused by pestilences, or shipwreck, or any

unforeseen and impersonal visitation; and that to require the landlord, more than the rest of the community, to relieve it, is as unjust as to require a seaside village to make good the loss to the owners of the vessels wrecked upon its coast.

If we turn from a rural to a town tenantry, we can see this more clearly, and also if we turn from a poor tenant to a rich one; yet it will be plain that in matter of principle all cases are the same. I am the owner, let us suppose, of a large house in London. For various reasons I cannot live in London myself, and I let my house to a rich merchant. Some remote and sudden calamity—some storm or earthquake, say, in the West Indies—destroys a large part of this merchant's property, and his income is reduced to a tithe of what it was. It is plainly not to be expected that if my tenant becomes too poor to continue his tenancy, I am bound out of my own purse to make him again rich enough to do so. Or let me suppose myself the owner, not of one house, but a street, which I let to any occupants who will pay me the rent I ask them. My tenants, we will say, are a hundred skilled workmen, all in the employment of some one capitalist. The whole hundred go for a day's holiday down the Thames on a steamer. The steamer founders, all the men are drowned, and their families are left without any means of livelihood. Now that all these families should be turned out of house and home seems doubtless a cruel thing; but the cruelty, were they so turned out, would not lie with me. It would lie partly with nature—with the events, probably quite impersonal, which caused the steamer's foundering; and still more with the people, who might, but who would not, neutralize this cruelty. But who would these people be? I should be amongst them doubtless; but I should be only one amongst many. They would comprise the whole general public; and the sufferers would be objects of assistance, not because calamity in any way cancelled their debt to me, but because in spite of their calamity they were still my debtors. Suppose the people are starving. The right way to relieve them is not to force the bakers to give them bread gratis, but to raise a subscription that shall enable them to buy bread. So, too, in the case of rent, what we should aim at is to enable the impoverished to pay it, not to assist them in any way to avoid paying it. Debt for the occupation of land differs in no essential point from debt of other kinds—from debt for food or clothing. It differs only in the fact that its real nature is more liable to be mistaken. It is not only easier for the imagination to misrepresent it, but the imagination, in certain cases, almost inevitably tends to do so. Nor is it only the imagination that does this. Reason, by only a very slight confusion, will do the same thing. The value of land depends of course on its productiveness, and its productiveness depends largely on certain conditions of climate. Now, should change of climate permanently lessen this productiveness, rent, as a matter of necessity, must eventually be lessened also. Such a change, however, would involve no new principle; its amount and its necessity could

only be determined by the price that the land would fetch in open auction, and the same law that might at one time make this fall would at another force it to rise. Such fluctuations as these would alter in no degree the percentage on the land's value that the tenant was to pay. His position, as regards his landlord, would not be even modified. But the above simple and obvious fact may easily be taken to support an altogether false theory. The fact that rent must fall as the value of land falls, so that the percentage paid upon it may always remain the same, is distorted into the precisely opposite view, that as the value falls the percentage in question must not be the same, but diminish, and when once diminished must be never increased again.

All these misconceptions with regard to land-tenure were apparent in the memorable Disturbance Bill of the present Government. The Bill was meant to be Liberal, and it was profoundly Radical. Instead of taxing the public it would have been robbing a class. Instead of raising money to buy bread, it would have been ordering the bakers to supply bread gratis.

That the Government itself has any such intentions as this, no one thinks for a moment. There are men, however, amongst the professed friends of the Government, who have, and who would be glad to make us believe that the Government has also. In many quarters out of Parliament, and unfortunately not out of Parliament only, landlords have been held up to odium merely because they are landlords; the possession of land has been treated as though it were a thing in itself criminal like the possession of slaves; and strong endeavors have been made to excite the popular passion against it.

These endeavors are quite important enough to demand careful attention. Here indeed it is impossible to do more than glance at them; but we can examine briefly the chief arguments they are supported by, and see what these imply, and what is the end they lead to. The idea, or rather the *image*, that all these arguments rest upon, is one I have already indicated. It is that of the idle owner of the soil being supported, for no useful purpose, by the industrious occupier; and, as I have before admitted, it is easy to make out of this a very pretty picture for the purpose of agitation. But let us examine the matter more calmly. Let us ask first for the definition of this wicked thing, a landlord. Certainly the agitators of the present day do not mean by a landlord a man merely who owns land; for it seems one of the chief parts of their programme that the owners of land shall be multiplied. To become owners is the ideal bait that they are always holding out to the people. It seems, then, that to be a landlord—that is, to own land wickedly—cannot be to own land merely, but to own it without occupying it. But what then is the meaning of occupation? Does one only occupy land when one tills the whole of it with one's own hands or with the hands of one's own family? Or is one allowed also to have hired laborers? If so, where will these laborers be? Will each of them have a freehold of his own? It would seem

so; for if not, he must be the tenant of the man he works for, or of some one else, and the ideal owner will be turned into the wicked landlord. If we push to their logical outcome the opinions on land which the Radical school of to-day are trying to make popular, to this favor they must come. The doctrines to which they reduce themselves are indeed startling. They may be briefly stated as follows. For all men who are not enemies of humanity, and are not to be treated as criminals, two kinds of status are, in this connection, allowable, and two only. A man may be either the freeholder of a house without any land at all, or he may be the freeholder of a house with as much land in addition to it as he shall farm himself. And these last words, "*as he shall farm himself*," are to be understood in the narrowest sense possible. Whatever may be the details of the exact license allowed by them, they shut out, at all events, every kind of arrangement by which an owner can free himself from personal supervision of some rural industry. Let his land produce what it will, he must have some direct share himself in making it productive. He may not pay another to do his work for him. Not only may he let his land to no farmer; he may not even employ any kind of agent. The employment of an agent would place him in the position of a landlord. Those who worked for him would practically be his tenants; and the profits of the land, less the laborer's wages and the agent's salary, would be but our old enemy rent, called by another name. Every proprietor, then, must belong to some species of working farmer; and this implies indirectly that he must be a farmer of a very small kind. This limitation, indeed, is not only implied, but is expressly stated, in the Radical programme, since no measure could be so bitterly opposed as the eviction by the landlords of all the tenant farmers, and the resumption of all the land in their own hands. The ultimate principles, then, of the modern Radical school must, if that school is consistent, amount to this: that the only inhabitants of a country which should be tolerated are working farmers of the smallest possible kind; and that for any one to rise above this condition is a crime against society, and should be prevented strictly by the laws. The ideal landowner of Radicalism is literally *adscriptus glebæ*. If he is unfit for rural labor, or is fit for something higher, he must let his land lie idle, or else part with it altogether. Though it might suit him and might suit his neighbor too, he must not let his neighbor rent it. Tom and Harry, we will say, have two adjoining potato-patches. Tom has an accident which will prevent his working for some years. Harry, on the contrary, is a man of unusual strength. Harry wants to be allowed to dig Tom's potato-patch on condition that he shall have one half of the produce, giving Tom the other. By this arrangement they would both be benefited; but the law of Radicalism intervenes and forbids it. In the eye of such law, Tom, instead of accommodating Harry, would be injuring and oppressing him; and Harry would be a party to the crime in allowing himself to be oppressed. Tom would be turning himself into

a "stingless drone," spoiling the forced produce of Harry's toil. The old relation of landlord and tenant—the tyrannous landlord and the oppressed tenant—would be again introduced.

That any rational man really holds such views as these, or that even the most discontented and seditious populace would see anything in them very attractive, is indeed not to be expected. But if the Radicals do not mean this, what is it that they do mean? They cannot mean, we see, that to own land and allow another to occupy it is in all cases and of itself criminal. They must mean, then, that it is only criminal when done on a certain scale, and what is really wrong in our present system is not the existence of landlords, but the existence of large landlords. But this position, whatever be its truth or falsehood, is of a totally distinct kind from the one we have been just considering, and the current Radical rhetoric is entirely inapplicable to it. The size to which it might be desirable that landed estates should be limited is an exceedingly complex question; but let this limit be fixed where it will, the apparent injustice that inheres in the present system is in no way lessened. If a man finds it hard to pay his rent, and is in danger of losing his house if he does not pay it, his case is made no better by his being his landlord's only tenant. The only difference is that where a landlord has many tenants, it is easier to distort the situation, and to represent as a piece of oppression what is really in its essence a piece of simple justice. The starving industrious tenant and the full-fed idle landlord do indeed make a very effective contrast, and all our sympathies are enlisted by it on behalf of the sufferer, whose sufferings seem plainly to be due to the heartless cruelty of the other. But let us, instead of picturing a rich landlord and a poor tenant, picture tenant and landlord as both equally poor, and all this false contrast, all this unreal pathos, ceases. The tenant, we then see, may be unfortunate, but he is certainly not oppressed, and the other's demand for rent is nothing but a right and just one. And yet the tenant's case is no whit bettered. It is no easier for him to pay five pounds to a pauper than to a plutocrat, nor is it a less hardship to be driven out of one's house by the one than by the other. And the peasant landlord who receives rent for two acres is, in relation to his tenant, as much a "stingless drone" living by the toil of another as is the ducal landlord who receives the rent of two hundred thousand, and would deserve as much or as little to be called an enemy of the people. Reason and common sense can make no distinction between the two cases.

Let us picture to ourselves another situation that is just analogous—that of a poor curate and his tailor. If the tailor is but the simple artist of the village, we shall see nothing to excite our feelings in his pressing for the payment of his account. There will be no tyranny, no injustice in that. But if, on the contrary, he is the fat, vulgar, prosperous owner of some great town establishment, demanding money from his pale care-worn debtor, what a painful scene we may

conjure up to ourselves! Yet we can only maintain the tailor to be not strictly in the right by maintaining that curates ought to be clothed at the expense of tailors; or, in other words, that if the vicar pays the curate too little, the tailor must increase this payment out of his own pocket. Between the poor and the rich tailor it is plain that there is here no difference, so far as their relation to the curate goes. And the same is the case with poor and rich landlords. We are not justified in defrauding a man of his due because he is fat, or idle, or vulgar, or insolent, or proud, or prosperous. Whatever may be his relations to others, or whatever may be his own character, that makes no difference to us. If I hire a piece of land for a given sum from him, I am not licensed to break my contract because a number of other people have made a like contract with him, or because he has a fine house in London, and prefers a town life to a country one. I am not licensed to rob him because his manners are more polished than mine, nor am I freed from every obligation of an honest man or a citizen because he keeps a French cook and I live upon porridge.

Let us only consider the question carefully and dispassionately, and it will become more and more clear to us how misleading a thing in politics the imagination may be, and how utterly opposed to every dictate of reason. And it is to the political imagination, not to the political reason, that the Radical school among us are now busy appealing. Well indeed in philosophy has the imagination been called "that false and froward faculty;" but it may with even greater propriety be so called in politics. Like fire, it may be a good servant, though it is a bad master; and at times it may be well for the masses that their leaders should stimulate it. But it should be stimulated only with the utmost care and caution, or any moment it may play us false. It is as cunning and as full of shifts as Satan. It can make truths seem lies; it can make justice look like tyranny; it can make robbery look like justice. And these are the tricks that, if not watched incessantly, it is sure to play us. If watched, it will show us the path of progress; but if not watched, it will lead us to destruction. There is one constant sorcery which it is always ready to practice on us—that of making the impossible seem possible. It is always ready to mock us with the mirage of a land of promise, so fair that by comparison our present home seems a wilderness, but which, when we approach it, is found to conceal a wilderness so hideous that by comparison our present home will seem a Paradise.

The land question, as I have said already, is the easiest of all questions for the imagination to thus manipulate; but if we once allow it to guide us there, it will by no means let go its hold on us. The attack on landlords as a class of unjust proprietors is, as we have seen, to the eye of reason nothing more or less than an attack upon all property, or at least upon all property beyond a certain magnitude. This fact the political imagination at first conceals from us; but what is at first a concealed implication may very soon be turned by it into an explicit



doctrine. Indeed, as a fact, we see this to be the case about us. The Radicalism that begins with land does go on to attack all property, or at least all those gradations of property by which society is made to have a base and a summit, with the many poor below and the rich few above. And a striking piece of injustice this certainly seems to be, and a fit thing for all friends of mankind to war against. It will be impossible to avoid such a view if the political imagination is to be the thing that guides us. But let us seek counsel of the cold critical reason, and our state of mind will suffer a very singular change. Much of what the imagination tells us, reason will admit fully. It will allow to the full that the present structure of society is not ideally perfect; it may perhaps admit even that, in all its essential points, it is the very opposite of perfection—that it is the embodied negation of all the imagination asks for. But reason does not stop here. Admitting that what is is bad, it goes on to inquire how far this can be bettered; and it discerns that, so far as the deeper imperfections go, no alteration is possible, and that the ideal societies, by which the imagination condemns the actual, are impracticable and delusive in exact proportion as their deeper imperfections disappear from them.

This is not evident on the surface; it takes some trouble to discern it, and, when once discerned, it may be very easily forgotten. But this is no more than saying that the structure of society is to be understood only by cool thought and reason, not by the imagination. The great underlying social truths appeal as little to the feelings, or can be as little unraveled by them, as a problem of Euclid; and they are as little self-evident as other complex problems.

Let us now consider this question of property and its inequalities, and the part played by inequality in the building of the social structure, or, if we like better to say so, in the life of the social organism. The chief materials for the inquiry are not far to seek. In the first place, there is one broad fact written in monster characters across the races that make up mankind, and written with equal clearness both in past and present; and that fact is, that, up to the present moment, equality in property has meant the same thing as savagery, and that inequality in property has always coexisted with what we mean by civilization. It has always, that is, coexisted with every kind of progress—with progress in the arts, with progress in the sciences, with progress in the conquest by mind of matter. Every heritage of thought, or beauty, or legal wisdom, that has come down to us from the past, has come down to us from societies built up by inequality, and divided into rich and poor, privileged and unprivileged. There is not one of the great civilizations of the past but tells with a solemn plainness this hard truth. Babylon and Egypt, Athens and Rome, and modern Europe through all its changes, are all unanimous and unequivocal in their witness. All this can be denied by nobody; but how is the fact treated by modern Radicalism? Admitting that hitherto inequality and civilization have gone together, modern Radicalism teaches that their connection

is accidental, not necessary; and its dream for the future is to unite what have hitherto seemed incompatible, the amenities of progressive civilization with the equalities of stagnant savagery.

Now this union I conceive to be demonstrably impossible; and though the science of human action can never be properly an exact science, I conceive that it can be made quite exact enough to prove the truth of this. The general outline of the argument will be as follows. All material and all intellectual progress have been only possible through the agency of the few. I do not say that the few have been the authors of progress, but that they have been the necessary agents of it. The most exceptional genius that has ever lived may perhaps have been the creature of his age, only made possible by the exact conditions surrounding him. But though he is in the first case the creature of his surroundings, he becomes in his turn the modifier or the creator of them also. He is the means by which the age reacts upon itself, and in one way or another transmutes its own character: and if it is true to say that the masses really make the character of their leaders, it is equally true to say that the leaders make the character of the masses. Granting then the necessity for progress of individual leadership, let us inquire by what motives individuals are stimulated to lead. These motives I believe to be quite capable of scientific treatment. I believe that perfectly safe generalizations may be made about them—so safe, indeed, that, in their most general form, they will seem but a single truism. The first, then, and the chief motive—the only motive that may be always counted on—by which any one man is moved to lead or direct others, is the desire that in some way or other he may *signalize* himself—in other words, that he may acquire a special and unequal share of some kind of property. I use the word *property* here in a wider sense than usual, meaning by it not only material possessions, but power and consideration also. Power and consideration, however, are almost always associated with material possessions—with property, that is, in the common sense of the word, and the exceptions to this rule are so few, and of such a nature, that material property may be said, in a general way, to be the measure and the symbol of property altogether. Almost the only cases\* where ambition does not imply an increase of material wealth are cases where the material wealth is exceptionally great to start with, so that its presence even here is really as much required as elsewhere. It may

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\* It is true that there is a small class of philosophers, of men of letters, and of men of science, to whom this seems not to apply. Their labors seem to be motivated principally by taste or by curiosity. But about this class of men there are several facts to be noticed. In the first place, it is a small class; secondly, ambition of some sort has never been really wanting to it. Let a great thinker or discoverer be never so disinterested, he will feel himself neglected if the rewards, to which he seems indifferent, are not given him. And lastly the class in question is composed of men who are agents in progress indirectly only. They may discover truths, but they do not apply them. They give others the means of leading men, but they do not lead men themselves.

be laid down, therefore, that all human action that tends to progress and civilization is primarily motived by one desire—the desire to acquire property; and conversely, that without this desire, and without the means of gratifying it, no progress of any kind is possible. Poverty and riches, obscurity and dignity, are, in other words, the positive and negative poles of all social energy; and from one to the other of these the currents of action flow. There is one great example that will show us the truth of this—I mean commerce. In the case of commerce the truth of what has just been said is self-evident; and commerce is in this respect the image of all progressive, of all civilizing activities. It is the image of invention, and of manufacture and the practical application of science. Progress in all these branches would have been impossible—if we only saw the matter completely, it would have been *unthinkable*—without the desire in individuals to acquire property, and without the certain prospect before them of being able to do so.

In so far, then, as the Radical scheme tends to equalize property, it tends to paralyze civilization in the very act of diffusing it, and to debase the coin in the very act of distributing it. But it has a far deeper defect in it than this. Let the ideal state it aims at have never so many things to recommend it, it contains in itself the elements of its own dissolution. For not only is the constant struggle and ambition of the individual needed to advance civilization; it is needed also if we would keep civilization from retrograding.

Sic omnia fati  
In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri:  
Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

This surely is patent upon the very face of things. To preserve our material civilization even in its present state, there is a vast amount of skill and knowledge requisite, which men will only take the trouble to master for the sake of some adequate reward, and which, in the absence of any incentive to master it, might readily become lost to mankind altogether. But this is not all. If it is thus evident that there must be a minority to direct labor, it is still more evident that there must be labor to direct. There must be the delicate labor of the skilled operative; there must be the brute labor of the born and bred toiler. It is only through such agencies that railways, telegraphs, steamers, the diffusion of knowledge through printing, and the acquirement of knowledge through travel, can be still preserved among us; and all these agencies are extinguished by equality. Equality, then, can mean nothing more than ruin. It can mean no process of leveling up—no leveling up to the higher conditions, no leveling up even to the middle ones, but a general leveling down to a level below the lowest. Presently, too, it would be seen to mean something beyond this. It is conceivable that, through the appliances of civilization, the people might unite so as to destroy civilization; but they would be

parting with their strength in the very act of using it. The appliances through which they could unite, either physically or in sentiment, are appliances that would go to ruin if they ceased to labor to maintain them; and with the falling to pieces of this vast material tissue, the proletariat would be once more disunited, once more broken into fragments, torn asunder by local ignorance and by local interest, and would consequently once more fall under the dominion of the stronger few. Inequality would be seen to be a Phoenix, which not only, if it died, would die amidst flame and ashes, but which out of those very ashes would be sure to redevelop itself.

These facts and arguments can only be briefly stated here, or rather they can be indicated only, not stated at all. What I have said, however, will be enough to suggest my meaning, if not to describe it—to illustrate that great distinction that I most wish to insist on between the political imagination and the political reason, and to show how the former, if not controlled by the latter, must inevitably lead to destruction and not to progress. It remains, however, to apply my observations to two more inequalities besides that of property—those namely, of rank and of political power. These two inequalities differ from that of property, not in being less necessary to the structure of civilization, but in being less uniform in the shape they take; they are not indeed altogether the same in any two countries. The principle, however, that is involved in them, and the needs they meet, are the same everywhere; and though in their various forms they may be *national*, in their *raison d'être* they are *human*. The only forms of them I am now concerned with are those assumed by them in our own country, and the underlying principles are in this case more plain perhaps and better embodied than in any other. I refer to the powers and the position of the two Houses of Parliament, and to the attacks which our current Radicalism is at this moment making on them.

Let me speak of the House of Lords first. In this House we have embodied a principle which is of all the most repugnant to the untutored political imagination. Nothing certainly can at first sight seem at once more unjust and more irrational than that great legislative powers should be vested in a body of men who are not required as individuals to have one special talent for government or legislation. This apparent anomaly is so great and so striking that there is no need for me here to dwell at length upon it. But let us apply reason to this question, and it will soon appear that this apparent anomaly is but the visible embodiment of a law and a necessity that is as old as human nature itself. We have seen already that the desire of acquiring property is the one universal stimulus to all progressive action; and that, in the case of material progress, the property in question is nearly always material. In politics, however, this need not be the case. It is notorious that the stimulus here may be of two kinds—it may be either power and consideration, or else it may be material fortune. Now these two kinds of stimulus have, from the popular stand-

point, two very different tendencies. In so far as a politician is stimulated by the desire of making a fortune, the public can have no security that he will consider the public welfare; but in so far as he aims at power and consideration, they have such a security of the very strongest kind. The army-contractor who wishes to make money out of a war may supply bad provisions to even his own country; but the general who wishes to become famous by a war will do all he can to make his soldiery efficient. The ideal politician, then, would be a man incapable of being seduced by ambitions of the lower kind. Human nature, however, being what it is, there is but one way by which a man becomes thus incapable, and that is by having such ambitions more or less gratified to start with. Now a class to whom power, wealth, and consideration come by birth, and without any exertion of its own, is a class that supplies us with a type of man like this. It can of course only do so imperfectly; nor will any one maintain literally that the average English peer is a man insensible to the lower forms of ambition. But take the English peers as a class, and it may be said without exaggeration that there not only is not in England, but that we cannot conceive there being, any body of men, so necessarily and so permanently exempt, in all their public action, from any temptations to dishonorable and fraudulent conduct. And that this exemption is due not to their personal characters, but to their position, is what gives the peerage its chief political value. For on personal character by itself we cannot count, but on position we can; and personal character, through all its uncertain variations, is modified by position in a certain calculable way. Politically, therefore, the right way to regard the peerage is not to regard it as a number of individuals who by the accident of birth are invested with arbitrary privileges, but to regard it as a permanent force and principle—as hereditary prudence, hereditary honesty, and, despite much that might doubtless be said to the contrary, as hereditary ambition of the most useful and the most disinterested kind. The very fact then about the peerage, which to the Radical imagination is an anomaly and an injustice, is a fact that by reason and by prudence is seen to be in the fullest accordance at once with justice and with wisdom.

And now finally let us glance at another Radical doctrine, which has startled us this year, with regard to the House of Commons. It has been asserted, as I have before noticed, that the function of this House is not to make laws for the people, but to register the laws that the people make. No doctrine certainly could seem more flattering to the masses, or more likely to stimulate them in their attempts to control Parliament; and no doctrine to the imagination could seem more just and satisfactory. But here again is the same story. Let reason step in, and the forward imagination is at once dashed and rebuked by it, and what at first seemed calm and noble wisdom is revealed in its true form as malignant madness. The very

aim and essence of all government is to free the people from themselves, not to enslave them to themselves, or, if we prefer to put it in this way, to make the wiser part of themselves control the less wise. The people, as controlling Parliament, represent not the national will, but the national passions and the national temper; and Parliament really fulfils its true function in proportion as it modifies or gives pause to these, not in proportion as from session to session it yields to them. Modern Radicalism, in regard to this matter, as in regard to others, is an appeal to the political imagination of the many, in defiance of what might be developed into the political reason of all.

What then is the genesis of modern Radicalism? The people as a mass are evidently not responsible for it, though the masses supply the material in which it works. Those who are responsible for it are those individuals, or those cliques of men, who, rising from the masses, or at all events appealing to them, manipulate or arouse discontent into certain dangerous forms. The question follows, why do such men act thus? And the answers to this question will be various. It cannot be denied that there is such a thing as the malignant democrat, who, having full sagacity to see, or at least to suspect, that the measures he proposes may be either ruinous or delusive, is yet prepared to do and dare anything by which he personally may contrive to raise himself; and again there are others who, in appealing to the people, have the faith, that comes of ignorance, in all kinds of impossible reformations. Again there are others of more sober kind, and perhaps in more responsible situations, who become accidental Radicals on this or on that occasion, though not seeing fully the true nature and consequences of this or of that line of action. Of these last I need not speak here. All I need here speak of are not the accidental, but the systematic Radicals; and with regard to these there are two cautions to be given, one of which may be supposed to be addressed to the people, the other to themselves. To the people I would say, when any of their more vehement champions address them: "Consider this man's character, his birth, his history, and his motives. Use your own shrewdness to see if, when he is preaching equality to you, he is not secretly desirous of rising himself; and if your shrewdness leads you to suspect this, then suspect every word he utters to you, every doctrine he formulates." Whilst to such Radical leaders themselves I should say: "Your wish to rise is no crime; it may be used so as to become a virtue; but in trying to gain power by exciting the popular imagination you are playing with edge-tools; and if you dare to excite it without most careful and dispassionate consideration of the means employed by you—if you suffer your views to be distorted by vulgar envy of those above you, and disguise your own desire to be in a higher place than you are in the anarchic doctrine that there should be no high places at all—then you merit every epithet of contempt, of hatred, and condemnation,

both from the people whom you are trying to lead, and the rulers against whom you are trying to lead them. Some of you," I should say, "are fond of declaring that Parliament, as the voice of the nation, is in all political matters omnipotent and irresponsible, and that no form of property is held but at its will. It might, for instance, you say, expropriate the landlords, and redistribute their land. And it is conceivable that it might do this, and much more than this. But though it made laws and unmade them, it would still be not omnipotent. There would all the time be a greater law-giver than it, whose laws it might indeed break, but not long with impunity. That law-giver is human nature itself, and its laws are those by which all human civilization is compelled to construct itself—the laws of property, of inequality, and of obedience. These laws, it is true, may seem hard; but under some of her aspects is not Nature hard everywhere, and is not she more hard on us the more we disregard her? And this social law of hers is indeed a stone which, if it fall on us, will grind us all to powder. It may seem doubtless that at present progress is setting in the direction you dream of—that one by one the hard laws are being eluded and replaced by others. But what you call progress is really something quite different. It is not progress, but dissolution. Our civilization is not the first that the world has known; in some ways it is not the greatest; and there is no reason whatever to suppose that it is exceptionally stable. If it has stronger forces to defend it, it has also stronger forces to menace it—forces which are at present quite manageable, but which the delusive teaching of Radicalism might in time rouse to fury, and might at any moment render mischievous. The Radical politician cannot be too strongly reminded that there are two prospects open to men—advance and retrogression; and that the latter is as possible as the former has been taught us terribly many times by history. It will be well for him if he remember that the surest retrogressions are attempts at impossible progress; and that, if ever he be inclined to doubt this, he remember the sober warning of Sainte-Beuve: 'Rien de plus prompt à baisser que la civilisation dans les crises comme celle-ci: on perd en trois semaines le résultat de plusieurs siècles. . . . La sauvagerie est toujours là à deux pas, et dès qu'on lâche pied, elle recommence.'"

W. H. MALLOCK, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

## ROBERT BURNS.\*

## AN ADDRESS.

THE year 1759 was a proud year for Great Britain. Two years before, amid universal disaster, Lord Chesterfield had exclaimed, "We are no longer a nation." But meanwhile Lord Chatham had restored to his country the scepter of the seas and covered her name with the glory of continuous victory. The year 1759 saw his greatest triumphs. It was the year of Minden, where the French army was routed; of Quiberon, where the French fleet was destroyed; of the heights of Abraham in Canada, where Wolfe died happy and the dream of French supremacy upon the American continent vanished forever. The triumphant thunder of British guns was heard all around the world. Robert Clive was founding British dominion in India; Boscawen and his fellow-admirals were sweeping France from the ocean; and in America Colonel George Washington had planted the British flag on the field of Braddock's defeat. "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is," said Horace Walpole, "for fear of missing one."

But not only in politics and war was the genius of Great Britain illustrious. James Watt was testing the force of steam; Hargraves was inventing the spinning-jenny, which ten years later Arkwright would complete; and Wedgwood was making household ware beautiful. Fielding's "Tom Jones" had been ten years in print, and Gray's "Elegy" nine years. Dr. Johnson had lately published his dictionary, and Edmund Burke his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. In the year 1765 Garrick was the first of actors and Sir Joshua Reynolds of painters. Gibbon dated in this year the preface of his first work; Hume published the third and fourth volumes of his history of England; Robertson his History of Scotland; and Sterne came to London to find a publisher for "Tristram Shandy;" Oliver Goldsmith, "unfriended, solitary," was toiling for the booksellers in his garret over Fleet Ditch; but four years later, with Burke and Reynolds and Garrick and Johnson, he would found the most famous of literary clubs and sell the "Vicar of Wakefield" to save himself from ail. It was a year of events decisive of the course of history, and of men whose fame is an illustrious national possession. But among those events none is more memorable than the birth of a son in the poorest of Scotch homes; and of all that renowned and resplendent throng of statesmen, soldiers, and seamen, of philosophers, poets, and inventors,

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\* An address at the unveiling of a statue of Burns, in the Central Park, New York, October 2, 1880.



whose fame filled the world with acclamation, not one is more gratefully and fondly remembered than the Ayrshire plowman, Robert Burns.

This great assembly is in large part composed of his countrymen. You, fellow-citizens, were mostly born in Scotland. There is no more beautiful country, and as you stand here memory and imagination recall your native land. Misty coasts and far-stretching splendors of summer sea; solemn mountains and wind-swept moors; singing streams and rocky glens and water-falls; lovely vales of Ayr and Yarrow, of Teviot and the Tweed; crumbling ruins of ancient days, abbey and castle and tower; legends of romance gilding burn and brae with "the light that never was on sea or land;" every hill with its heroic tradition, every stream with its story, every valley with its song; land of the harebell and the mountain daisy, land of the laverock and the curlew, land of braw youths and sonsie lasses, of a deep, strong, melancholy manhood, of a deep, true, tender womanhood,—this is your Scotland, this is your native land. And how could you so truly transport it to the home of your adoption, how interpret it to us beyond the sea, so fully and so fitly, as by this memorial of the poet whose song is Scotland? No wonder that you proudly bring his statue and place it here under the American sun, in the chief American city, side by side with that of the other great Scotchman whose genius and fame, like the air and the sunshine, no local boundary can confine. In this Valhalla of our various nationality it will be long before two fellow-countrymen are commemorated whose genius is at once so characteristically national and so broadly universal, who speak so truly for their own countrymen and for all mankind, as Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

This season, of the reddening leaf, of sunny stillness, and of roaring storm, especially befits this commemoration, because it was at this season that the poet was peculiarly inspired, and because the wild and tender, the wayward and golden-hearted autumn is the best symbol of his genius. The sculptor has imagined him in some hour of pensive and ennobling meditation, when his soul, amid the hush of evening, in the falling year, was exalted to an ecstasy of passionate yearning and regret; and here, rapt into silence, just as the heavenly melody is murmuring from his lips, here he sits and will sit forever. It was in October that Highland Mary died. It was in October that the hymn to Mary in heaven was written. It was in October, ever afterward, that Burns was lost in melancholy musing as the anniversary of her death drew near. Yet within a few days, while his soul might seem to have been still lifted in that sorrowful prayer, he wrote the most rollicking, resistless, and immortal of drinking songs:—

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan came to prie,  
Three blither hearts that lee lang night  
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

Here were the two strains of this marvelous genius, and the voices of the two spirits that went with him through life:—

He raised a mortal to the skies,  
He drew an angel down't.

This was Burns. This was the blended poet and man. What sweetness and grace! What soft, pathetic, penetrating melody, as if all the sadness of shaggy Scotland had found a voice! What whispering witchery of love! What boisterous, jovial humor, excessive, daring, unbridled!—satire of the kirk so scorching and scornful, that John Knox might have burst indignant from his grave, and shuddering ghosts of Covenanters have filled the mountains with a melancholy wail; a genius so masterful, a charm so universal, that it drew farmers from the fields when his coming was known, and men from their tavern beds at midnight to listen delighted until dawn.

It cannot be said of Burns that he "burst his birth's invidious bar." He was born poor, he lived poor, he died poor, and he always felt his poverty to be a curse. He was fully conscious of himself and of his intellectual superiority. He disdained and resented the condescension of the great, and he defiantly asserted his independence. I do not say that he might not or ought not to have lived tranquilly and happily as a poor man. Perhaps, as Carlyle suggests, he should have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry. We only know that he did not. Like an untamable eagle he dashed against the bars he could not break, and his life was a restless, stormy alternation of low and lofty moods, of pure and exalted feeling, of mad revel and impotent regret. His pious mother crooned over his cradle snatches of old ballads and legends of which her mind was full. His father, silent, austere, inflexibly honest, taught him to read good books, books whose presence in his poor cottage helps to explain the sturdy mental vigor of the Scotch peasantry. But the ballads charmed the boy. He could not turn a tune, but driving the cart, or plowing, or digging in the field, he was still saying the verses over and over, his heart answering, like a shell the sea, until when he was fifteen he composed a song himself upon a lassie who drew his eye and his heart; and so, as he says, love and poetry began with him together.

For ten years his life was a tale of fermenting youth; toiling and moiling, turning this way and that, to surveying and flax-dressing, in the vain hope of finding a fairer chance; a lover of all the girls and the master of the revels everywhere; brightening the long day of peat-cutting with the rattling fire of wit that his comrades never forgot; writing love-songs, and fascinated by the wild smuggler boys of Kirkoswald; led by them into bitter shame and self-reproach, but turning with all the truculence of heady youth upon his moral censors and taunting them with immortal ridicule. At twenty-five, when his father was already laid in Alloway kirkyard, the seed of old national legend which his mother had dropped into his cradle began to shoot into

patriotic feeling and verse, and Burns became conscious of distinct poetic ambition. For two years he followed the plow and wrote some of his noblest poems. But the farm which he tilled with his brother was unproductive, and at the very time that his genius was most affluent his conduct was most wayward. Distracted by poetry and poverty and passion, and brought to public shame, he determined to leave the country, and in 1786, when he was twenty-seven years old, Burns published his poems by subscription to get the money to pay his passage to America. Ah! could that poor, desperate plowman of Mossgiel have foreseen this day, could he have known that because of these poems, an abiding part of literature, familiar to every people, sung and repeated in American homes from sea to sea, his genius would be honored and his name blessed and his statue raised with grateful pride to keep his memory in America green forever, perhaps the amazing vision might have nerved him to make his life as noble as his genius, perhaps the full sunshine of assured glory might have wrought upon that generous, willful soul to

tak' a thought an men'.

Burns's sudden fame stayed him and brought him to Edinburgh and its brilliant literary society. Hume was gone, but Adam Smith remained; Robertson was there and Dugald Stewart. There, also, were Blacklock and Hugh Blair and Archibald Alison; Fraser Tytler and Adam Ferguson and Henry Erskine. There, too, were the beautiful Duchess of Gordon and the truly noble Lord Glencairn. They welcomed Burns as a prodigy, but he would not be patronized. Glad of his fame, but proudly and aggressively independent, he wanders through the stately city, taking off his hat before the house of Allan Ramsay and reverently kissing Robert Ferguson's grave, "his elder brother in misfortune," as Burns calls him. He goes to the great houses, and although they did not know it, he was the greatest guest that they had ever entertained, the greatest poet that then or ever walked the streets of Edinburgh. His famous hosts were all Scotchmen, but he was the only Scotchman among them who had written in the dialect of his country, and who had become famous without ceasing to be Scotch. But one day there stoie into the drawing-room where Burns stood a boy of fifteen, who was presently to eclipse all Scottish fame but that of Burns himself. The poet was looking at an engraving of a soldier lying frozen in the snow, under which were some touching lines, and as he read them, Burns, with his eyes full of tears, asked who wrote them. None of the distinguished company could tell him, but the young boy, Walter Scott, timidly whispered the name of the author, and he never forgot that Burns turned upon him his full, dark, tearful eyes—eyes which Scott called the most glorious imaginable, and thanked him. Scott never saw Burns again.

The dazzling Edinburgh days were a glaring social contrast to the rest of his life. The brilliant society flattered him, but his brilliancy

outshone its own. He was wiser than the learned, wittier than the gayest, and more courteous than the courtliest. His genius flashed and blazed like a torch among the tapers, and the well-ordered company, enthralled by the surprising guest, winced and wondered. If the host was condescending, the guest was never obsequious. But Burns did not love a lord, and he chafed indignantly at the subtle but invincible lines of social distinction, feeling too surely that the realms of leisure and ease, a sphere in which he knew himself to be naturally master, must always float beyond—the alluring glimmer of a mirage. A thousand times wistfully watching this fascinating human figure amid the sharp vicissitudes of his life, from Nansie Poosie's ale-house in Mauchline to the stately drawing-room of Gordon Castle, with all his royal manhood and magnificent capability entangled and confused, the heart longs, but longs in vain, to hear the one exulting and triumphant cry of the strong man coming to himself, "I will arise."

But with all his gifts that was not given him. Burns left Edinburgh to wander about his bonnie Scotland, his mind full of its historic tradition and legendary lore, and beginning to overflow with songs born of the national melodies. He was to see and he wished to see no other land. His heart beat toward it with affectionate fidelity, as if he felt that somehow its destiny were reflected in his own. At Coldstream, where the Tweed divides Scotland from England, he went across the river, but as he touched the English soil, he turned, fell upon his knees, stretched out his arms to Scotland and prayed God to bless his native land.

His wanderings ended, Burns settled at twenty-nine upon the pleasant farm of Ellisland in Nithsdale, over the hills from his native Ayrshire—

To make a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife.

Here his life began happily. He managed the farm, started a library, went to church, and was proud of the regard of his neighbors. He was honored and sought by travelers, and his genius was in perfect tune. "Tam O'Shanter," and "Bonnie Doon," the songs of "Highland Mary," "John Anderson my Joe," and "Auld Lang Syne," are all flowers of Ellisland. But he could not be farmer, gauger, poet, and prince of good-fellows all at once. The cloud darkened that was never to be lifted. The pleasant farm at Ellisland failed, and Burns, selling all his stock and crops and tools, withdrew to Dumfries. It was the last change of his life, and melancholy were the days that followed, but radiant with the keen flashes and tender gleams of the highest poetic genius of the time. Writing exquisite songs, often lost in the unworthingest companionship; consumed with self-reproach but regular in his official duties; teaching his boy to love the great English poets from Shakespeare to Gray, seeking pleasure at any cost, conscious of a pity and a censure at which he could not wonder, but conscious also of the

inexpressible tragedy which pity and censure could not know or comprehend, and through evil and good report the same commanding and noble nature that we know. Burns in these last dark days of Dumfries is like a stately ship in a tempest with all her canvas spread, with far-flying streamers and glancing lights and music penetrating the storm, drifting helpless on the cruel rocks of a lee shore. One summer evening toward the end, as a young man rode into Dumfries to attend a ball, he saw Burns loitering alone on one side of the street, while the other was thronged with gay gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom cared to greet the poet. The young man instantly dismounted, and, joining Burns, asked him to cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;" and then in a low, soft, mournful voice Burns repeated the old ballad:

His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,  
His auld ane looked better than money ane's new,  
But now he lets't wear ony way it will hing,  
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

O were we young as we ance hae been,  
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,  
And linking it owre the lily-white lea,  
And werna my heart light it wad dee.

Five years of letting his life "wear ony way it would hing" and Burns's life was ended in 1796, in his thirty-seventh year. There was an outburst of universal sorrow. A great multitude crowded the little town at his burial. Memorials, monuments, biographies of every kind followed. Poets ever since have sung of him as of no other poet. The theme is always fresh and always captivating, and within the year our own American poet, beloved and honored in his beautiful and unwasted age, sings of Burns as he sees him in vision, as the world shall forever see him, an immortal youth cheerily singing at his toil in the bright spring morning.

The personal feeling of Longfellow's poem is that which Burns always inspires. There is no great poet who is less of a mere name and abstraction. His grasp is so human that the heart insists upon knowing the story of his life, and ponders it with endless sympathy and wonder. It is not necessary to excuse or conceal. The key of Burns's life is the struggle of a shrinking will tossed between great extremes, between poetic genius and sensibility, intellectual force, tenderness, conscience, and generous sympathies on one side, and tremendous passions upon the other. We cannot indeed know the power of the temptation. We cannot pretend to determine the limits of responsibility for infirmity of will. We only know that however supreme and resistless the genius of a man may be, it does not absolve him from the moral obligation that binds us all. It would not have comforted Jeanie Deans as she held the sorrowing Effie to her heart to know that the "fause lover" who "staw" her rose was named

Shakespeare or Burns. Nor is there any baser prostitution than that which would grace self-indulgence with an immortal name. If a boy is a dunce at school it is a foolish parent who consoles himself with remembering that Walter Scott was a dull school-boy. It was not Scott's dullness that made him the magician. It is not the reveling at Nansie Poosie's and the Globe tavern, and the reckless life at Mauchline and Mossgiel that endeared Robert Burns to mankind. Just there is the mournful tragedy of his story. Just there lies its pathetic appeal. The young man who would gild his dissipation with the celestial glamour of Burns's name, snatches the glory of a star to light him to destruction. But it is no less true, and in the deepest and fullest meaning of his own words,

What's done we partly may compute  
But know not what's resisted.

"Except for grace," said Bunyan, "I should have been yonder sinner." "Granted," says Burns's brother man and brother Scot, Thomas Carlyle, in the noblest plea that one man of genius ever made for another—"Granted the ship comes into harbor with shroud and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore biameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful, but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

But we unveil to-day and set here for perpetual contemplation, not the monument of the citizen at whom respectable Dumfries looked askance, but the statue of a great poet. Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than his, that no influence more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable, and it is not easy to define and describe Burns's service to the world. But without critical and careful detail of observation, it is plain, first of all, that he interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. Were Scotland suddenly submerged and her people swept away, the tale of her politics and kings and great events would survive in histories. But essential Scotland, the customs, legends, superstitions, language; the grotesque humor, the keen sagacity, the simple, serious faith, the characteristic spirit of the national life caught up and preserved in the sympathy of poetic genius, would live forever in the poet's verse. The sun of Scotland sparkles in it; the birds of Scotland sing; its breezes rustle, its waters murmur. Each "timorous wee beastie," the "ourie cattle," and the "silly sheep," are softly penned and gathered in this all-embracing fold of song. Over the dauntless battle hymn of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rises the solemn music of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Through the weird witch romance of "Tam O'Shanter" breathes the scent of the wild rose of Alloway, and the daring and astounding Babel of the "Jolly Beggars" is penetrated by the heart-breaking sigh to Jessie—

Although thou maun never be mine,  
 Although even hope is denied,  
 'Tis sweeter for the despairing  
 Than aught in the world beside.

The poet touches every scene and sound, every thought and feeling—but the refrain of all is Scotland. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love! Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river, whisper and repeat his name, and the word Scotland is sweeter because of Robert Burns.

But in thus casting a poetic spell upon everything distinctively Scotch, Burns fostered a patriotism which has become proverbial. The latest historian of England says that at the time of Burns's birth England was mad with hatred of the Scots. But when Burns died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. A Scotch plowman singing of his fellow-peasants and their lives and loves in their own language, had given them in their own eyes a dignity they had never known:

A man's a man for a' that.

And America is trying to make the plowman's words true. Great poets before and after Burns have been honored by their countries and by the world; but is there any great poet of any time or country who has taken the heart of what our Abraham Lincoln, himself one of them, called the plain people, that, as was lately seen in Edinburgh, when he had been dead nearly a hundred years, workmen going home from work begged to look upon this statue for the love and honor they bore to Robbie Burns? They love him for their land's sake, and they are better Scotchmen because of him. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe, with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. It is no wonder, for here is Auld Scotia's thistle bloomed out into a flower so fair that its beauty and perfume fill the world with joy.

But the power thus to depict national life and character, and thus to kindle an imperishable patriotism, cannot be limited by any nationality or country. In setting words to Scotch melodies Burns turns to music the emotions common to humanity, and so he passes from the exclusive love of Scotland into the reverence of the world. Burns died at the same age as Raphael; and Mozart, who was his contemporary, died only four years before him. Raphael and Mozart are the two men of lyrical genius in kindred arts who impress us as most exquisitely refined by careful cultivation; and although Burns was of all great poets the most unschooled, he belongs in poetry with Raphael in painting and Mozart in music, and there is no fourth. An indescribable richness and flower-like quality, a melodious grace and completeness and delicacy, belong to them all. Looking upon a beautiful human Madonna of Raphael, we seem to hear the rippling cadence of Mozart and the tender and true song of Burns. They are all voices of the whole world speaking in the accent of a native land. Here are

Italy and Germany and Scotland, distinct, individual, perfectly recognizable, but the sun that reveals and illuminates their separate charm, that is not Italian, or German, or Scotch, it is the sun of universal nature. This is the singer whom this statue commemorates, the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning, and sweet as its breath; songs with which the lover woos his bride, and the mother soothes her child; and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor, and console human sorrow and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves, or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man—who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener, and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry; and if we were called to lose from the vast accumulation of literature all but a score of books, among that choice and perfect remainder would be the songs of Burns. How fitly then among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries and times and ways have been leaders of mankind, we raise this statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here, then, among trees and flowers and waters; here upon the greensward and under the open sky, here where birds carol, and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats, that name will be music in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah! Robert Burns, Robert Burns, whoever lingers here as he passes, and muses upon your statue, will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, heaven-soaring, wrapped in impenetrable



clouds. Suddenly the mists part, and there are the heather, the brier-rose, and the gowan fine, there are the

Burnies, wimplin' down your glens  
 Wi' toddlin' din,  
 Or foaming strang wi' hasty stens  
 Frae lin to lin;

the cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing; the red deer is bounding; and look! the clouds roll utterly away and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of sunshine, heaven's own benediction!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

### "ODD" PEOPLE.

For ye suffer fools gladly

YES, because we recognize them as fools; and there is in our human nature a certain Pharisaical element which hugs itself in the thought that we are not "as other men are." Therefore we regard them and their folly with a self-contented and not unkindly pity. We understand them and put up with them, and it soothes our vanity to feel how very much we are above them.

But these other, the "odd" people, are somewhat different. We do not understand them; they keep us always in an uneasy uncertainty as to whether we ought to respect or despise them; whether they are inferior or superior to ourselves. Consequently we are to them often unjust, and always untender. They puzzle us, these people whom we designate as "unlike other people" (that is, unlike ourselves and our charming and highly respectable neighbors); whose motives we do not comprehend and whose actions we can never quite calculate upon; who are apparently a law unto themselves, quite independent of us; who do not look up to us, nay, we rather suspect look down upon us, or are at least calmly indifferent to us, and consequently more irritating a thousand times than the obvious and confessed fools.

An "odd" person. How often one hears the word, and generally in a tone of depreciation, as if it implied a misfortune or a disgrace, or both. Which it does, when the oddity or eccentricity is not natural but artificially assumed, as is frequently the case. Of all forms of egotism, that of being intentionally peculiar is the most pitiful. The man who is always putting himself in an attitude, physical or moral, in order that the world may stare at him; striving to make himself different from other folks under the delusion that difference constitutes superiority—such a man merits, and generally gets, only contempt. He who, not from conscientiousness but conceit, sets himself

against the tide of public opinion deserves to be swept away by it, as most commonly he is, in a whirl of just derision. Quite different is the case of one who is neither a fool nor an egotist, but merely “odd,” born such, or made such by inevitable, and often rather sad, circumstances and habits of life.

It is for these, worthy sometimes of much sympathy, respect, and tenderness, never certainly of contempt, that I wish to say a word.

I once knew a family who, having possessed a tolerable amount of brains in itself for more than one generation, had an overweening admiration for the same, and got into the habit of calling all commonplace, ordinary people “chuckie-stanes”—every Scotch school-boy knows the word. It describes exactly those people exactly like everybody else whom one is constantly meeting in society, and without whom society could not get on at all, for they make a sort of background to the other people, who are not like everybody else.

But in all surface judgments and unkindly criticisms there is some injustice. No one is really a “chuckie-stane.” Every human being has his own individuality, small or large, his salient and interesting points, quite distinct from his neighbors, if only his neighbors will take the trouble to find them out. One often hears the remark, especially from the young, that such a person is “a bore,” and such a house is “the dullest house possible.” For myself, I can only say that I wonder where the “dull houses” are and where the “bores” go to, for I never succeed in finding either. Only once I remember a feeling of despair in having the companionship for two mortal hours of a not brilliant young farmer; but I plunged him at once into sheep and turnips, when he became so enthusiastic and intelligent that I gained from him information which will last me to the end of my days on agricultural subjects.

Very few people are absolutely uninteresting except those that are unreal. A fool is bearable, a humbug never.

Now “odd” people, whatever they are, are certainly not humbugs. Nor are they necessarily bad people—quite the contrary. Society, much as it dislikes them, is forced to allow this. Many men and women whom others stigmatize as “so very peculiar,” are, the latter often confess, not worse, but much better, than themselves; capable of acts of heroism which they know they would shrink from, and of endurances which they would much rather admire than imitate. But then they are such odd people!

How? In what does their oddity consist?

Generally their detractors cannot exactly say. It mostly resolves itself into small things, certain peculiarities of manner or quaintnesses of dress, or an original way of looking at things, and a fearless fashion of judging them; independence of or indifference to the innumerable small nothings which make the sum of what the world considers everything worth living, worth dying for, but which these odd people do not consider of so much importance after all. Therefore the world is

offended with them, and condemns them with a severity scarcely commensurate with their deserts.

Especially in things most apparent outside—their manners and their clothing.

Now, far be it from me to aver that either of these is of no consequence. Dress especially, as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," is of the utmost consequence. They who, by neglecting it, make themselves singular in the eyes of strangers, or unpleasant in those of friends, are strongly to blame.

But not less so are the people who wear out their own lives, and those of others, by fidgeting over trifles—bemoaning a misfitting coat or an unbecoming bonnet, and behaving as if the world had come to an end on account of a speck on a boot or a small rent in a gown. There is a proportion in things. Those who worry themselves to death, and others too, over minute wrongs and errors, commit a still greater wrong and overlook a much more serious error. How many of us would prefer to dine upon potatoes and salt, and dress in a sack with sleeve-holes, rather than be ceaselessly tormented, with the best of intentions, about what we eat, drink, and put on! "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Yes; but society must have its meat and also its raiment, and that in the most decorous form which the general consensus of its members considers is decorous. To set one's self rampantly against this is, when not wrong, simply foolish. The obnoxious plebeian who insisted in vindicating that "a man's a man for a' that," by presenting himself at a patrician dinner in rough morning garb, the conceited young artist who appeared so picturesque and snobbish at a full-dress assembly in his velvet painting-coat, were certainly odd people; but their oddity was pure silliness—neither grand nor heroic in the least. Nor, I must say, can I consider much wiser the ladies, young and old, whom I see yearly at private views, dressed not like the ordinary gentlewomen of the day, but just as if they had "stepped out of a picture," only the pictures they choose to step out of are not always the most beautiful—often the most *bizarre* of their kind.

As a general rule, any style of dress, whether an exaggeration of the fashion of the time or a divergence from it, which is so different from other people as to make them turn round and look at it, is a mistake. This sort of eccentricity I do not defend. But I do defend the right of every man and woman to dress himself and herself in their own way; that is, the way which they find most comfortable, suitable, and tasteful, provided it is not glaringly obnoxious to the community at large.

A gentleman who, hating the much-abused but still-endured chimney-pot hat, persists in going through life with his noble brows shaded by a wide-awake; a lady who has manfully resisted deformity in the shape of tight stays and high-heeled boots, has held out successfully against hoop-petticoats and dresses tied up like umbrellas, who de-

clined equally to smother her fresh young face under a coal-scuttle bonnet, or to bare her poor old cheeks to sun and wind and critical observation by a small stringless hat, good neither for use nor ornament—such people may be set down as "odd;" but they are neither culpable nor contemptible. They do what they consider right and best for themselves; and what possible harm do they do to other people?

Besides—though this is no excuse for all oddities, but it is for some—the chances are that they are people no longer young, who have learnt the true value of life and the true proportions of things much better than their accusers or criticizers. Possibly, too, they are busy people, who have many other things to think of than themselves and their clothes. It is the young, the idle, the small-minded, who are most prone to vex themselves about small things and outside things. As years advance and interest widen we see with larger eyes, and refuse to let minute evils destroy in us, and in those dear to us, that equal mind which—accepting life as a whole, in all its earnestness and reality, its beauty and sadness combined—weighs calmly and strikes bravely the balance of good and ill.

Perfection even in the humblest and commonest details is to be striven after, but not to the sacrifice of higher and better things. I have known a young lady sulk through half a ball because her dress was not quite as tight-fitting as the mode exacted; and an elderly gentleman make a happy family party miserable for a whole dinner-time because there chanced to be too much salt in the soup. Such exactly "even" folk as these drive one to appreciate those that are "odd."

The world still contains many who persist in tithing "mint, anise, and cummin," and neglecting "wisdom, justice, and the weightier matters of the law." It is they who are hardest upon the odd people. Their minds, absorbed in the mint, anise, and cummin of existence, cannot take in the condition, intellectual and moral, of a person upon whom those "weightier matters" weigh so heavily that he is prone to overlook lesser matters, and object to be tired and bound by certain narrow social laws, which, indeed, being of no real importance, he refuses to consider laws at all. Therefore he is set down as a law-breaker, laughed at as eccentric, or abused as conceited, when probably there is in him not an atom of either conceit or egotism, and his only eccentricity consists in the fact that his own large nature cannot comprehend the exceeding smallness of other people's. He gives Tom, Dick, and Harry credit for the same quick sympathies, his aims, and earnest purposes that he has himself, and is altogether puzzled to find in them nothing of the kind. They can no more understand him than if he spoke to them in Chinese. They only think him "a rather odd sort of person"—smile at him and turn away. So he "shuts up"—to use a phrase out of that elegant slang which they are far more adepts at than he—and Tom, Dick, and Harry hate him for evermore, with the relentless animosity of small souls towards another soul, into

whose depths they cannot in the least penetrate, but sometimes suspect it to be a little deeper and larger than their own.

And occasionally, rather to their annoyance, the fact is discovered, even by the purblind world.

Take, for instance, that very "odd" person Don Quixote, whom successive generations have laughed at as a mere fool; but this generation begins to see in the poor old knight a pathetic type of that ideal Christian chivalry which spends itself in succouring the weak and oppressed, which believes the best of every human being, and is only led astray by its expectation of finding in others the purity, truthfulness, honor, and unselfishness which are to itself as natural as the air it breathes. But they are not the natural atmosphere of half the world, which accordingly sets down those who practice these virtues—who have a high ideal of life, and strive through endless difficulties and deficiencies to carry it out—as "Quixotic," or, at best, rather "odd" people. Yet these are the people who mostly influence the world. It is they who do daring acts of generosity or heroism, while others are only thinking about it; and perpetrate philanthropic follies with such success, that society, which would utterly have scouted them had they failed, now praises them as possessing the utmost wisdom and most admirable common sense.

Again, many are odd simply because they are independent. That weak gregariousness which is content to "follow the multitude to do evil" (or good, as it happens, and often the chances are pretty equal both ways) is not possible to them. They must think, speak, and act for themselves. And there is something in their natures which makes them a law unto themselves, without breaking any other rational laws. The bondage of conventionality—a stronghold and safeguard to feeble folk—is to them unnecessary and irksome. They mean to do the right, and do it, but they cannot submit to the trammels of mere convenience or expediency. Being quite clear of their own minds, and quite strong enough to carry out their own purposes, they prefer to do so, without troubling themselves very much about what others think of them. Having a much larger bump of self-esteem, or self-respect, than of love of approbation, outside opinion does not weigh with them as it does with weaker people, and they go calmly upon their way without knowing or asking what are their neighbors' feelings towards them.

Therefore their neighbors, seeing actions but not motives, and being as ignorant of results as they are of causes, often pronounce upon them the rashest judgments, denouncing the quiet indifference of true greatness as petty vanity, and the simplicity of a pure heart and single mind as mere affectation. For to the worldly unworldliness is so incredible, to the bad goodness is so impossible, that they will believe anything sooner than believe in either. Any one whose ideal of life is above the ordinary standard, and who persists in carrying it out

after a fashion incomprehensible to society in general, is sure to be denounced by society as "singular," or worse.

It always was so, and always will be. That excellent Italian gentleman—I forget his name—who felt it necessary to apologise for Michel Angelo's manners, doubtlessly considered the old sculptor as an exceedingly "odd" person. Odder still he must have been thought by many an elegant Florentine, when, for some mere crotchety about the abolition of the republic, he abruptly quitted Florence and all his advantages there; nor ever returned, even though leaving unfinished those works which still remain unfinished in the Mausoleum of the Medici—monuments of the obstinacy, or conscientiousness, or whatever you like to call it, of a poor artist, who set his individual opinion and will in opposition to the highest power in the land.

Poor old fellow, with his grim, saurine face and broken nose! How very "peculiar" he must have appeared to his contemporaries! One wonders if any one, even Vittoria Colonna, had the sense to see into the deep heart of him, with all its greatness, sadness, and tenderness. There is a Pietà of his at Genoa, and another in St. Peter's in which the Virgin Mother's gaze upon her dead Son lying across her lap, seems to express all the motherhood and all the grief for the dead since the foundation of the world. And yet the sculptor might have been rough enough, and eccentric enough, outside, and his friend might have been quite excusable in craving pardon for his "manners."

There are cases in which eccentricity requires more than an apology—a rebuke. Those peculiarities which cause people to become a nuisance or an injury to other people, such as unpunctuality as to time, neglect or inaccuracy in business matters, and all those minor necessities or courtesies of life which make it smooth and sweet—these failings, from whatever cause they spring, ought, even if forgiven, not to be pardoned without protest. They are wrong in themselves, and no argument or apology will make them right. The man who breaks his appointments, forgets his social engagements, leaves his letters unanswered and his promises unfulfilled, is not merely an "odd," but a very erring, individual; and if he shelters himself for this breach of every-day duties and courtesies by the notion that he is superior to them, deserves instead of excuses sharp condemnation.

But the peculiarities which harm nobody, and are not culpable in themselves, though they may seem so to the "chukie-stanes" of society, who are afraid of anything which differs from their own smooth roundness—these are often more worthy of respectful tenderness than of blame or contempt. For who can tell the causes from which they sprang? What human being knows so entirely his fellow-creature's inner and outer life that he dare pronounce upon many things, crotchety habits, peculiar manners or dress, eccentric ways of life or mode of thought, which may have resulted from the unrecorded but never obliterated history of years? For it is mostly the old who are "odd," and when the young laugh at them, how do they know that they are

not laughing at what may be their own fate one day? Many an oddity may have sprung from warped nobility of nature, many an eccentricity may have originated in the silent tragedy of a life-time.

Of necessity, these "odd" people are rather solitary people. They may dwell in a crowd, and do their duty in a large family, but neither the crowd nor the family entirely understands, or has much sympathy with them; and they know it. They do not always feel it—that is, to the extent of keen suffering, for their very "oddity" makes them sufficient to themselves, and they have ceased to expect what they know they cannot get. Still, at one time probably they did expect it. That "pernickity" old maid whom her nieces devoutly hope they may never resemble, may have been the "odd" one—but the thoughtful and earnest one—in a tribe of light-minded sisters, who danced and dressed, flirted and married, while she—who herself might possibly have wished to marry once upon a time—never did, but has lived her solitary, self-contained life from then till now, and will live it to the end. That man, who was once a gay young bachelor, and is now a grim old bachelor—not positively disagreeable, but very peculiar, with all sorts of queer notions of his own, may have been, though the world little guesses it, a thoroughly disappointed man; beginning life with a grand ideal of ambition or philanthropy, striving hard to make himself, or to mend the world, or both, and finding that the task is something

Like one who strives in little boat  
To tug to him the ship afloat.

And so, though he has escaped being swamped, he at last gives up the vain struggle, folds his arms, and lets himself float mournfully on with the ebbing tide.

For the tide of life is almost sure to be at its ebb with those whom we call "odd" people. Therefore we ask for them, not exactly compassion—they seldom need it, and would scorn to ask it for themselves—but that tenderness which is allied to reverence, and shows itself as such. Young people have, in a sense, no right to be odd. They have plenty of years before them, and will meet plenty of attrition in the world, so as to rub down their angles, and make them polished and pleasant to all beholders. Early singularities are generally mere affectations. But when time has brought to most of us the sad "too late," which in many things more or less we all must find, the case is a little different. Then, it becomes the generation still advancing to show to that which is just passing away, tenderness, consideration and respect, even in spite of many harmless weaknesses.

For they know themselves as none other can ever know them except God. Others see their failures; but He saw how they struggled, and conquered sometimes. Others count their gains and triumphs; they have to sit night and day face to face with their perpetual losses. The world distinguishes, shrewdly enough, all they have done, or not done; they themselves only know what they meant to do and how far

they have succeeded. If they are "odd," that is, if having strong individualities, they are not afraid or ashamed to show them, to speak fearlessly, to act independently, or possibly, plunging into the other extreme, to sink into morbid silence and neither look nor speak at all—what marvel? Better that, perhaps, than be exactly like everybody else, and go through life as evenly and as uselessly as a chuckle-stane.

For undoubtedly odd people have their consolations.

In the first place they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing—he can stand alone. In his pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also, "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply, as we are apt to love those who have strongly salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And, even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving; a higher and, it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock, and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; but there it is, and there it will abide.

The loneliness of which I have spoken is also something like that of a rock in the great sea; which flows about it, around it, and over it, but cannot affect it, save in the merest outward way. This solitude, the possible lot of many, is to these few a lot absolutely inevitable. No use to murmur at it, or grieve over it, or shrink from it. It is in the very nature of things; and it must be borne.

They whose standard of right is not movable, but fixed, not dictated to them from the outside, but drawn from something within; whose ideal is nothing in themselves or what they have around them, but something above and beyond both; whose motives are often totally misapprehended, because they belong not to the seen, but the unseen; and whose actions are alike misjudged, from their fearlessness of and indifference to either praise or blame—such people will always seem "odd" in the eyes of the world—which knows its own, and loves them, so far as it can.

But these it never does love, though it is sometimes a little afraid of them. Now and then it runs after them for awhile, and then, being disappointed, runs back and leaves them stranded in that solitude which sooner or later they are sure to find. Yet this solitude, increasing more and more as years advance, has in it glimpses of Divine beauty, an atmosphere of satisfied peace, which outsiders can seldom comprehend. Therefore they had better leave it, and the "odd" people who dwell in it, with deep reverence, but without needless pity, in the hands of the Great Consoler.—MRS. MULOCK CRAIK, *in Good Words*.



## THE PROCEDURE OF DELIBERATIVE BODIES.

THAT great institution of political liberty, the Deliberative Assembly, seems to be on the eve of breaking down. I do not speak merely of the greatest assembly in the country, but of the numerous smaller bodies as well, from many of which a cry of distress may be heard. The one evil in all is the unendurable length of the debates. Business has increased, local representative bodies have a larger membership than formerly, and notwithstanding the assistance rendered by committees, the meetings are protracted beyond bounds.

In this difficulty, attention naturally fastens, in the first instance, on the fact that the larger part of the speaking is entirely useless; neither informing nor convincing any of the hearers, and yet occupying the time allotted for the dispatch of business. How to eliminate and suppress this ineffectual oratory would appear to be the point to consider. But as Inspiration itself did not reveal a mode of separating in advance the tares from the wheat, so there is not now any patent process for insuring that in the debates of corporate bodies the good speaking, and only the good speaking, shall be allowed.

Partial solutions of the difficulty are not wanting. The inventors of corporate government, the Greeks, were necessarily the inventors of the forms of debate, and they introduced the timing of the speakers. To this is added, occasionally, the selection of the speakers, a practice that might be systematically worked, if nothing else would do. Both methods have their obvious disadvantages. The arbitrary selection of speakers, even by the most impartial Committee of Selection, would, according to our present notions, seem to infringe upon a natural right, the right of each member of a body to deliver an opinion, and give the reasons for it. It would seem like reviving the censorship of the press to allow only a select number to be heard on all occasions.

May not something be done to circumvent this vast problem? May not there be a greater extension given to maxims and forms of procedure already in existence?

First, then, we recognize in various ways the propriety of obviating hurried and unpremeditated decisions. Giving previous notice of motions has this end in view; although, perhaps, more commonly regarded simply as a protection to absentees. Advantage is necessarily taken of the foreknowledge of the business to prepare for the debates. It is a farther help that the subject has been already discussed somewhere or other by a committee of the body, or by the agency of the public press. Very often an assembly is merely called upon to decide upon the adoption of a proposal that has been long canvassed out-of-doors. The task of the speakers is then easy—we might almost say no speaking should be required; but this is to anticipate.

In legislation by Parliament, the forms allow repetition of the

debates at least three times in both Houses. This is rather a cumbrous and costly remedy for the disadvantage, in debate, of having to reply to a speaker who has just sat down. In principle, no one ought to be called to answer an argumentative speech on the spur of the moment. The generality of speakers are utterly unfit for the task, and accordingly do it ill. A few men, by long training, acquire the power of casting their thoughts into speaking train, so as to make a good appearance in extempore reply; yet even these would do still better if they had a little time. The adjournment of a debate, and the reopening of a question at successive stages, furnish the real opportunities for effective reply. In a debate begun and ended at one sitting, the speaking takes very little of the form of an exhaustive review, by each speaker, of the speeches that went before.

It is always reckoned a thing of course to take the vote as soon as the debate is closed. There are some historical occasions when a speech on one side has been so extraordinarily impressive that an adjournment has been moved to let the fervor subside; but it is usually not thought desirable to let a day elapse between the final reply and the division. The position of the smaller corporations, which have to dispose of all current business at one sitting, would not allow anything else; but when a body meets for a succession of days, it would seem to be in accordance with sound principle not to take the vote on the same day as the debate.

These few remarks upon one important element of procedure are meant to clear the way for a somewhat searching examination of the principles that govern the entire system of oral debate. It is this practice that I propose to put upon its trial. The grounds of the practice I take to be the following:

1. That each member of a deliberative body shall be provided with a complete statement of the facts and reasons in favor of a proposed measure, and also an equally complete account of whatever can be said against it. And this is a requirement I would concede to the fullest extent. No decision should be asked upon a question until the reasonings *pro* and *con* are brought fairly within the reach of every one; to which I would add, in circumstances that give due time for consideration of the whole case.

2. The second ground is that this ample provision of arguments, for and against, should be made by oral delivery. Whatever opportunities members may have previously enjoyed for mastering a question, these are all discounted when the assembly is called to pronounce its decision. The proposer of the resolution invariably summarizes, if he is able, all that is to be said for his proposal; his arguments are enforced and supplemented by other speakers on his side; while the opposition endeavors to be equally exhaustive. In short, though one were to come to the meeting with a mind entirely blank, yet such a one, having ordinary faculties of judging, would in the end be completely informed, and prepared for an intelligent vote.

Now I am fully disposed to acquiesce in this second assumption likewise, but with a qualification that is of considerable moment, as we shall see presently.

3- The third and 1st assumption is the following:—Not only is the question in all its bearings supposed to be adequately set forth in the speeches constituting the debate, but, in point of fact, the mass of the members, or a very important section or proportion of them, rely upon this source, make full use of it, and are equipped for their decision by means of it; so much so, that if it were withdrawn, none of the other methods as at present plied, or as they might be plied, would give the due preparation for an intelligent vote; whence must ensue a degradation in the quality of the decisions.

It is this assumption that I am now to challenge, in the greatest instance of all, as completely belied by the facts. But, indeed, the case is so notoriously the opposite, that the statement of it will be unavoidably made up of the stalest commonplaces; and the novelty will lie wholly in the inference.

The ordinary attendance in the House of Commons could be best described by a member or official in attendance. An outsider can represent it only by the current reports. My purpose does not require great accuracy; it is enough that only a very small fraction of the whole makes up the average audience. If an official were posted to record the fluctuating numbers at intervals of five minutes, the attendance might be recorded and presented in a curve like the fluctuations of the barometer; but this would be misleading as to the proportion of effective listeners, those that sat out entire debates, or at all events the leading speeches of the debates, or whose intelligence was mainly fed from the speaking in each instance. The number of this class is next to impossible to get at; but it will be allowed on all hands to be very small.

Perhaps, in such an inquiry, most can be made of indirect evidences. If members are to be qualified for an intelligent decision in chief part by listening to the speeches, why is not the House made large enough to accommodate them all at once? It would appear strange, on the spoken-debate theory of enlightenment, that more than one third should be permanently excluded by want of space. One might naturally suppose that in this fact there was a breach of privilege of the most portentous kind. That it is so rarely alluded to as a grievance, even although amounting to the exclusion of a large number of the members from some of the grandest displays of eloquence and the most exciting State communications, is a proof that attendance in the House is not looked upon as a high privilege or as the *sine quâ non* of political schooling.

If it were necessary to listen to the debates in order to know how to vote, the messages of the whips would take a different form. The members on each side would be warned of the time of commencement of each debate, that they might hear the comprehensive statement of

the opener, and remain at least through the chief speech in reply. They might not attend all through the inferior and desultory speaking, but they would be ready to pop in when an able debater was on his legs, and they would hear the leaders wind up at the close. Such, however, is not the theory acted on by the whips. They are satisfied if they can procure attendance at the division, and look upon the many hours spent in the debate as an insignificant accessory, which could be disregarded at pleasure. It would take the genius of a satirist to treat the whipping-up machinery as it might well deserve to be treated. We are here concerned with a graver view of it—namely, to inquire whether the institution of oral debate may not be transformed and contracted in dimensions, to the great relief of our legislative machinery.

Of course no one is ignorant of the fact that the great body of members of Parliament refrain altogether from weighing individually the opposing arguments in the several questions, and trust implicitly to their leaders. This, however, is merely another nail in the coffin of the debating system. The theory of independent and intelligent consideration, by each member, of every measure that comes up, is the one most favorable to the present plan, while, even on that theory, its efficiency breaks down under a critical handling.

It is time now to turn to what will have come into the mind of every reader of the last few paragraphs—the reporting of the speeches. Here, I admit, there is a real and indispensable service to legislation; my contention is, that in it we possess what is alone valuable; and, if we could secure this, in its present efficiency, with only a very small minimum of oral delivery, we should be as well off as we are now. The apparent self-contradiction of the proposal to report speeches without speaking, is not hard to resolve.

To come at once, then, to the mode of arriving at the printed debates, I shall proceed by a succession of steps, each one efficient in itself, without necessitating a further. The first and easiest device, and one that would be felt of advantage in all bodies whatsoever, would be for the mover of a resolution to give in, along with the terms of his resolution, his reasons—in fact, what he intends as his speech, to be printed and distributed to each member previous to the meeting. Two important ends are at once gained—the time of a speech is saved, and the members are in possession beforehand of the precise arguments to be used. The debate is in this way advanced an important step without any speaking; opponents can prepare for, instead of having to improvise their reply, and every one is at the outset a good way towards a final judgment.

As this single device could be adopted alone, I will try and meet the objections to it, if I am only fortunate enough to light on any. My experience of public bodies suggests but very few; and I think the strongest is the reluctance to take the requisite trouble. Most men think beforehand what they are to say in introducing a resolution to

a public body, but do not consider it necessary to write down their speech at full. Then, again, there is a peculiar satisfaction in holding the attention of a meeting for a certain time, great in proportion to the success of the effort. But, on the other hand, many persons do write their speeches, and many are not so much at ease in speaking but what they would dispense with it willingly. The conclusive answer on the whole is the greater good of the commonwealth. Such objections as these are not of a kind to weigh down the manifest advantages, at all events, in the case of corporations full of business and pressed for time.

I believe that a debate so introduced would be shortened by more than the time gained by cutting off the speech of the mover. The greater preparation of every one's mind at the commencement would make them satisfied with a less amount of speaking, and what there was would be more to the purpose.

We can best understand the effects of such an innovation by referring to the familiar experience of having to decide on the report of committee, which has been previously circulated among the members. This is usually the most summary act of a deliberative body. No doubt this is partly owing to the fact that the concurrence of several members is already gained; while the pros and cons have been sifted by a regular conference and debate. Yet we all feel that we are in a much better position by having had before us in print, for some time previous, all the materials necessary to a conclusion. At a later stage, I will consider the modes of raising the quality and status of the introductory speech to something of the nature of a committee's report.\*

The second step is to impose upon the mover of every amendment the same obligation to hand in his speech, in writing, along with the terms of the amendment. Many public bodies do not require notice of amendments. It would be in all cases a great improvement to insist upon such notice, and of course a still greater improvement to require the reasons to be given in also; that they might be circulated as above. The debate is now two steps in advance without a moment's loss of time to the constituted meeting; while what remains is likely to be much more rapidly gone through.

The movers of resolutions and of amendments should, as a matter of course, have the right of reply; a portion of the oral system that would, I presume, survive all the advances towards printing direct.

There remains, however, one further move, in itself as defensible and as much fraught with advantage as the two others. The resolution and the amendment being in the hands of the members of a body, together with the speeches in support of each, any member might be at liberty to send in, also for circulation in print, whatever remarks would constitute his speech in the debate, thereby making a still

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\* I have often thought that the practice of circulating, with a motion, the proposer's reasons, would, on many occasions, be worthy of being voluntarily adopted.

greater saving of the time of the body. This would, no doubt, be felt as the greatest innovation of all, being tantamount to the extinction of oral debate; there being then nothing left but the replies of the movers. We need not, however, go the length of compulsion; while a certain number would choose to print at once, the others could still, if they chose, abide by the good old plan of oral address. One can easily surmise that these last would need to justify their choice by conspicuous merits; an audience, having in print so many speeches already, would not be in a mood to listen to others of indifferent quality.

Such a wholesale transfer of living speech to the silent perusal of the printed page, if seriously proposed in any assembly, would lead to a vehement defense of the power of spoken oratory. We should be told of the miraculous sway of the human voice, of the way that Whitefield entranced Hume and emptied Franklin's purse; while, most certainly, neither of these two would ever have perused one of his printed sermons. And if the reply were that Whitefield was not a legislator, we should be met by the speeches of Wilberforce and Canning and Brougham upon slavery, where the thrill of the living voice accelerated the conviction of the audience. In speaking of the Homeric Assembly, Mr. Gladstone remarks, in answer to Grote's argument to prove that it was a political nullity, that the speakers were repeatedly cheered, and that the cheering of an audience contributes to the decision.

Now, I am not insensible to the power of speech, nor to the multitudinous waves of human feeling aroused in the encounters of oratory before a large assembly. But for this excitement, it would often be difficult to get people to go through the drudgery of public meetings. Any plan that would abolish entirely the dramatic element of legislation would have small chance of being adopted. It is only when the painful side of debate comes into predominance that we willingly forego some of its pleasures: the intolerable weariness, the close air, the late nights, must be counted along with the occasional thrills of of delirious excitement. But as far as regards our great legislative bodies, it will be easy to show that there would still exist, in other forms, an ample scope for living oratory to make up for the deadness that would fall upon the chief assembly.

A friend of mine once went to Roebuck to ask his attention to some point coming up in the House of Commons, and offered him a paper to read. Roebuck said, "I will not read, but I will hear." This well illustrates one of the favorable aspects of speech. People with time on their hands prefer being instructed by the living voice: the exertion is less, and the enlivening tones of a speaker impart an extraneous interest, to which we have to add the sympathy of the surrounding multitude. The early stages of instruction must be conducted *viva voce*: it is a late acquirement to be able to extract information from a printed page. Yet circumstances arise when the advantage of

the printed page predominates. The more frequent experience in approaching public men is to be told that they will not listen but will read. An hour's address can be read in ten minutes; it is not impossible, therefore, to master a Parliamentary debate in one tenth of the time occupied in the delivery.

A passing remark is enough to point out the revolution that would take place in Parliamentary reporting, and in the diffusion of political instruction through the press, by the system of printing the speeches direct. The full importance of this result will be more apparent in a little. There has been much talk of late about the desirability of a more perfect system of reporting, with a view to the preservation of the debates. Yet it may be very much doubted whether the House of Commons would ever incur the expense of making up for the defects of newspaper reporting, by providing short-hand writers to take down every word, with a view to printing in full.

Before completing the survey of possible improvements in deliberative procedure, I propose to extend the employment of another device already in use, but scarcely more than a form; I mean the requiring of a seconder before a proposal can be debated. The signification of this must be, that in order to obtain the judgment of an assembly on any proposal, the mover must have the concurrence of one other member: a most reasonable condition surely. What I would urge further in the same direction is that, instead of fixing on one person in addition to the mover, as necessary in all cases, there should be a varying number according to the number of the assembly. In a copartnery of three or four, to demand a seconder to a motion would be absurd; in a body of six or eight it is scarcely admissible. I have known bodies of ten and twelve, where motions could be discussed without a seconder; but even with these there would be a manifest propriety in requiring a member to convince at least one other person privately before putting the body to the trouble of a discussion. If, however, we should begin the practice of seconding with ten, is one seconder enough for twenty, fifty, a hundred, or six hundred? Ought there not to be a scale of steady increase in the numbers whose opinions have been gained beforehand? Let us say three or four for an assembly of five-and-twenty, six for fifty, ten or fifteen for a hundred, forty for six hundred. It is permissible, no doubt, to bring before a public body resolutions that there is no immediate chance of carrying; what is termed "ventilating" an opinion is a recognized usage, and is not to be prohibited. But when business multiplies, and time is precious, a certain check should be put upon the ventilating of views that have as yet not got beyond one or two individuals; the process of conversion by out-of-door agency should have made some progress in order to justify an appeal to the body in the regular course of business. That the House of Commons should ever be occupied by a debate where the movers could not command more than four or five votes, is apparently out of all reason. The power of the individual is

unduly exalted at the expense of the collective body. There are plenty of other opportunities of gaining adherents to any proposal that has something to be said for it; and these should be plied up to the point of securing a certain minimum of concurrence, before the ear of the House can be commanded. With a body of six hundred and fifty, the number of previously obtained adherents would not be extravagantly high if it were fixed at forty. Yet considering that the current business, in large assemblies, is carried on by perhaps one third or one fourth of the whole, and that the quorum in the House of Commons is such as to make it possible for twenty-one votes to carry a decision of the House, there would be an inconsistency in requiring more than twenty names to back every bill and every resolution and amendment that claimed to be discussed. Now, I can hardly imagine any restriction upon the liberty of individual members more defensible than this. If it were impossible to find any other access to the minds of individual members than by speeches in the House; or if all other modes of conversion to new views were difficult and inefficient in comparison, then we should say that the time of the House must be taxed for the ventilating process. Nothing of the kind, however, can be maintained. Moreover, although the House may be obliged to listen to a speech for a proposal that has merely half a dozen of known supporters, yet whenever this is understood to be the case scarcely any one will be at the trouble of counter-arguing it, and the question really makes no way; the mover is looked upon as a bore, and the House is impatient for the extinguisher of a division. The securing of twenty names would cost nothing to the Government, or to any of the parties or sections that make up the House; an individual standing alone should be made to work privately until he has secured his backing of nineteen more names, and exercise would be most wholesome as a preparation for convincing a majority of the House.

If I might be allowed to assume such an extension of the device of seconding motions, I could make a much stronger case for the beneficial consequences of the operation of printing speeches without delivery. The House would never be moved by an individual standing alone; every proposal would be from the first a collective judgment, and the reasons given in along with it would, although composed by one, be revised and considered by the supporters collectively. Members would put forth their strength in one weighty statement to start with; no pains would be spared to make the argument of the nominal mover exhaustive and forcible. So with the amendment; there would be more put into the chief statement, and less left to the succeeding speakers, than at present. And although the mover of the resolution and the mover of the amendment would each have a reply, too little would be left to detain the House, unless when some great interests were at stake.

Of course the preparation of the case in favor of each measure would



be intrusted to the best hands; in Government business it would be to some official in the department, or some one engaged by the chief in shaping the measure itself. The statement so prepared would have the value of a carefully drawn-up report, and nothing short of this should ever be submitted to Parliament in the procuring of new enactments. Then the opponents and critics could employ any one they pleased to assist them in their compositions; a member's speech need not be in any sense his own. If he borrows or uses another hand, it is likely to be some one wiser than himself, and the public gets the benefit of the difference.

I may now go back for a little upon the details of the scheme of direct printing, with a view of pressing some of its advantages a little farther, as well as of considering objections. I must remark more particularly upon the permission accorded to the members generally to send in their speeches to be circulated with the proceedings. This I regard as not the least essential step in an effective reform of the debating system. It is the only possible plan of giving free scope to individuals, without wasting the time of the assembly. There need be no limit to the printing of speeches; the number may be unnecessarily great, and the length sometimes excessive, but the abuse may be left to the corrective of neglect. The only material disadvantage attending the plan of sending in speeches in writing, without delivery, is that the speakers would have before them only the statements-in-chief of the movers of motion and amendment. They could not comment upon one another, as in the oral debate. Not that this might not be practicable, by keeping the question open for a certain length of time, and circulating every morning the speeches given in the day previously; but the cumbrousness of such an operation would not have enough to recommend it. The chief speakers might be expected to present a sufficiently broad point for criticism; while the majority of speakers are well content if allowed to give their own views and arguments without reference to those of others. And not to mention that, in Parliament, all questions of principle may be debated several times over, it is rare that any measure comes up without such an amount of previous discussion out-of-doors as fully to bring out the points for attack and defense. Moreover, the oral debate, as usually conducted, contains little of the reality of effective rejoinder by each successive speaker to his immediate predecessor.

The combined plan of printing speeches, and of requiring twenty backers to every proposition, while tolerable perhaps in the introduction of bills, and in proposals of great moment, will seem to stand self-condemned in passing the bills through committee, clause by clause. That every amendment, however trivial, should have to go through such a roundabout course, may well appear ridiculous in the extreme. To this I would say, in the first place, that the exposing of every clause of every measure of importance to the criticism of a large assembly, has long been regarded as the weak point of the Parlia-

mentary system. It is thirty years since I heard the remark that a Code would never get through the House of Commons, so many people thinking themselves qualified to cavil at its details. In Mill's "Representative Government" there is a suggestion to the effect that Parliament should be assisted in passing great measures by consultative commissions, who would have the preparation of the details; and that the House should not make alterations in the clauses, but recommit the whole with some expression of disapproval that would guide the commission in recasting the measure.

It must be self-evident that only a small body can work advantageously in adjusting the details of a measure, including the verbal expressions. If this work is set before an assembly of two hundred, it is only by the reticence of one hundred and ninety that progress can be made. Amendments to the clauses of a bill may come under two heads; those of principle, where the force of parties expends itself, and those of wording or expression, for clearing away ambiguities or misconstruction. For the one class, all the machinery that I have described is fully applicable. To mature and present an amendment of principle, there should be a concurrence of the same number as is needed to move or oppose a second reading; there should be the same giving in of reasons, and the same unrestricted speech (in print) of individual members, culminating in replies by the movers. If this had to be done on all occasions, there would be much greater concentration of force upon special points, and the work of committee would get on faster. As to the second class of amendments, I do not think that these are suitable for an open discussion. They should rather be given as suggestions privately to the promoter of the measure. But be the matter small or great, I contend that nothing should bring about a vote in the House of Commons that has not already acquired a proper minimum of support.

I am very far from presuming to remodel the entire procedure of the House of Commons. What I have said alone applies to the one branch, not the least important, the passing of bills. There are other departments that might, or might not, be subjected to the printing system, coupled with the twentyfold backing; for example, the very large subject of supply, on which there is a vast expenditure of debating. The demand for twenty names to every amendment would extinguish a very considerable amount of these discussions.

There is one branch of the business of the House that has lately assumed alarming proportions, the putting of questions to Ministers upon every conceivable topic. I would here apply, without hesitation, the printing direct and the plural backing, and sweep away the practice entire from the public proceedings of the House. No single member unsupported should have the power of trotting out a Minister at will. I do not say that so large a number of backers should be required in this case, but I would humbly suggest that the concurrence of ten members should be required even to put a public question. The

leader of the opposition, in himself a host, would not be encumbered with such a formality, but every one else would have to procure ten signatures to an interrogative; the question would be sent in, and answered; while question and answer would simply appear in the printed proceedings of the House, and not occupy a single moment of the legislative time. This is a provision that would stand to be argued on its own merits, everything else remaining as it is. The loss would be purely in the dramatic interest attaching to the deliberations.

The all but total extinction of oral debate by the revolutionary sweep of two simple devices, would be far from destroying the power of speech in other ways. The influence exerted by conversation in the small scale, and by oratory in the great, would still be exercised. While the conferences in private society, and the addresses at public meetings, would continue and perhaps be increased in importance, there would be a much greater activity of sectional discussion than at present; in fact, the sectional deliberations, preparatory to motions in the House, would become an organized institution. A certain number of apartments would be set aside for the use of the different sections; and the meetings would rise into public importance, and have their record in the public press. The speaking that now protracts the sittings of the House would be transferred to these; even the highest oratory would not disdain to shine where the reward of publicity would still be reaped. As no man would be allowed to engage the attention of the House without a following, it would be in the sections, in addition to private society, that new opinions would have to be ventilated, and the first converts gained.

Among the innovations that are justified by the principle of avoiding at all points hurried decisions, there is nothing that would appear more defensible than to give an interval between the close of a debate and the taking of the vote. I apprehend that the chief and only reason why this has never been thought of is that most bodies have to finish a mass of current business at one sitting. In assemblies that meet day after day, the votes on all concluded debates could be postponed till next day; giving a deliberative interval in private that might improve, and could not deteriorate, the chances of a good decision. Let us imagine that, in the House of Commons, for example, the first hour at each meeting should be occupied with the divisions growing out of the previous day's debates. The consequences would be enormous, but would any of them be bad? The hollowness of the oral debate as a means of persuasion would doubtless receive a blasting exposure; many would come up to vote, few would remain to listen to speeches. The greater number of those that cared to know what was said would rest satisfied with the reports in the morning papers.

We need to take account of the fact that even greater moderation in speeches would not entirely overcome the real difficulty—the quantity of business thrown upon our legislative bodies. If there were less talk upon burning questions there would be more attention given to unob-

trusive matters at present almost new. The mere quantity of work is too great for any assembly to do well. If this quantity cannot be lessened—and I don't see how it can—there are still the six competing vehicles at old Temple Bar; for which case it might be suggested to send half of them down to the Thames Embankment. The single legislative rail is crowded, and the only device equal to the occasion is to remove some of the traffic to other rails. Let a larger part of the speaking be got rid of, or else be transferred to some different arena. Or, in addition to the committees, other bodies might be constituted for the maturing of measures, according to Mill's plan of committees.

I regard as unassailable Lord Sherbrooke's position that every deliberative body must possess the entire control of its own procedure, even to the point of saying how much speaking it will allow on each topic. The rough-and-ready method of coughing down a superfluous speaker is perfectly constitutional, because absolutely necessary. If a more refined method of curtailing debates could be devised, without bringing in other evils, it should be welcomed. The forcible shutting of any one's mouth will always tend to irritate, and it is impossible by any plan to prevent a minority from clogging the wheels of business. The freedom of print seems to me one good safety-valve for incontinent speech-makers: it allows them an equal privilege with their fellows, and yet does not waste legislative time.

I remember hearing some time ago that our Chancellor of the Exchequer was induced, on the suggestion of the Times, to put into print and circulate to the House beforehand the figures and tables connected with his financial statement. I could not help remarking, why might the Chancellor not circulate, in the same fashion, the whole statement, down to the point of the declaration of the new taxes? It would save the House at least an hour and a half, while not a third of that time would be required to read the printed statement. I believe the first thing that would occur to any one hearing this suggestion would be—"So the Chancellor might, but the same reason would apply to the movers of bills, and to all other business as well."

Our English Parliamentary system having been matured by centuries of experience, has come to be a model of imitation for other countries just entering upon representative government. But the imitation, if too literal, will not be found to work. Our system supposes a large gentry, staying half the year in London for pure pleasure, to which we may add the rich men of business resident there. A sufficient number of these classes might at any time be got to make up the House of Commons, and the majority being composed of such, the ways of the House are regulated accordingly. Daily constant attendance, if necessary, and readiness to respond to the whip, at a short notice, are assumed as costing nothing. But in other countries the case is not the same. In the Italian Chamber I found professors of the University of Turin, who still kept up their class-work, and made journeys to

Rome at intervals of a week or two, on the emergence of important business. Even the payment of members is not enough to bring people away from their homes and break up their avocations for several months every year. The forms of procedure, as familiar to us, do not fit under such circumstances. The system of printed speeches, with division days at two or three weeks' interval, might be found serviceable. But, at all events, the whole system of public deliberation needs to be revised on much broader grounds than we have been accustomed to; and it is in this view, more than with any hope of bringing about immediate changes, that I have ventured to propound the foregoing suggestions.

ALEXANDER BAIN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

### MYTHICAL AND MEDIÆVAL SWORDS.

THERE is a very poetic form of Fetish worship, which may be found in almost all ancient beliefs—beautiful, in one sense, as showing that courage and sacrifice of selfish ease, "to scorn delights and live laborious days," was so grand in the eyes of the old world, that even the instrument, the sword, with which a hero performed his great actions, became an independent living entity, having a name of its own, as an incarnation of his spirit.

The notion of the hero himself as "the sword of God ruling and chastising the nations," spoken of by Carlyle as the deification of material force, still contained within itself a higher ideal, even before the influence of Christianity had to a certain degree humanized the world. The theory, at least, of the hero's life included a certain amount of resistance to wrong, and the defense of the innocent and weak. A doubt whether "might" always constituted "right" grew into the belief that right did of itself bring might with it; as in the trials by wager of battle, where it was held that God himself would interpose to protect the truth.

In both the old and newer forms of thought the weapon seems alike to have been held sacred.

First in place, if not in honor, must certainly stand the arms of a divinity. The sword or scimitar of Hermes, called Harpé, was fashioned by Hephaistos, curved in form, and made of a diamond. The charm of the old Greek "fairy tales" is undying, and will bear telling again and again.

Perseus was the son of Zeus and Danae, and her father, King of Argos, knowing that it was prophesied that he should die by the hands of his grandson, pitilessly set the mother and child adrift in an open boat; but, having been cast ashore on one of the islands of the Cyclades,

the king thereof at first showed them kindness, but as the boy grew up the tyrant became jealous of him, and sought the ruin of both, and the young lad, to save his mother, promised him a gift, which should render its possessor invincible in war—the head of the terrible Medusa, whose hair had been changed into serpents by Hades in despite, and whose mere look turned the gazer to stone. Then the gods had compassion on the lad, and equipped him for the enterprise, and Hermes lent him his sword Harpé and his winged sandals, and Athena gave him a buckler shining as glass. And Perseus set forth on his flight in search of the Gorgons, beyond the western ocean into the Libyan desert, and there he found the three dreadful sisters, lying sound asleep on the sand, and the serpents were asleep also. And everywhere he saw men and wild beasts who had been turned to stone by the sight of Medusa. But looking only at the reflection in the shield which he bore in his left hand, he drew near and smote off the head and its snaky locks with one blow of Harpé, and before the remaining sisters could seize him with their iron claws, cutting the air with hissing wings, he flew away.

Carried by the fitful winds, he was borne now here, now there, like a watery cloud. What seas, what lands did he not see beneath him from on high, borne on his waving wings! "Three times he saw the cold Bear stars, three times the arms of the Crab." The vivid imagination of the old Greek had almost prefigured the experiences of a balloon. "Nations innumerable being left behind and below, he beholds the people of the Ethiopians," where the beautiful Andromeda had just been bound naked, in the midst of the sea, to a rock, there to be devoured by a monster, that the wrath of Poseidon might be appeased against her mother, Cassiope, who had dared to compare herself to the Nereids, his daughters. And when Perseus saw her he was astonished and struck with her beauty, and almost forgot to move his wings in the air. Her mournful father and imprudent mother are there, but can give no help. Then said the stranger, "I, the conqueror of the Gorgon, who have dared to come on waving wings, will deliver her; but, if preserved by my valor, she shall be mine." Then spurning the earth he rose high into the clouds, and his shadow was seen on the sea, upon which the monster, who, as a ship with a beak fixed in its prow, came on swiftly, vented its fury. Then the hero, descending, thrust Harpé to the hilt into its right shoulder, so that it roared aloud. After a great deal of biting and fighting, the beast is at length slain. Perseus carries away his lady-love, picks up his mother, turning the wicked king and his guests to stone, by the sight of the Gorgon, then, returning to Argos, he regains his patrimony, killing his grandfather by mistake incidentally. After which he presents Athena with the Medusa's head, which she wears to this day on her shield, and honestly restores Harpé to its master, which probably greatly surprised the god of theft.

The honored swords of the heroes of the Trojan War are many:

that of Ulysses was "treasured up in the temple of the Great Mother in Sicily;" that of Achilles, made by Hephaistos and brought by Thetis, "received divine honors at Phasides;" the sword of Memnon, King of Ethiopia, "the beautiful son of Tithonus and Aurora," who had begged it for him from "the divine smith" (evidently very open to the entreaties of mothers!), was held one of the holy things of the Temple of Æsculapius in Nicomedia. Probably, in those days of brazen weapons, a good blade was so rare and precious a thing, that a divine origin was always attributed to it. With this, coming to the assistance of Priam towards the end of the war, he slew the son of Nestor. When the old man challenged him to fight, however, he refused, "because of his venerable age," but, accepting a combat with Achilles, was slain after a long and furious struggle in sight of both armies.

Next, perhaps, should come the mythical swords of the old Norse and Scandinavian gods and heroes. There is the same confusion, amongst their great men, of the divine and human natures, as with the Greeks: the dividing line between them is indeed almost impossible to trace, as in the story of the sword of Odin, named Gram, which the god drove up to the hilt in an ash-tree, there to remain till it was won by a man strong enough to drag it out. Sigmund at last, a descendant of the gods, succeeds in drawing it forth, and with it conquers every enemy, until Odin, a little jealous, perhaps, of the reputation of the hero, came against him in disguise, and, presenting a heavenly spear against the sword, broke it in pieces. Sigmund, however, not disheartened, forged another sword out of the fragments, with which Sigurd, his son, born after his father's death, killed the great dragon Fafnir.

When the great old gods have ceased to be worshiped they do not die altogether from off the earth, but linger on, transformed under the influence of the new religion into subordinate spirits, fairies, imps, trolls, and devils. In the ballad-story of Childe Horn, one of the earliest English "romances," believed to belong to the time of the Danish invasions, we find that his sword is made for him by Meming, a sort of semi-divine smith, in Lapland, and wrought by the famous Velant, his "apprentice," who has left a curious tradition, under the name of Wayland Smith, near the White Horse Hill, in Berkshire.

Then she lete forth bring,  
A swerd hongand bi a ring,  
To Horn sche it bitaught,  
It is the make of Meming,  
Of all the swerdes it is king,  
And Weland it wrought.

Bitterfer, the sword hight,  
Better swrde bar never knight.  
'Horn, to thee ich it thought  
Is nought a knight in Ingland,  
Schal sitten a dint of thine hand;  
Forsake thou it nought.

How these mighty weapons were forged is thus told in the Edda concerning the sword Mimung ("considered falsely the same as Balmung"). Mimer or Meming, greatest of the great northern smiths, was challenged by another of his craft, one Amilias, who boasted that he had made a suit of armor which no sword could dint, and was therefore himself first of the smith kind. Mimer immediately set to work to prepare a sword (the competitive contest between the engines of offense and defense was, it thus appears, even then beginning). When it was ready, he, "in the presence of the king," cut asunder "a thread of wool floating on the water." This was good, but still the master was unsatisfied. He then sawed the blade in pieces, welded it in a red-hot fire three days, "tempered it with milk and oatmeal," and brought forth a sword "that severed a ball of wool floating on the water." But the great man was not even yet content: he returned to his smithy, and by cunning ways which he told to no one, worked for seven weeks, when Mimung was produced, "which split asunder a whole floating pack of wool."\*

And now the trial began. Amilias, confident in the impenetrability of his good armor-plates, sat down "on a bench before assembled thousands," and arrogantly bade Meming strike at him. Meming, of course, hit his very stoutest blow, when Amilias observed that there was a strange feeling of cold iron in his inwards. "Shake thyself," said Meming. The luckless wight did so, and fell in two halves, being cleft through from collar to haunch, "never more to swing hammer in this world." This sword was called by its author Mimung after himself, as being in a manner "his own son."

In the "Niebelungen," indeed—the old German epic "discovered after six centuries of neglect," says Mr. Carlyle—both sword and hero are a step lower in dignity. Here the "sword of Niebelungen," the "good sword Balmung," forms part of the great Niebelungen hoard or treasure, hidden in a cavern under the mountains of *Niederland*. There is a mystery about the sword; it inspires awe and fear, but it is not said to come from the gods; "dwarfs" are the most honorable makers hinted at. The great Siegfried (the Sigurd of the Scandinavian edition of the story which is found in the old Edda) has bathed in the blood of the dragon whom he slew, and is invulnerable except where a lime leaf alighting on a spot between his shoulders left one point undefended. His wife Kriemhild, in an excess of loving care, divulges the dangerous secret to an enemy in the guise of a friend—Hagen, a great chief—liege to her king brother. She entreats him to guard her husband during a solemn hunting which is to take place, and at Hagen's wicked suggestion she sews a cross on her husband's dress over the vulnerable spot. Hagen traitorously stabs him from behind and carries off the mighty Balmung. He afterwards gets possession of the

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\* See Saladin's feat in "The Talisman."



treasure, which rightfully belonged to Kriemhild after the death of her husband, and it is flung by Hagen into the Rhine, hoping to regain it some day for his own use.

Kriemhild's whole soul is wrapped up in her grief and hopes of revenge, but the time had not yet come. Even after she has consented to marry Etzel (Attila), King of the Huns, she forgets neither Siegfried nor her wrongs in her new country. At length, by the invitation of her husband, who suspects no mischief, her brothers arrived on a visit with a great company of lieges, including the indomitable Hagen. He scented danger in the Queen's manner to him from the first, and, to dare her wrath, refused to rise as she passed along with her crown on, and surrounded by warriors, "but sat with the splendid sword lying across on his knees. On the hilt was a bright jasper greener than grass, the pommel was of gold, and the scabbard of crimson. She recognized Balmung, and began to weep." "I think that Hagen had done it by design," observes the old bard, darkly. Kriemhild then sets her husband's warriors and lieges to slay him; they are unwilling to attack so great a man and their guest, and again and again are foiled in the attempt, but one after another the chiefs and companions fall, and the few remaining take refuge in the Hall, to which she sets fire. "Oh, how sweet it would have been to die fighting in the open air." Lastly Hagen is overpowered and brought bound to the Queen. Before putting him to death she demands the secret of the Niebelungen hoard. "No one knows its whereabouts now but God and myself, thou woman of hell; it shall be lost and hidden from thee forever," he replied. "But I have still its sword! It was that of Siegfried, my well-beloved; he wore it when last I saw him; my heart has suffered more from his loss than from all my other woes!" cried Kriemhild, then, drawing it from its scabbard, she raised it with both hands and cut off the head of Hagen.

"Alas that the most valiant hero who ever rushed into battle should have died by the hands of a woman!" mourns the virago's husband Attila, who is looking on. But vengeance is again ready; the Queen herself is smitten down by the sword, and the barbarous tragedy of the poem comes to an end with the death of all concerned.

And now we come on a new order of things when saints, magicians, and devils, as the representatives of the good and evil spirits, take possession of the world.

The warrior saint of England, whose character Gibbon has blackened as "the infamous George of Cappadocia," an "Arian bishop" (as the crown of his offense), survives this evil reputation (if indeed the saint and bishop are really one), and seems likely to do so, as the patron of chivalry and defender of the faith. His "trusty sword Ascalon," which always "went in to the hilt," is a prominent feature in all his doings. He is one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, who set forth on their travels in search of adventures. St. George "parted with the other six in a broad plain where seven

several ways met by a brazen pillar." After many months of travel by sea and land he reached Egypt, "which he found greatly annoyed by a most terrible and dangerous dragon ranging up and down," who, unless he has a virgin to devour every day, "emits such a pestiferous stench as causes a plague." The king's daughter, "the most amiable and beautiful virgin that eyes ever beheld, arrayed in a pure white Arabian silk," is going "to the place of death accompanied by many sage modest matrons." St. George is told that any knight who can save the princess shall have her in marriage, and though, as in the case of Perseus, this sort of bargain considerably detracts from the chivalry of his action, he resolves to tackle "the fell beast," who was fifty feet long and spit fire, "while his brazen throat sent forth sounds more terrible than thunder." The encounter is, of course, terrific, and the cutting and slashing, the blood and the wounds, go on for a couple of pages. St. George, at last, "hardly beset, took refuge under an orange-tree, whose rare virtue is that no venomous beast can live beneath it." As soon as his courage revived, he "smote the burning dragon under his yellow burnished belly, beneath the wing, where it was tender and without scale. His good sword Ascalon, with an easy passage, went to the very hilt through the dragon's liver and heart, and his vital spirit yielded to the conquering sword." The "chaotic brood of fire-drakes, giants, and malicious turbaned Turks," as Mr. Carlyle calls them, come apparently into the programme of all the stories of saints as a matter of course.

We are now in the full swing of the romances of the Middle Ages, the "*Launcelot du Lac*," the "*Morte d'Arthur*," the "*Tales of the Round Table*," whereof the German poem of Percival consists of nearly 25,000 lines, and that of Tristan of 23,000; a terrible instance is mentioned of 60,000 more or less! The English editions chiefly survive in the prose form, always much later than those in verse. The early manner of recounting wonderful deeds and stories of great men is always, of course, in rhythm or rhyme, as being more easy to remember, and often alliterative. These poems were chanted by the scalds, gleemen, bards, and minstrels in the north, and the jongleurs, diseurs, troubadours, and chantères, by whatever names they were called, in the south.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as the habit of reading became more common in the world, these stories were turned into prose romances, and in many cases the original ballads and poems have been entirely lost. Two great cycles are to be traced. That of the "*Round Table*," and the Carlovingian romances. In both these series the sword bears an important part, and may be said to be one of the personages of each drama. The story of Arthur has received a fresh lease of interest from the new poet laureate of the "*Round Table*." It has gained in vivid and gorgeous imagery, but the simplicity of the old "*Morte d'Arthur*," translated by Sir Thomas Malory, has a great charm. This is "how Arthur, by the mean of

Merlin, gat Excalibur his sword of the Lady of the Lake": "They two were riding by a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm, clothed in white samit-, that held a fair sword in that hand, and a damsel going upon the lake, of whom Merlin bade him ask the sword." This the Lady of the Lake gives him, on condition that he would grant her a boon, "what she would, to be required when and where she chose," a somewhat wide engagement.

At the end of the story, after the final battle near Salisbury has been fought and lost, Arthur, wounded sorely unto death, commanded the last of his knights, the bold Sir Bedevire, to take Excalibur and throw it into the water. "And behold, when he saw that noble sword, the pommel and haft all of precious stones, he could not find it in his heart, and hid it under a tree; and when he came to the king again he asked him what had he seen, and Bedevire answered, 'Nothing but waves and winds.' 'That was untruly said,' answered the king; 'go and do my command, as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in.' And Sir Bedevire went, and again he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he flung in the scabbard. And once more the king asked him what had he seen, and he replied again, 'Nothing but the waters wap and waves wan.' 'Ah, traitor and untrue,' said King Arthur, 'thou has betrayed me twice! Who would wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and art named a noble knight, wouldst betray me for the riches of the sword! But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying hath set me in great jeopardy. And but thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I see thee I will slay thee with mine own hand.' Then Sir Bedevire took the sword, and went to the water's side and threw it in as far as he might; and there came a hand above the water and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and vanished away. Then the king bade him carry him to the lake, and he took Arthur on his back and so went with him to that water-side: and a little barge hoved even fast by the bank, with many fair ladies in it, and all had black hoods, and there received him three queens with great mourning, and all wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. 'Now put me in the barge,' said he, and in one of their laps he laid his head. And so then they rowed from the land.

"Then Sir Bedevire cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among my enemies?' 'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul, for I will into the Vale of Avilion, there to heal me of my grievous wound;' and so they rowed away from the land and were seen no more. Yet some say that King Arthur is not dead, and that he will come again, and that he shall win the Holy Cross."

The Carolingian poems are considered by Fauriel, in his "Epopée

Chevaleresque du Moyene Age," to be much the same in date as the Arthurian cycle. How important the effect of their recitation was considered appears in the story of the minstrel Taillefer, riding before "William, Duke of Normandy," into the battle of Hastings, chanting the *Chanson de Roland*, tossing his sword in the air as he rushed on the English axes, and dying in the act.

Taillefer, qui moult bien chantait,  
Sur un cheval qui tost allait,  
Devant le Duc allait chantant,  
De Karlemagne et de Rolant,  
Et d'Olivier et des vassals,  
Qui moururent en Roncevals.

is the account given in the "Roman du Rou."

The Charlemagne (not of history but romance) was a very great man! "twenty feet high, as the Latins said," of "strength as great, and stern aspect, with black hair and a ruddy countenance." His sword was called "Joyeuse," and with it on one occasion he rushed into the midst of the Saracens, forced his way to their standard, cutting in two the long and massive spear which sustained it, and cleaving the skull of the ferocious Ibramin, King of Seville; 8,000 Saracens were slain before night. After the death of Charles the Great, Joyeuse was buried with him; and Otho III., when he opened the grave at Aix in 1001, is declared to have found him "sitting on a golden throne, in his imperial robes, his sword by his side, ready to come to life once more." This was the belief concerning most of the great popular heroes of that period. They were too living in the memory of the nations for their deaths to be supposed permanently possible—they had only retired for a time, as it were, and would certainly return to redress all grievances.

The sword of Charlemagne's great champion Roland, the hero of the "Orlando Furioso," "once," we are told by Ariosto, "belonged to Hector," and was called *Durindana*.\* She is the object of almost as much ardent devotion, and the cause of as much desperate fighting, as any other of the heroines, and is always mentioned by name, with epithets qualifying her as "the noble," "the true," "the brave."

Among other feats the hero, by her means, as is well known, cut his way straight through the mountains into Spain, the mighty gap in the rocks, called the "*Brèche de Roland*," still remaining to show the

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\* A modern French poet puts into the mouth of a troubadour of the time of Charlemagne the idea of the living soul in the sword.

Durendal a conquis l'Espagne,  
Joyeuse a dompté le Lombard,  
Deux glaives . . . . .  
Dont les lames d'un divin flot furent trempées,  
Sœurs jumelles de gloire, héroïnes d'acier,  
En qui vivait du fer l'âme mystérieuse.—*La fille de Roland*.

truth of the story. The farewell of Roland to his beloved sword, when dying after the fatal battle of Roncevalles, is thus given by an old French chronicle in a prose passage full of pathos:

Twenty thousand Christians had been exterminated by the infidel; and only a hundred heroes were left. These Roland rallied to the sound of his famous ivory horn, threw himself once more on the Saracens, and slew a great multitude, including the king. But one by one his companions dropped off dead, and Roland at length, left almost alone, out of breath with having fought so long, bruised by blows from stones, and wounded by four lance-thrusts, turned his horse aside, grieving over the death of so many Christians and valiant men. And he made his way through the forest to the foot of the mountains of Cezère. There he got off his horse, and threw himself under a tree by a great mass of rock, in the midst of a meadow of fair grass, above the valley of Roncevalles. He had by his side Durendal, his good sword—marvelously fashioned, marvelously bright and sharp, was she. He drew her from her scabbard, and, looking at her, he began to weep and to say, "Oh, my good, oh, my beautiful, my beloved sword, into what hands wilt thou fall? Who will be thy master? Oh, truly may he who finds thee say he is in luck. He need not fear his enemies in battle, for the smallest of the wounds thou makest is mortal! Oh, what pity 'twere if thou shouldest come to the hands of a man not valiant, but what worse mishap if thou shouldest fall into the hands of a Saracen!" And thereupon the fear came upon him that Durendal might be found by some infidel, and he strove to break her before he died. He struck three times with her on the rock beside him, and the rock was rent from the crown to the foot, but the sword was not broken. He then blew his horn, hoping that some friend might hear and come to his help, to whom he might give the sword, but there was no answer; and again he blew so loud that the horn\* burst. This episode of the weakness of the strong man and the forlorn condition of the hero seems to have been a very favorite one with the chroniclers and jongleurs; it is repeated again and again in different forms in several of the poems of very early date, given by Fauriel.

The poems go on to tell how the blast was heard distinctly in the army of Charlemagne, who was troubled, and sought to return to assist his nephew, but the traitor Ganelon persuaded him that it was only Roland hunting in the forest. At length, however, the sound brought up the only two Paladins still left alive, Sir Baldwin and Sir

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\* Oh for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come!  
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,  
And every Paladin and Peer,  
On Roncevalles died!—*Marmion*.

Terry, who were wandering on the mountains. Roland, parched with thirst from his wounds, entreated them for water, and they went hither and thither in vain seeking it. Meantime a Saracen, coming by chance to the spot where the hero lay, seized Durendal, and strove to carry her off; but the dying Roland, suddenly starting up, wrenched the sword from his hand, killed him with it at one blow, and fainted. He recovered sufficiently, however, on the return of his friends, to make a very long prayer in verse, after which "his soul was immediately carried up to heaven by a troop of angels." Charlemagne, when he heard the bad news, returned on his steps to revenge the death of his nephew and of the twelve Paladins. At his prayer the sun's course was stopped in heaven, "as it was for Joshua," to enable him to finish the battle of Saragossa comfortably, "and 60,000 Saracens were slain on the field," adds the chronicler complacently. But the heroine Durendal, who by some mishap had after all fallen into the hands of the infidel, seems to have been lost forever, which is perhaps the reason that the race of Rolands is now extinct.

The Saracen\* continued to fulfill the part of scarecrow for very long. One of the most popular stories in England, which still exists in the folk-lore of the New Forest, was that of Bevis of Hampton, Earl (that is) of Southampton, who is perpetually engaged with them. He has for his love Josyan, daughter of a Saracen king, to whose court he has been carried as a slave at seven years old, when he is already strong enough to knock down two men with cudgels.

Josyan "is the fairest thing on live," "so bright of view."

Then gave him this fair may (maid),  
A good sword that hight Morglay,  
There was no better under the sun,  
Many a land therewith was won  
She gave him sithence such a steed,  
The best ever on ground yede,  
Full well I can his name tell,  
Men called him Arundel.

Mounted on this horse and armed with this sword, he killed the inevitable "drake," or dragon, which crops up in every hero's career, after a terrific encounter, wherein Morglay cuts off five feet of the scaly tail, which had sorely tormented the knight during the struggle. Both in the accounts of the saints and the knights, the great sameness of the incidents seems to show a sort of ideal to which each must conform; there is always a dragon of some kind to slay, a damsel to win, and a score or two of giants to master; and "twelve companions" are very usual. The recital of his exploits against the infidel

\* The old Chroniclers either used the word simply as meaning Pagan, "miscreant," or confounded all times and places most gallantly. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls Gormund, a Danish king defeated and baptized by Alfred, "King of the Africans;" and in the spurious laws of Edward the Confessor it is mentioned that "King Arthur defeated the Saracens." "Two African Saracen kings invaded Ireland," says another authority.

with the help of his own private giant, Ascapart, is exceedingly long and rather tiresome, and when he is happily married to Josyan one is in hopes that the end is at hand, when suddenly we find him retrurning to England to help a friend who has been wronged by "King Edgar." Encamping at Putney (most prosaic of battle-grounds), he leaves his troops, and goes with only twelve knights to the king at Westminster to ask for justice. Edgar will give no answer, and Bevis, having taken up his abode "in an inn," hears a proclamation that the citizens are to barricade every street and seize him alive or dead. He is then attacked by the king's steward with a great troop of men.

All two hundred he slew to ground ;

but in a sad encounter in "Goose Lane" the twelve companions are all killed. Nothing daunted, however, he fights his way alone to the Cheap or Market Place of the City of London, where he is beset by innumerable crowds, but, mounted on Arundel, and armed with the terrible Morglay, "many he felled, many he slew." The horse, who is at least half in the defense, kicked and bit, and kept his assailants forty feet away, while his master cut off the heads of all who were driven by the pressure of the crowd behind within reach of the dreadful sword. Having fought, however, great part of the day and the whole night, Bevis, though not wounded, was nearly worn out, and even the indomitable Arundel stood motionless, bathed to his fetlocks in blood and surrounded by dead bodies. The day dawned, and he was about to be taken prisoner by a burgher well armed and mounted, when his sons, one of them Sir Guy, "bearing in his hand the sword that was once Lancelot's," hearing of his danger, hurry up from Putney full speed, with four thousand knights, after which the fight is once more renewed vigorously.

The blood fell on that pavement,  
Right down to Temple Bar it went.  
So many men at once were never seen dead,  
For the water of Thames for blood was red,  
From St. Mary Bowe to London Stone,  
(That ilk time was housen none).

Sixty thousand men were slain (a favorite number in romance fighting), when the terrified Edgar makes all right by giving his daughter in marriage to Sir Guy. Then all ends comfortably and honorably for everybody, except for the sixty thousand men, more or less, who are evidently not worth talking about, except as testifying to the valor of the knights and great people.

"The sword of Bevis," says Selden solemnly, "is kept as a relic in Arundel Castle, not equally in length as it is worn now, but as that of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey."

We now come down to purely historical personages, although the Cid may be said to inherit all the qualities of a true knight of

romance, and his sword Tizona may almost rank with that of Roland for the manner and fame of its exploits. With her he swore to kill himself if ever she were overcome by his fault or cowardice. She was won after this fashion, as given in the Chronicle of the Cid, the original of which is believed to belong to the end of the thirteenth century; though the present form is probably a century later in date. The translation by Southey was compiled by him from such editions and MSS. as he thought most trustworthy.

Having won five-and-twenty pitched battles and many cities from the Moors, among others the right noble city of Valencia, the Cid determined to dwell there, and he sent for Dona Ximena, his wife, and her two daughters from the monastery where they were. And going forth on his horse Bavioca, whom he rode for the first time, three leagues to greet them, who can tell the joy that was made at their meeting? Hear what he said who was born in happy hour: "You, dear and honored wife, and you, my daughters, my heart and soul, enter with me into Valencia; this is the inheritance I have won for you. . . . ." The winter is past, and March is coming in, when tidings came to the Cid from beyond sea that King Yusef, who dwelt in Morocco, was coming to lay siege to the town with 50,000 men. And he stored it well with food and needful things. And one day the Cid took Ximena by the hand and her daughters, and made them go up upon the highest tower of the Alcazar, and they looked towards the sea and saw the great power of the Moors, and how they drew near, beating their tambours and with great uproar. And Ximena's heart failed her, and she asked the Cid if peradventure God would deliver them from these enemies.

"Fear not, honored woman," said he; "you shall see me fight, by the help of God and holy Mary Mother; my heart kindles because ye are here. The more Moors the more glory" (which words passed into a proverb). The tambours sounded now a great alarm, and the sun was shining. "Cheer up," said my Cid, "this is a glorious day." But Ximena was seized with such fear as if her heart would have broken. Then the good Cid Campeador stroked his beard and said, "Before fifteen days are over, if it please God, the tambours shall sound only at your bidding."

The battle begins. "Great was the slaying and smiting in a short time." The Moors were so great a number that they were in the hour of overcoming the Christians, but the Cid encouraged them with a loud voice, shouting, "God and Santiago!" And the Moors were dismayed and began to fly. The Bishop Don Hieronymo, that perfect one with the shaven crown, he had his fill in that battle, fighting with both hands. And the Cid made such mortality among them that the blood ran from his wrist to his elbow. "Great pleasure had he in his horse Bavioca that day, to find himself so well mounted, and he came up with King Yusef and smote him three times, but the king escaped from under the sword, and being on a fleet horse could not



be overtaken. And my Cid won from him his good sword Tizona, which is to say the Firebrand." "God, how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard!"

After a while King Alfonso, in order to do honor to the Campeador, gave his daughters in marriage to the two Infantes of Carrion, and they changed swords with him before the king, and did homage as his sons-in-law; by which means Tizona, and Colada his second sword, got into very unworthy hands.

Two years after their marriage did they sojourn in Valencia in peace and pleasure, when there came to pass a misadventure, and they fell out with the Cid, in whom there was no fault. A tame lion belonging to the Cid made its escape, and the Infantes ran from it with great cowardice, and, trying to escape, fell among the wine lees; and "you never saw such sport as was made, but my Cid forbade the laughter." Then the princes, taking umbrage against him, determined to revenge themselves on his daughters. And firstly they declared that it was their desire to return to Carrion (fit name for such ruffians) and to take their wives with them. "My sons," answered the Cid, "I am troubled at what ye say, for when ye take away my daughters ye take my very heart-strings. Nevertheless, it is fitting that ye do as ye say." But Ximena had great misgivings, for, said she, "These our sons-in-law are traitorous and false at heart." But the Cid was displeased at this, and marveled greatly, and he would not believe it, and let them go.

With a great train of horses and mules, and much treasure given by the father to his daughters, they crossed the Douro by a ford, and, coming to a green lawn in the midst of an oak forest, encamped. The mountains were high, the trees were thick and lofty, and there were wild beasts in that place. Early in the morning they ordered the tents to be struck and the beasts laden, and sent on all their company. Then the Infantes tore the mantles and garments from off their wives, held them by the hair of their heads, and beat them with the girths of their saddles, kicking them with their spurs. And the women (the daughters of the Cid) said, "Don Diego and Don Fernando, you have strong swords and of sharp edge—the one is called Colada and the other Tizona—cut off our heads, but do not do us this dishonor." But the Infantes hearkened not. At length, leaving them, half dead, to the mountain birds and the beasts of the forest, they rode away, taking away even their mantles and other garments. But their cousin Feliz Munoz, who had been sent by the Cid to watch over them, was troubled at heart and suspected mischief, and turned aside from the rest of the band and rode back secretly; and he found Dona Elvira and Dona Sol lying senseless, and with much ado, wrapping them in his cloak, he carried them on his horse wounded and bleeding to the thickest part of the forest, and after a time got them to a place of safety, while he went to tell their father of the misfortune that had befallen them.

The Cid, enraged, appeals to King Alfonso, who summons a Cortes in Toledo. "Only two have I held since I was king, and now this third for the love of the Cid, that he may demand justice against the Infantes, for the wrong that we know." My Cid, accompanied by his knights, came and took his seat on an ivory chair which he had sent on before; "he had won it in Valencia; it had belonged to the kings thereof. And he was stroking his beard, which was a way of his when he was angry." "A red skin with points of gold my Cid always wore, over a shirt as white as the sun, a coif of scarlet, and his long beard (which no man had ever dared to touch) was bound with a cord" for sorrow.

He is desired to tell his grievance to the Cortes, and he rose and said, "Sir, there is no reason for making long speeches, and taking up time. I demand of the Infantes two swords which I gave into their keeping. The one is Colada and the other Tizona. I won them like a man. When they left my daughters in the oak forest, they chose to have nothing to do with me; let them give back the swords, since they are no longer my sons-in-law."

And the Alcaldes took counsel, and judged that they should be restored. So they brought Colada and Tizona, and the king drew the swords, and the whole court shone with their brightness; their hilts were of solid gold, all the good men of the Cortes marveled at them. And the Cid rose and received them, and kissed the king's hand, and went back to his ivory seat. And he took the swords in his hand and looked at them; they could not change them, for the Cid knew them well; and his whole frame rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart. And he laid them on his lap and said, "Ah, my swords Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you that you are the best swords in Spain, and I won you—for I did not get you either by buying or by barter. I gave you in keeping to the Infantes of Carrion, that they might do honor to my daughters with you. But ye were not for them! They kept you hungry, and did not feed you with flesh as ye are wont to be fed. Well is it for you that ye have escaped that thralldom, and are come again to my hands, and happy man am I to recover you!"

The Infantes are in hopes that this sacrifice may put an end to the matter, but the Cid next asks for all the great treasure which he had given with his daughters; and the court (which seems to have possessed great authority with princes and people alike) condemns them to make restitution of this also.

Then, finally, with rising wrath, the old lion, who seems all this time to have been lashing his tail, now demands vengeance on the traitors who had dishonored him and his children, "committing offense against God and the faith, and the truth they had vowed to their wives—dogs and traitors. If you and your Cortes will not right me, I will take it on myself, and will take them by the throat and drag them to Valencia prisoners, and feed them there with the food,

they deserve." And the king was wroth at his tone, and the Infantes, craven fellows as they are, who have not yet dared to speak, begin to defend themselves, and the whole Cortes is in an uproar; swords are drawn and blows of fists given, and threats of "pulling beards," the greatest of insults, go around. At length, with much difficulty, the king insists on silence, while he goes apart with the Alcaldes into a chamber. When they come forth, they give sentence that the Infantes, with their uncle and fosterer, shall do battle with three of the Cid's people on the morrow. But the Infantes require three weeks to prepare, and the king, at their entreaty, "with the pleasure of the Cid," granted them this delay, and they returned home.

But the king misdoubting that they would not appear, followed them to Carrion, where they and a great company had come together, having sworn to kill the champions of the Cid before the battle, if by any means they could find cause, but they stood in fear of the king. And they sent to ask him of his favor, to command that the swords Colada and Tizona should not be used in that combat. But King Alfonso declared that each side must take the best arms he could, and, fearing a rescue, he decreed that any who began a tumult should be cut in pieces on the spot,

Then the six combatants laced their helmets, and put shield on arm and lance in rest; and Don Ferrando fought with Pero, and he and the saddle went over the horse's heels at the first onset, but he rose again, and Pero drew his sword and went at him; but when he saw Tizona over him, even before he received a blow from it, he cried out that he confessed himself conquered. And Martin fought with Don Diego, and they brake their lances on each other; and then Martin drew forth Colada, the brightness of which flashed over the whole field, for it was a marvelous sword, and he dealt the Infante a back-handed blow, which sheared off the crown of his helmet and the hair of his head, and his skin also. This stroke dealt he with the precious Colada, and Diego, sorely dismayed, turned his horse and fled; and Martin went after him and dealt him another blow with the flat side of it, and the Infante began to cry aloud, "Great God, help me and save me from that sword!" And then he rode away as fast as he could, while Martin drove him from the lists crying, "Get out, Don Traitor!" So the fight ended, and the Infantes were declared notorious traitors, and their lineage never held up its head from that day; while the daughters of the Cid made two far more honorable marriages with the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre.

Once again Tizona makes her appearance in the last scene of this strange eventful history. When the Cid sickened unto death, in 1099, in the seventy-third year of his age, he heard that King Bucar, son of Yusef, was about to return and avenge his defeat, with seven-and-thirty kings, and a mighty power of Moors, stirring up the whole paganism of Barbary to besiege Valencia. Lying on his bed alone in his palace, the Cid was devising how he might withstand their coming,

when at midnight there came a great light and a great odor, marvelously sweet, and the likeness of an old man with keys in his hand. And he said, "I am St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. I come to warn thee that in thirty days thou must leave this world; . . . but God will show favor to thee, that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar; and thou, being dead, shall win this battle for the honor of thy body, by the help of St. Iago, whom God shall send to the business."

And the next morning the Cid called to him his chief men and his wife, Dona Ximena, and said, "I am to depart from amongst you in thirty days, and how can you defend Valencia against so great a power? I will tell you hereafter, before my death, how ye shall do." And, the day before he died, he commanded them, "Let my body first be purified and anointed, and saddle my horse Bavieca, and arm him well, and fasten me securely to the saddle, and that on the horse, and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand, and let there be no lamentation made, that none may know that I am dead. And then shall ye go into Castile with all the people;" whilst the army would continue meanwhile fighting with the great array of Moors which which must by that time have landed.

And on the third day after his death, King Bucar and his host arrived in the port of Valencia; and by the twelfth day, everything being prepared for the battle, the Cid's people got together all their goods, so that they left nothing of price in the city, but only empty houses; and at midnight they took the body of the Cid, as he had commanded, and set it on the horse Bavieca; and it was clad in a surcoat of parchment, painted cunningly so that it looked like armor, and two boards were fitted to the body and fastened to the saddle: his shield was hung round his neck, and the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm and fastened it up so subtilly, that it was a marvel how upright he held the sword, so that he seemed as if he were alive. And the Bishop Hieronymo led the horse on one side, and his squire on the other, and a hundred chosen knights, and behind them Dona Ximena and her company, and six hundred knights in the rear; and all went so silently that it seemed there were only a score.

And meantime the host, being set in order, fell upon the Moors, and the onset was so sudden that they drove great part into the sea; and King Bucar and his kings were astonished, and it seemed to them that they saw 70,000 knights of the Christians, and before them a knight of great stature on a white horse, with a bloody cross; and of the thirty kings twenty-and-two were slain, and the army discomfited for the time and kept at bay.

And thus there was a pause in the fighting, when by night the Cid's host took the way to Castile, joining those that had gone before. And the Moors of the suburbs, and of the army, after waiting a day and night, marveling at the silence of the town, went in and found that

it was empty, and they came each to his house which had been his before the Cid won the place.

Meantime the King Alfonso had come forth to meet the body of the Cid, near Cardena, and to do it honor; and seeing that it was yet comely and fresh as if it had been still alive, behold, Dona Ximena would not that it should be laid in a coffin. And King Alfonso held that what she said was good, and he sent for the ivory chair from Toledo, and it was placed on the right of the altar, and the body in it, nobly clad, and in his left hand Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And it remained there ten years; and when his garments waxed old, other good ones were put upon it.

And they were wont every year to make a great festival on the day of the Cid's death; and on the seventh anniversary a great multitude assembled, and many Moors and Jews came to see the strange manner of the Cid's body.

And it was the custom of the abbot to make a right noble sermon to the people, and because the multitude was so great they went out into the open place before the monastery, and he preached to them there; and there remained a Jew in the church looking at the Cid, how nobly he was seated, his face so fair and comely, and his beard in such goodly order, and Tizona in its scabbard; and when the Jew perceived he was alone, he thought within himself, "This is the body of that Ruy Diez the Cid, whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived. I will take him by the beard now, and see what he will do with me;" but before his hand could reach it, God would not suffer this thing to be done, and the Cid let go the strings of his mantle and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length from the scabbard. And the Jew swooned for great fear, and cried out so that all returned and looked on the Cid, and saw his right hand on the hilt of his sword, and that he had drawn it forth a full palm's length. And because of this great miracle the Jew was baptized, and remained in the monastery doing service to the body of the Cid as long as he lived. After this the body was placed in a vault, ceasing to be "comely," and upon the walls was thus written:

I, who here lie-buried, am the Cid Ruy Diez, who conquered King Bucar, with six-and-thirty kings of the Moors, of whom twenty-and-two died in the field. Before Valencia I conquered them, on horseback, after I was dead, being the twenty-and-second battle which I won. I am he who won the swords Colada and Tizona. God be praised. Amen.

"Colada" is said to be "a sword of full ancient make, only a cross for its hilt, and on one side is graven 'Si, Si,' and on the other 'No, No.'" "I am Tizona," said the other, "which was made in the era 1040," that is to say in the year 1002 A.D. It was an heirloom with the Marquesses of Falces, descended from the Cid the Campeador's son-in-law. Where is it now to be found?

The history of Indian swords would be a long one in itself. The

old Ameers of Scinde were learned in their science, and could tell where every sword of renown was to be found at the present day, through what hands it had passed, and all the vicissitudes it had endured.

One of the chief of these was the renowned weapon of Sivajee, not that presented to the Prince of Wales on his visit to India, by the Rajah of Kolapoor, the descendant of the Mahratta chief, and now lent to the South Kensington Museum, but a much more holy weapon, given to the great man by the Goddess of War herself, Bowannee. This is still preserved in a temple of its own at Sattara, where it receives divine honors (like the sword of Achilles), offerings of flowers and ghee (melted butter). By its aid Sivajee, the "little mountain rat," as he was at first contemptuously called by Aurungezebe, conquered from the Mohammedan Emperor and his tributaries a strip of territory 200 miles in length, on the west coast of India, from near Bombay to below Goa. He was "a man of genius," an "extraordinary man," observes the historian of the Mahrattas, who raised the despised Hindoo to sovereignty, withstanding the dreaded Moghul, and evidently believed himself in perfect good faith to be inspired. The old belief in the godlike origin of strength and "cunning" continues supreme among his people, even in exploits of which the treachery as well as cruelty sound horrible in Western ears. On one occasion finding himself not strong enough to cope with the Rajah of Beejapore in the open field, he lured his general, Afzool Khan, at the head of an army, into the fastnesses of his mountains by offers of submission and peace. A friendly interview was arranged between them at the foot of his hill fortress. Sivajee came down apparently unarmed, but having hid in the palm of his right hand a horrible contrivance of crooked steel blades called Wagnuck, "tiger's claws;" and when Afzool Khan raised his arms for the usual embrace, he tore him to death, and then cut off his head with the divine sword Bowannee. The army was then surprised and cut to pieces. The whole performance, we are told, being directly inspired by the goddess.

It is depressing to hear, when one would desire to approach this last representative of mythical swords with proper awe, that the holy weapon having been shown as a great favor to a heretic and misbeliever, Sir Bartle Frere, he distinctly saw "Genova" stamped upon it in more places than one. It is a two-edged sword, what is commonly called an Andrew Ferrara, and must have been procured by the goddess (or by more prosaic means) from some European settlement near—perhaps Goa, where the Portuguese were in the habit of bringing Genoese and Damascus blades.

Even at the present moment a strong feeling for particular weapons, which they dignify by expressive names, ascribing to them almost sentient qualities, such as the "groan-causer," is to be found among many savage tribes. The latest fetish-worship comes out (by what Mr. Tylor would call "a survival"), when even Lord Dunraven

found calling his "favorite muzzle-loading rifle," "Twilight," after the approved heroic manner.

But the great roll of mythical swords must not end with such a bathos. We will wind up with the weapon of Lancelot, the hero who of all others seems most to have taken hold of the hearts of the hearers and readers of the Middle Ages, sinning and sorrowing, conquering and sparing, winning all hearts and all battles—so human, with his great aspirations and his doleful shortcomings, and who "makes a good end," as a holy hermit, in bitter expiation of his grievous crime against his friend and king. The sword, we are told—

..... was of mickle might,  
It was y-cleped Aroundight,  
That was Lancelot's du lake,  
Therewith he slew the fire drake (dragon),  
The pomel was of charbocle (carbuncle) stone,  
A better sword was never none,  
Ne none shall till Doomesday,  
The romauns-tillyth as I you say.

The possession which the story of Lancelot had of the imagination of Europe appears in the many versions of the "romauns," in verse and prose, in English and French, Provençal and German, while the Italian edition is enshrined in the most pathetic passage in Dante, where Francesca di Rimini and her lover are reading "un giorno per diletto, di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse." When they came to the passage—

Il desiato riso  
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,  
Questo, che da me non fia mai diviso,  
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante—

Quel giorno più non leggemmo avante,

is all that is added.

At the end of the "Morte d'Arthur," Lancelot's character is thus given by his friend Sir Bohort over the dead body: "Ther thou lyeest, that wert never matched of none earthly knight's hand. And thou wert the curtiest\* knight that ever bare shield, and thou wert the truest friende that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with swerde, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hal among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

In spite of his great sin, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the "hermit, sometime Bishop of Canterbury," who shrived him at death, "saw him taken up to heaven by sixty thousand and seven angels," and that all the histories, whether in verse or prose, unite in

\* Most courteous.

comforting us with the certainty of his salvation and the pardon of his soul.

It may, indeed, be said for the much-despised romances of chivalry that such a picture would be no bad ideal for the *jeunesse dorée* of our own time, and that the owners of "mythical swords" in general hold up a better type of a hero than nineteen twentieths of the thousand and one novels, plays, and poems in English, French, and German that are published at the present day.

F. P. VERNEY, in *Contemporary Review*.

## A JOURNEY TO THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE city of Damascus enjoys the proud distinction of being generally described as the oldest city in the world. The names of Babylon, Nineveh, and Thebes call up thoughts of a very hoary antiquity, and antiquarian research has discovered in the ruins of these cities monuments of the deepest interest to the historian; but the Euphrates, Tigris, and the Nile no longer glide by the towering walls, and brazen gates, and splendid temples which were the admiration of the Old World; whereas the Abana and Pharpar, "rivers of Damascus," have witnessed the uninterrupted existence of their city under all changes of dynasties, and at the present moment "the head of Syria is Damascus." As in Constantinople and Cairo, so here, the civilizations of the East and the West have been brought into the closest contact, but Damascus, as if proud of its greater antiquity, has clung more tenaciously to its old ways and preserved more firmly its ancient features, retaining most conspicuously to our own day the manners of the unchanging East. Though for the last twenty years a good carriage road has connected Damascus with its younger sister Beyrout on the coast, and though twice in the day a modern diligence rattles over the intervening fifty-five miles, yet the contrast between the two cities is as great as that between the sparkling sea, the mirror of modern civilization, which washes the one, and the dreary desert, the emblem of the ancient civilization, which surrounds the other.

Travelers who desire to see most in the least space of time will of course take advantage of the coach from Beyrout to Damascus. If their time is limited to the very utmost, they will be fain to take the night coach, snatch as many winks of sleep as the mode of travel and proximity to rather strange bed-fellows will allow, and have one clear day in the ancient city, with a hurried return to catch their steamer at the coast.

It is, however, better, if time and circumstances are favorable, to



take the morning coach from Beyrout, and to secure, if that is at all possible, the best of all seats on a stage-coach, the seat beside the driver. Before the first gray dawn has stolen over the Lebanon, the horses are harnessed, the passengers all in their places, and the coach rushes way into the gloom, the bugle-horn warning all drowsy dogs and prowling policemen to clear the course. The narrow plain of Beyrout, with its luxuriant mulberry-gardens on one side of the road, and the sandy reach of pine forest on the other, is crossed at a rattling pace, and the road rises gradually amid the lower spurs of the Lebanon, at every turn revealing some new feature in the scenery. Now it ascends among rugged limestone rocks and shapeless bowlders, with interspersed patches of terraces of grain; then it winds about among conical hills covered with pine; here is a village perched on the very steepest part of the hillside, with its olive trees, and little church, and sparkling fountain; there it is a less picturesque and quieter homestead, with its straggling houses embowered amid shady oaks, and its bright green vineyards spreading on the slopes of the hillsides; then the coach rattles along a level sweep on the very edge of a precipitous gorge, whose bottom is faintly discerned in the dawn; then the laboring animals toil slowly up the steep gradients, where strong culverts convey under the road the waters which in winter dash precipitously down the mountain-sides. And now the great western sea disappears from sight as the road takes a dip behind some peak, and again it bursts on the view as another height is scaled; and the road doubles and bends, and rises and falls, and breaks out into level reaches, but still the air gets lighter and more bracing as we ascend; and when the coach draws up at some solitary khan for a change of horses, the silence of the surrounding hills is oppressive.

The grandest scenery occurs near the summit, where the road reaches a level of about 5,600 feet above the sea. The wild glen of Hammâna, which has been visible more or less all the way on the left, here reveals its head, a lovely basin with a bottom of bright green, where snow-cold water in abundance pours in the hottest months of the year from the towering hills that flank it, and Djebel Kuneiseh, the highest peak in the neighborhood, lifts above all its snow-capped head.

The summit being gained, the descent on the other side is made by a series of zigzag and sudden slopes—this side of the Lebanon being more abrupt than the western. But the uniformity is forgotten in view of the plain, that lies three thousand feet below, level as the surface of a lake, with graceful mounds rising here and there; like so many islands in its waters. In the spring-time and summer it is one field of grain or rich pasturage, in which may be seen an encampment of Bedouin, or the less pretentious tents of the wandering gypsies; in the late autumn, a bare expanse, through which fantastic columns of dust career about in weird fashion, and the phenomenon of the *mirage* may sometimes be seen in perfection. The river Leontes, or Litâny,

fed by powerful springs near Baalbec, higher up in the plain, makes its way sluggishly through the valley, for the sublime gorge far down in the Lebanon by which it reaches the sea above Tyre. Through this plain of the Bukaa, the ancient Coele-Syria, the road strikes almost due east, and plunges into the less picturesque but equally varied scenery of the Anti-Lebanon range. After the Wady Harir comes the pretty upland plain of Judeideh, and then the narrow wild glen called Wady el Kurn, three miles long, in which in former times the lurking robber found a favorite haunt. Again the scene changes, and we reach the dreary Sahara, a miniature, without the sand, of its namesake the great African desert, where for miles and miles together not a patch of verdure is to be seen, and curious white-topped hills bound the view, surmounted, however, by the towering Hermon, now visible in the distance to the right. Once more there is a sudden transition, and the opening up of the lovely green valley of the Abana, coming from the heart of the mountain range, reminds us that life is at hand. The village of Dammar, with its coffee-shops crowded with dark-featured, heavy-bearded men, gives a new aspect of life to the scene. Canals, by which the water is led off on higher levels, remind us that we are nearing the city, and before he has had time to realize the fact, the traveler finds himself in Damascus itself.

It is this last circumstance that constitutes the chief drawback to entering the city by the carriage road; for before one has had the opportunity of forming an idea of the city as a whole he is lost in its narrow streets. The same may be said of the road from the south-west, by which travelers from Jerusalem frequently enter the city. But there is one famous spot, on the old road from Beyrout, about a mile and a half from the city, to reach which it is worth while to leave the coach at Dammar, or even to make a special excursion from the city itself. On the heights to the left of the road there is a little *ruely* about five hundred feet above the plain, and here one may gaze at a scene to which no painting or description can do justice, for it is unique in the world. In front is a plain of vast extent, shut in on the north-west and south-west by the hills on which we stand, confined on the south by two low ridges, between which runs the river Awaj, generally identified with the ancient Pharpar, while to the east it runs off to the horizon, a group of round hills only relieving the line. At our feet in this vast plain is a broad belt of green, of more than twenty-five miles in circumference, in which are mingled all the shades of Eastern vegetation: the glistening deep green of the orange and lemon, the paler hues of the apricot, the brown russet of the pomegranate, the shimmering white of the poplar, the darker shade of the olive; while here and there tapering cypresses are seen in groups, or a solitary palm raises its head above the surrounding foliage. Within open spaces in this zone of green, villages nestle in their own foliage, and in the center of all is the great city itself, with its flat-roofed houses clustering in confusion together, its tapering minarets and gilded crescents and rounded domes

forming special landmarks, and the great mosque and the castle standing conspicuously in the foreground. At least 150,000 inhabitants are there, but there is neither smoke nor sound; the city sits serenely under a cloudless sky, as if the noise and excitement of this nineteenth century had no power to ruffle the calm of four thousand years.

"Whence came such a city in such a place?" is the question which naturally rises to the lips on surveying the scene. And the murmur of the river coming from the gorge hard by gives the first answer. The position of this plain, moreover, is to be taken into account, for it lies directly in the lines of the great caravan roads by which the old commerce was maintained. The city was thus an entrepot for the traffic to Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, in the south, Palmyra on the north, and interior Asia and India in the distant east. Within its spacious bazaars are still to be found spices from the balmy south, shawls from Cashmere, carpets of Persia, with hardware of Birmingham and cotton goods of Manchester, and the city itself has been led by the experiences of trade to turn its own industry to the supply of the wants of the lands with which it traffics.

The river Barada flows from west to east, having the larger part of the city on its southern side, and after supplying water by a network of channels to the whole city, gathers up its remaining strength and empties itself into three shallow lakes which lie eastward in the great plain. The city to the south of the river was in former times a walled town, and was traversed from end to end by a magnificent colonnade, a mile long, and a hundred feet broad, terminating at the eastern and western gates in a triple arch. This was "the street called Straight," though it is no longer known by that name, two of the arches at either end having long ago been built up, and the street itself narrowed almost beyond recognition by the encroachments of modern buildings.

There is something very disappointing on a closer inspection of Damascus, and if the traveler, unprepared for what he is to see, surrenders himself for a day to a tolerably active guide to "do" the city, his impressions at its close cannot but be most confused. He knows that he has been conducted through tortuous side-streets, and has elbowed his way through the crowds in the more public but not much broader thoroughfares, now running up against the face of a plodding donkey or the legs of a slowly-pacing camel, now finding himself in a knot of bawling fruit-sellers, and again jostled to the side by some passing cavalcade. Faces the most diverse and costumes the most strange have passed before his eyes, fragments of architecture of the most different kinds have been pointed out to him, and scraps of history belonging to the most distant periods have been related to him; but these have become mixed in inextricable confusion with details of the floating panorama of life which has been exhibited before him. The figure of Saladin seems to start into life in the midst of bazaars filled with piles of yellow slippers; pieces of the most

delicate gold filagree float before the picture of an ancient Christian church; John the Baptist becomes associated with one of the caliphs; a broken triumphal arch seems to be supported by piles of silk and cotton goods; from a Greck colonnade an oriental barber suddenly springs into life, and is busy plying his vocation in the open street; muffled female figures flit through some old Moorish archway, under which spices and fruits are exposed for sale in the most tempting fashion; the recital of the atrocities of Tamerlane is mixed up with the story of the Druze massacres, and both are interrupted by the tinkling of the brass drinking-cups of the seller of sherbet; the house of Ananias and the leper-house of Naaman the Syrian vanish before visions of men lazily smoking and drinking coffee in a shady garden; and the whole history of Damascus, from the time of Abram's rescue of Lot downwards, is jumbled in one confused chaos in the mind.

The whole appearance of modern Damascus is characteristic of the Turkish rule. Entering into a rich inheritance of centuries, that infatuated government has never shown itself equal to the task of assimilating or amalgamating what lay to its hand. There is nothing to indicate a true reverence for what is great in the past or the faculty to impress any individuality on the present; the past maintains itself by the mere force of existence, and the present consumes the materials of what might be a valuable future. Damascus is the capital of the Turkish vilayet of Syria; yet the Turkish soldiers and officials whose presence reminds one of that fact seem to be less at home than any of the other inhabitants; there is little sympathy between them and the classes over whom they rule, and no serious attempt to bring these classes more closely together. Just as in the old walls of the city the architectures of different periods are plainly discernible, but the joinings are prominently visible, so the monuments of the past are overgrown by the additions of succeeding ages, but refuse to own kindred with the baser materials with which they are encrusted. In bazaars and old walls, in the very faces of the people, can be seen traces of the various periods through which the city has held its life; but these fragments of a bygone time, mixed up with the shreds and patches of succeeding generations, are like the detached fragments of some beautiful mosaic, which demand the skill of the expert to replace them, or like geological strata upheaved by a series of convulsions, which, without some knowledge of history, cannot be reduced to order.

Here, for instance, is to be seen a lank, restless-eyed Bedouin stealing through the streets in his coarse woollen mantle; or a Kurdish shepherd, with an untanned hide over his shoulders and his rude weapons stuck in his belt, the sight of whom carries the thoughts back to the early times when wanderers from the East, in search of pasturage for their flocks, s.t'ed in this well-watered plain before the time of Abraham, and laid the first foundation of the city. And there is the unmistakable visage of the Jew, more at home here than any Jew in the Holy Land itself, whose ancestors, it may be, had the r separate

quarter in the city before their southern brethren were driven from their homes. And this recalls the period of the Israelitish monarchy, when Benhadad permitted Ahab to make for himself streets in Damascus. The leper-house to the east of the city is certainly very old, and may be the continuation of some similar institution in the time of Naaman. But here comes a rattling cavalcade of dark-eyed Persians, in long tight coats, and high-crowned fur caps, with long tapering beards and curved heavy swords, like so many figures from the old sculptures, reminding us of the time when the Eastern powers of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia extended even to Damascus. An Albanian, in his picturesque garb and springing martial step, is there to recall the brilliant exploits of Alexander; and Greeks of a more modern and mongrel type suggest the succeeding periods of struggle and confusion in which Damascus participated till it passed under the sway of the Romans. The great Roman period itself is no longer represented by living men, but makes itself remembered in sculptured portal and substantial archway, and other enduring monuments of the solidity and regard for art which marked the Roman rule.

The first preaching of Christianity in Damascus is commemorated by the various sites, real or fictitious, which the guides point out as the scene of St. Paul's conversion,\* the house of Ananias, and the wall from which the apostle descended to escape from the soldiers of Aretas. The faith that was first preached by the apostle in the ancient city has from a very early period had its professors, and almost all branches of Christendom are represented within its walls. The neat little church of the Irish Presbyterian Mission is the most recent addition, the fruit of many years of faithful labor in gathering a community of evangelical Christians.

The great mosque of the Sons of Onmeya, as it is now called, the central object of attraction in Damascus, is much older than the name it bears, and though covered with modern accretions, gives evidence of a grandeur departed. Tradition, in fact, declares that it was originally a heathen temple; but soon after the establishment of Christianity it must have become a Christian church, for Arcadius, who began his reign seventy years after Constantine's conversion, is said to have repaired "this Church of the Blessed John the Baptist." It was, in fact, long known by that name, and the tomb of the Baptist is one of the sacred spots within the mosque to the present day. It is to this period that we must refer those remains of ancient art which, in dingy bazaars or in the walls of modern houses or from below the rubbish of centuries, reveal themselves to the patient explorer, and

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\*The older and better tradition fixes this site, not in the immediate neighborhood of the city, but about six miles distant on the old highway from Jerusalem. Any one who has happened to be exposed to the glare of the mid-day sun on that day will understand the emphasis with which the apostle speaks of a light "above brightness of the sun."

those grander relics which can only be seen by mounting to the roofs of the adjacent houses, and seem to lift their heads in scorn above the crumbling buildings of a race too groveling in their tastes to appreciate them. One of the most striking monuments of that earlier time and the profession of a purer faith is the inscription in Greek, still plainly legible from the roof of the silversmiths' bazaar, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

Everything around us, however, reminds us that Damascus is no longer a city of Christians. All the arrangements of what was once a cathedral are those of a mosque, and the vast preponderance of heavy-turbaned men in the streets tells that the most of the inhabitants profess the religion of Mohammed. To the west of the city is the tomb of Abu Obeidah, and to the east is a spot named after Khaled, "the Sword of God," the two great generals of the Arab invaders who, only thirteen years after the prophet's flight from Mecca, entered the city simultaneously from opposite sides, and added Damascus to the conquests of Islam. By the forbearance of Abu Obeidah the inhabitants were spared the horrors they might have expected from Khaled, and were permitted to retain some of their churches, and for a time, at least, to use the half of the Church of St. John for worship, but the history of Damascus as a Christian city, a city which had sent seven bishops to the Council of Nice, was at an end. Soon it became the capital of the Mohammedan Empire, when that empire, under the Ommeyiad caliphs, extended from the Atlantic Ocean to distant India, and remains of the grandeur which it then attained are still visible. The great mosque was rebuilt in magnificence by the Caliph Walid; and if to him, as is probable, is to be ascribed the building of the oldest of its three minarets, the Madinet-el-'Arûs, Damascus may claim to possess one of the oldest minarets in the world. It is characteristic of the *appropriating* nature of Islam, both in faith and practice, that even in this work of restoration, in which no expense was spared, the materials of former times were freely employed, so that pieces of the finest classical art are found intermingled with the Saracen structure; and that another of the three minarets, the highest of the three, is named the Minaret of Jesus, from a tradition that Christ will descend on it when he comes to judge the world.

Though eclipsed in splendor by Bagdad, Damascus continued to flourish under the Abbaside Caliphs of the East, and the tomb of Saladin is there, hard by the mosque, to remind us of the important part it played at a later time in the long contests between the Saracens and the Crusaders. But it suffered most of all in the wars that raged between the Mohammedans themselves, and its greatest enemies have been the Turks. Timûr the Tartar, with ruthless onslaught, scattered the gathered wealth and magnificence of centuries, and almost exterminated the inhabitants, one family of Christians only, as it is said, having escaped the sword. As for the Ottoman Turks, the best

proof of the vitality of Damascus is the fact that it has flourished under their rule.

Two events in more recent times deserve to be noticed, for they seem as if they might have become turning points in its history. In 1840 Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohammed Ali of Egypt, having invaded Syria, entered Damascus as a conqueror, and for the first time compelled it to receive within its gates the representatives of Western Powers. Many in Syria to this day regret that the career of the energetic Egyptian was interrupted by European intervention; for with his little army of hardy Egyptians, fed on the coarsest black bread, he simply went and did what the Turkish Government, with the army of the Empire at its control, has for the last quarter of a century been protesting that it cannot do, administer justice impartially to Muslim and Christian alike. Again in 1860, when war was raging in the Lebanon between the Druzes and Maronites, the infection spread to the fanatical Moslems of Damascus, who swooped down with fire and sword on the Christian quarter, and carried all before them in their fury. At this crisis, while the Turkish soldiers stood impotently looking on, or aided their co-religionists in the work of slaughter, it was left to Abd-el Kader, himself a Moslem, who had fought bravely though unsuccessfully for the independence of his own country, to confront with a mere handful of his Algerines the blood-thirsty monsters and to check the tide of carnage. This last outbreak of fanaticism had at least one good result. The turbulent district of Lebanon was practically disjoined from Turkish rule, and under Da'ud Pasha, the first Christian governor, made a separate pashalic, from whose confines the Turkish soldiery are by European stipulation strictly excluded. The history of the mountain under him and his successors makes one regret that the experiment which was then tried had not been made on a larger scale. Damascus remains one of the most fanatical of Moslem cities; but, unless the signs of the times deceive us, the time is fast approaching when it must enter on a better course.

But now we must bid farewell to the old city, and leaving behind us its various inhabitants dwelling in their separate quarters in their mutual animosities, and quitting the stream of mingled life which flows in the compressed channels of the narrow streets, we enter a low portal in a plain mud wall, and, after crossing a narrow court, find ourselves in the seclusion of a modern house in Damascus. A spacious marble-paved court, open to the sky, is surrounded on all sides by the more public part of the house, where numerous windows, with their green lattice-work, form a pleasing contrast to the dead mud and wood walls of the exterior, and a passage leads to a similar court within, set apart for the women. In the midst of the court is a fountain with abundant water, around which and throughout the court are flowers and fruit trees of various hue and fragrance. A leewan or open recess, on one side, tempts us by its cool shade and pretty sparkling fountain, and as we recline on its silken cushions, and mark on wall and ceiling the

arabesque tracery, and curious mosaic, and intricate interlacing of texts in various colors, we imagine that we are transported to some scene in the Arabian Tales. The subdued light and the still calm lull us to repose; the gurgling water at our feet carries us away to the distant hills, and we seem to hear the rolling river recounting the phases in the stream of life which it has witnessed during these thousands of years. And again we seem to stand in the old temple, and see Naaman the Syrian, as his master leans on his hand, bowing down to Rimmon; this vision fades before statues and rites of the Greek and Roman mythology; again, the Cross stands where idols stood; and anon the sound of Christian worship is mingled with the prayers of Islam, till the latter prevail. And again the ear catches the sound of the bubbling fountain, and the ever-running water and that old Greek inscription seem all that is left of our dream; and the two together seem to say that that long panorama of history that has been unrolled before us is only part of a greater plan working on to a glorious time, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

PROF. ROBERTSON, in *The Sunday Magazine*.

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## THE CHASE—ITS HISTORY AND LAWS.

### I.

AT a time when Parliament has recently been occupied with an important modification of a portion of the law relating to game, it may not be uninteresting to pass in review the leading incidents in the history of the chase, and the laws which have regulated its exercise, or determined the extent to which property could be asserted or acquired in the wild animals which it is beyond the art or foreign to the purpose of man to domesticate.

From the earliest ages of man's history, the chase has been one of the favorite as well as one of the necessary occupations of mankind. Man has been a hunter from the beginning. The state of the hunter must have preceded that of the shepherd; it must equally have preceded that of the tiller of the soil, which was probably of still later date than that of the shepherd. In the early stages of his existence, man must in a great degree have depended for food on the animals he was able to capture; and though the facility with which certain kinds of animals could be brought under his dominion might give rise to the pastoral state at a comparatively early period of human existence, yet he would have to wage war with the beasts of prey for



the protection of himself and his belongings. In the language of Lucretius—

Illud erat curæ, quod sæcla ferarum  
Infestam miseris faciebant sæpe quietem.

How, in the beginning, without weapons, or such only as modern discoveries have shown him to have possessed for ages, man can have succeeded in defending himself against the fiercer animals, or in capturing even the least active of those which served him for food, while in their wild and undomesticated state, it is difficult to imagine. Yet his earliest implements have been found in connection with the bones of the lion and bear and other beasts of prey, as well as with the remains of the animals which had served him for food. It was not till after the lapse of ages that, in addition to or superseding those of stone, implements of wood and bone—the harpoon, the lance, and lastly the arrow—the sinews of the slaughtered animals serving for the bowstring—enabled man the better to supply his wants or to cope with his natural enemies. The domestication of the dog—the animal the most readily attaching itself to man, and in all ages the willing instrument and ally of the hunter—which most probably preceded that of any other animal—would tend materially to improve the position of man with reference to his power over the animals by which he was surrounded. The instinctive habit of the dog, and other animals of the canine race, to hunt in packs, would be observed by man, and after a time would be made available for his purposes.

The domestication of the animals capable of being tamed, and thus rendered subservient to the purposes of man, would be the next step in the onward march of human progress. The cultivation of the soil, and the systematic raising of the serial products which form so essential a part of man's nourishment, would be an equally important incident in the history of mankind. But neither the pastoral nor the agricultural condition would supersede the calling of the hunter, though it might diminish its importance. The flesh of the wild animals fit for the nourishment of man would still form a valuable article of food—not the less so on account of its savory character—and their skins would be useful for clothing. Above all it would be necessary for the protection of the domesticated animals, as well as for that of man himself, that the number of the beasts of prey should be kept down as much as possible. Happily, the discovery of the metals, and their use in the fabrication of weapons, which doubtless had its origin in the East, as well as the manufacture of the net, perfected by the invention of twine and cord now substituted for ruder materials, placed the hunter in a more favorable position for warring with his four-footed enemies. The paramount importance of this warfare could not fail to be appreciated. It is in the primitive period of the world's history that so much admiration and respect attaches to the character of hunter. It was the duty of the chieftain of the tribe—or,

when tribes had grown into a people or nation, of the king—second only to that of heading his warriors and defending his subjects against their foes, to hunt down the wild beasts, which, next to the external enemy, were the terror of the peaceable and industrious inhabitant. Hence, in the legendary hero the character of hunter is commonly associated with that of warrior. The legendary Nimrod is not only a "mighty one in the earth," but also a "mighty hunter before the Lord." The fabulous Ninus was as renowned as a destroyer of wild beasts as he was as a conqueror. The legendary heroes of Greece, of whom Xenophon gives a long list, were all renowned as hunters. He suggests that their merit as such may have contributed as much to procure for them the character of heroes and the admiration of mankind as their other exploits or virtues. "A conqueror and founder of an empire," says Mr. Layard—herein correctly expressing the sentiments of the ancient world—"was at the same time a great hunter. His courage, wisdom, and dexterity were as much shown in encounters with wild animals as in martial exploits. He rendered equal service to his subjects, whether he cleared the country of beasts of prey, or repulsed an enemy."

The keeping down the number of the beasts of prey, as one of the duties of kings and rulers, appears to have been fully recognized from an early period, at least in the Eastern world, where the fiercer and more destructive forms of animal life were unhappily far too abundant to be consistent with the welfare or safety of man. The frequent representations in the Assyrian sculptures of hunting scenes, in which the king is the principal actor, is very justly referred to by Mr. Layard as a proof not only of the chase being deemed the fitting occupation of a king, but also of the high estimation in which it was held by the primitive inhabitants of Assyria. The sculptures of the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon, made known to us by Messrs. Layard and Botta, exhibit, in all its energy, the royal sport of some thirty centuries ago, when a king of Assyria or of Babylon went forth to give battle to the monsters of the forest or the plain. In the Assyrian bass-reliefs the king is represented, when hunting, as in his war-chariot, well furnished with arrows, darts, and spears, and as accompanied by warriors fully equipped for fighting. The same thing took place in the neighboring kingdoms. We are told by the Greek writers that in Persia the kings went out on such occasions at the head of a large force, as on a military expedition, the march spreading over a considerable extent of country, and sometimes occupying several days. Xenophon describes a Persian king, when going forth on such an expedition, as accompanied by half his guard, each man fully armed as if he were going into battle. Kings and great men were proud to have the fact that they had been hunters and slayers of lions and wild beasts inscribed on their monuments. Darius is said to have desired to have it stated on his tomb that he had been an excellent hunter, as well as a steadfast

friend and good horseman, and one to whom nothing had been impossible.

But hunting was not confined in these countries to kings or their attendants, or to the pursuit of the more ferocious animals alone. Game was abundant, and the love of the chase universal. Mr. Layard is disposed to ascribe to the Assyrians the first establishment of the inclosed parks, or *paradeisoi*, which at a later period were maintained on so extensive a scale by the Persian kings and great men. In these parks game of every description was preserved for the purpose of sport—according to Greek writers, lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey, as well as ordinary game. But this may well be doubted, as the destruction of the other animals, if shut up with the beasts of prey, would have been such as in a very short time to leave nothing but the latter. When, therefore, lions and tigers are represented as being hunted in these inclosures, the probability is that, if this took place in fact, the animals had been captured and purposely introduced, with a view to their being forthwith hunted and killed. In a series of *bass-reliefs*, discovered at Kouyunjik, and now in the British Museum, the king is exhibited hunting lions, which are turned out of cages in which they are brought to the hunting ground. That at a later period wild beasts were taken alive for the purpose of being afterwards killed is, of course, a well-known fact.

The Babylonians appear to have been as keen sportsmen as the Assyrians. We now know from the modern discoveries that the walls of their temples and palaces were ornamented with pictures and sculptures representing the chase; and similar subjects were even embroidered on their garments.

As appears from the *bass-reliefs*, the animals hunted were, besides the beasts of prey, the wild bull, the wild ass, the boar, the different kinds of antelope and deer, the wild goat, and the hare. The game, if it escaped the arrow of the hunter, was caught with the lasso, or driven into nets and so taken, or was run down by large and powerful hounds.

Like their Asiatic neighbors and congeners, the Egyptians were ardent followers of the chase. Lion-hunting, we are told by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, speaking from the representations on the tombs, was a frequent occupation of the kings, who were proud to have their success on such occasions recorded. Amunoph the Third boasts of having destroyed no less than 102 head in one battue. Ethiopia, in which lions abounded, was the principal scene of this sport, but lions were also to be found in the deserts of Egypt. Athenæus mentions one having been killed by the Emperor Hadrian when hunting in the neighborhood of Alexandria. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the kings sometimes went far to the south in pursuit of elephants. He does not mention whether any representation of an elephant hunt is to be found on the monuments. The taste for hunting, Sir Gardner tells us, was general with all classes. The aristoc-

racy had their parks for preserving game in the valley of the Nile, which, though on a less extensive scale than those of their Asiatic neighbors, were still sufficiently large to enable them fully to enjoy the sport.

The animals they chiefly hunted were the hare, the gazelle, the stag and other deer, the wild goat or ibex, the oryx, the wild ox, the kebsh or wild sheep, and the porcupine. The ostrich, too, was pursued for the sake of its plumes, which were highly valued by the Egyptians.

One form of sport in which they indulged was that of pursuing the game with dogs, which, however, do not appear to have been used on such occasions for the purpose of finding the game, but were kept in slips, ready to be let go as soon as the game was started. If the dogs succeeded in catching the animal, well and good. But generally their speed was not trusted to alone, though this might sometimes be done. Usually the sportsman followed in his chariot, and, urging his horses to their utmost speed, endeavored to intercept the object of pursuit, or to get sufficiently near to it to be enabled to use his bow with effect. When the nature of the locality prevented the use of the chariot, the hunter, taking advantage of the sinuosities of the ground, endeavored to get within reach of the game as it doubled, and to bring it down with an arrow. The horned animals of the larger kind, such as the ibex, oryx, or wild ox, if wounded only, sometimes turned on the hounds, and required the spear of the hunter to dispatch them.

Sometimes, especially when they wished to take the animals alive for the purpose of placing them in the parks, they caught them with the lasso or noose, in the use of which the Egyptian huntsmen appear to have been extremely skillful, throwing the noose round the neck of the gazelle or deer or over the horns of the wild ox.

It may not be uninteresting to observe that while the Egyptians had several varieties of dogs—some of them chosen, Sir Gardner Wilkinson slyly observes, "*as at the present day, for their peculiar ugliness*"—probably the pet dogs of the Egyptian ladies—the hound, as, e.g., exhibited in drawing 236 of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's work, has, as with us, its peculiar and unmistakable characteristics. The hounds in the Egyptian painting would give one the idea of a cross between the English harrier and foxhound, though perhaps a little taller and larger than the former and lighter than the latter. The head is unmistakably that of the hound. The kings and great men sometimes hunted with lions tamed and trained, as the cheetahs are in India, expressly for hunting. In No. 240 of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's drawings is the representation of a lion, with which the chasseur is hunting, and which has just seized an ibex.

When sport was desired on a larger scale than could be had in the immediate vicinity of the Nile, where the land was cultivated and thickly peopled, it was sought in the neighboring deserts. When this was to be done, a considerable extent of ground was inclosed by nets, into which the animals were driven by beaters, the place chosen for

fixing the nets being, if possible, across narrow valleys, or torrent beds, lying between rocky hills. In the Egyptian paintings these long nets are represented as surrounding the space in which the hunt is to be carried on. The net used for this purpose is thus described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson; and the description, corresponding as it does with that given by Xenophon, may be taken as correctly describing the nets in universal use in the ancient world. "The long net was furnished with several ropes, and was supported on forked poles, varying in length to correspond with the inequalities of the ground, and was so contrived as to inclose any space, by crossing hills, valleys, or streams, and encircling woods, or whatever might present itself. Smaller nets for stopping gaps were also used; and a circular snare, set round with wooden or metal nails, and attached by a rope to a log of wood, and used for catching deer, resembled one still made by the Arabs." Being thus inclosed, the game was started by beaters with dogs, the sportsmen being so placed as to waylay the animals or to get within reach of them with the bow. A spirited sketch of a chase in the desert of Thebaid, copied by Sir Gardner Wilkinson from a tomb at Thebes, gives a vivid representation of such a hunting scene. Hares, deer, gazelles, wild oxen, the ibex, the oryx, and ostriches, together with foxes and hyenas, pursued by hounds, are dashing at full speed across the plain, while in the midst of them is a porcupine who is taking things very coolly, as if conscious that his rate of speed was by no means equal to that of his nimbler associates, and that any attempt to keep up with them would be vain. The slaughter on such occasions would appear to have been very great.

In one respect the Egyptians were sportsmen in the sense in which we should use that term. Except in these battues in the desert, they appear to have killed and taken the animals which could properly be called game only in open pursuit. They employed no snares or traps for the purpose. The noxious animals, on the other hand, such as leopards, hyenas, wolves, jackals, foxes, were not only hunted for amusement, but might be destroyed by the peasant, to whose herds or farm-yards they were standing enemies, in any way by which they could be taken. The poacher appears to have been unknown.

Not less striking than their hunting was the fowling of the Egyptians. The lakes and marsh-land of the Delta, and the reedy marshes which in many places line the banks of the Nile, have ever been the resort of innumerable wild fowl. Hence fowling appears to have been a general pursuit. The professional fowler, who followed it for his livelihood, used nets and traps; but the sportsman brought the birds down with the throw-stick—a stick made of heavy wood, from a foot and a quarter to two feet in length, and about an inch and a half in breadth, slightly curved at the upper end, and which, being flat, and thus encountering but little resistance from the air in its flight, could be thrown to a distance; and, when thrown by a dexterous hand, with

considerable accuracy of aim. The method of proceeding appears to have been to creep, in punts made of the papyrus, as noiselessly as possible, into the reeds, the height of which concealed their approach, till, the birds rising, the sportsman was enabled to use the throw-stick, an attendant being at hand, who, as fast as one stick was thrown, supplied another. Three of the most spirited sketches in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's collection are representations of such fowling parties. Strange to say, in two of them there appears a cat, employed to act the part of a retriever in getting the fallen birds out of the thicket.

No trace of hawking is to be found in the Egyptian paintings. The use of the hawk species for the purpose of fowling appears to have been unknown to the Egyptians, as also to the Asiatics.

From their early contact with the Egyptians it might have been expected that the Jews would have acquired a taste for hunting. But this does not appear to have been the case. They had, no doubt, occasion to destroy the beasts of prey for the protection of their flocks and herds. From the legend of Samson, and the statement ascribed to David that he had slain a lion and a bear, and the story of Benaiah, who is said to have slain a lion in a pit in time of snow, it would appear that lions, though there is no reason to suppose them to have been numerous, were occasionally troublesome in Judea. Several allusions in the Bible also show that the various devices for taking both ground and winged game were not unknown to the Jews; and the express enumeration of harts, roebucks, and fallow deer, among the provisions daily supplied for the household and table of Solomon, shows that game of this description was not wanting in Judea, and that its capture was not neglected. But there is nothing to lead us to suppose that hunting or fowling was generally pursued as an amusement, or on an extensive scale, as in Egypt or Assyria. The prohibition as to eating the flesh of certain animals, as the wild swine, the hare and coney, elsewhere the objects of pursuit, but forbidden by the Jewish law, no doubt on the supposition that their flesh was unwholesome to man—though we are at a loss to see why the flesh of an animal which chews the cud but does not divide the hoof should necessarily be unfit for man, and still more so to account for the law-giver having fallen into the mistake of supposing that the hare and coney were animals which chewed the cud—may have tended to check the practice of hunting, the pursuit of the hare and the wild boar, especially the former, forming generally so large a portion of the hunter's occupation. It does not appear from the Bible that the Jews availed themselves of the service of the dog in the pursuit of game. Possibly the prohibition contained in the seventeenth chapter of Leviticus against eating the flesh of any animal that had been *torn*, may have led to the non-use of the dog, a serious drawback to the success of the hunter, and which would necessitate the use of the snare, the trap, and the pitfall in substitution for the chase.

The paintings on the Egyptian tombs and the bass-reliefs of Nineveh and Babylon, which, after the long lapse of ages, have in recent times been brought to light, and the Jewish history, which, though we may not be certain as to the precise date at which it was composed, still undoubtedly carries us back into a remote antiquity, have afforded us some insight into the habits of these nations as regards the sports of the field. It is only at a much later period that we become acquainted with the sporting habits of other nations of the ancient world. Our first knowledge of the Persians and Medes, as hunters, is derived from the Greeks, who in Asia Minor became the subjects of the Persian empire, or, as regards Greece itself, were brought into contact with the Persian court or rulers after the Persian wars. But a long interval separates the Egyptian or Assyrian monuments from the writings of Herodotus or Xenophon, and we are therefore unable to say at how early a period the passionate love of the chase, which in the days of these writers had acquired such large dimensions, and had become a national characteristic of the Persians, had its first commencement. In its existence, as a national institution materially influencing the national character, ancient writers, both Greek and Roman, are agreed.

The *paradeisoi*, or hunting parks, of the Persians and Medes were, if we may trust the Greek writers, on a still grander scale than those of the Assyrians. Curtius, the historian of Alexander's campaigns, who of course could personally have known nothing of the matter, but who is said to have drawn his materials from early and reliable writers, speaking of these inclosed parks, writes: "*Barbaræ opulentia in illis locis haud ulla sunt majora indicia quam magnis nemoribus saltibusque nobilium ferarum greges clausi. Spatiosas ad hoc eligunt silvas, crebris perennium aquarum fontibus amoenas. Muris nemora cinguntur, turresque habent venantium receptacula.*" The author tells us that the conqueror having entered with his army into one of these parks, in which the game had not been disturbed for a long time, a slaughter of four thousand head ensued, after which the king feasted the whole army in the park. Of course the story would not have been complete if the narrator had not made his hero slay a lion with his own hand. He accordingly does so, and represents the king as disdainfully rejecting the assistance of Lysimachus, one of his generals, who came up while he was engaged with the lion, and peremptorily ordering him to retire. Out of this incident, adds Curtius, arose the story of Alexander having ordered Lysimachus to be thrown into a pit with a lion, whom, however, Lysimachus succeeded in killing. More reliable is the statement of Xenophon, as showing the extent of these inclosures, when he tells us that the whole of the Greek army of Cyrus, then amounting to 13,000 men, and in which Xenophon was himself serving, was reviewed in one of them. On another occasion the Greeks received private information that a large army of the enemy was stationed in a neighboring park. An instance of the extensive

scale on which the royal hunting establishments were organized is to be found in the statement of Herodotus, that the tax imposed on four large Mesopotamian villages was that of maintaining the royal hounds in the Babylonian satrapy, in consideration of which these villages were exempted from all other tribute.

We are informed by the Greeks that the Persian youth, in the earlier period of the monarchy, were regularly trained to the chase, as well as to horsemanship and other martial exercises, as the means of developing their physical powers and preparing them for the hardships and fatigues of war and the business of arms. At the later period at which Xenophon wrote, these habits are said by him to have fallen into desuetude—to which, as one of its causes, in his enthusiastic love of the chase he goes so far as to ascribe the decline of the Persian power; the more rational view of the matter perhaps being that the downfall of the nation and its easy subjection by the Macedonian conqueror were to be ascribed, not to the disuse of hunting and other active exercises, but to the growing effeminacy and luxurious habits which led, amongst other evils, to the abandonment of the chase and the other manly and warlike pursuits of their fathers.

Of the other Eastern nations of the period we are treating of we know little or nothing, though at a later period we read of some of them—for instance, the Parthians—as being passionately devoted to hunting. Tacitus states that, in the time of Augustus, a king of Parthia named Vonones, ~~one of the Arsacidae~~, who having been a hostage at Rome, had been sought by the Parthians for their king, was afterwards deposed by his subjects, partly on account of his prior connection with Rome, but also by reason of his effeminacy, principally as manifested by his neglecting the chase, "*diversus à majorum institutis*;" from which it may be presumed not only that the Parthians were a people devoted to hunting at the time in question, but that they considered themselves as therein following the example of their ancestors. All we are acquainted with as regards India in this respect is that the Indian hounds were acknowledged to be the finest then known, from which we may infer that the chase had been energetically cultivated in that country. It may be assumed that the other nations of the East had not been behind their Assyrian, Egyptian, or Persian brethren in following what seems to be the common, and as it were instinctive, propensity of man, more especially as in these countries wild animals were abundant, and the facilities for hunting great.

The mention of Greek historians brings us to the Greeks themselves. But here the beginning of history is lost in the obscurity and mist of fable. Even Xenophon, in his treatise on hunting, has nothing better to tell us of its origin than the legendary story that hunting and the training of hounds were the invention of Apollo and Artemis, who imparted the discovery to Chiron, who in his turn instructed the long list of heroes whom the writer enumerates. But, as has already been observed, the existence of the legend itself shows how deep was the



sense of the benefit resulting to mankind from the services of the hunter in the destruction of wild beasts. It shows, too, that the Greeks were from the earliest times a nation of hunters. Nor could it well be otherwise. A country intersected in all directions by mountain ranges, covered with forests, would be prolific of wild animals, of which an active and energetic population would not fail to take advantage. When we come to the historical times, we are told an idle story, for which there seems to be no sufficient authority, of Solon having forbidden hunting to the Athenians. It is certain that, if any such law was ever pronounced, it never was enforced or obeyed. In Sparta hunting is said to have been enjoined to the young and active by public authority, and hounds were maintained at the public expense. Hounds of the Spartan breed were much esteemed, as were also those of Crete, which probably differed but little, if at all, from those of Sparta. We have to thank the recorded excellence of the Spartan hounds for the exciting and vivid description of a pack of hounds which Shakespeare, who had probably been reading some old work on hunting, gives us in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Hippolyta begins:

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

To which Theseus answers:

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;  
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Whether hounds were used by the early Greeks, for the purpose of running down the game, or only for that of finding and bringing the fiercer animals, such as lions and boars, to bay, for the purpose of their being speared by the hunter, and of driving the smaller sort, such as hares and deer, into the net, and so capturing them, appears to be doubtful. From several passages in the "Iliad," especially the spirited description of the Calydonian boar-hunt, as also from that of the boar-hunt mentioned in the "Odyssey," at which Ulysses is represented as having been wounded by the boar, by the scar of which wound he was first recognized on his return to Ithaca, it is clear that in the Homeric age hounds were used for the first of the purposes above mentioned. But in these instances no mention is made of their employment for the sole purpose of catching the hunted animal. On the other hand, in what is said in the "Odyssey" by Eumæus, of the

old hound Argos, it would seem that hounds were sometimes used for the purpose of pursuit. For Eumæus says of Argos that no animal, if he once caught sight of it, could escape from him, while at the same time his power of scent was perfect:

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ τι φύγεσκε βαθείης βένθεσιν ὕλης  
Κνωδαλον ὅ ττι ἴδοιτο, καὶ ἰχνεσι γὰρ περιρῶη.

Which certainly looks like hunting by the pursuit of the hound alone.

Be this as it may, as regards the Homeric age, the use of the hound for this purpose solely was unknown in later times, as may be inferred from what Xenophon says on the subject.

It is to this accomplished Athenian, the general, the philosopher, the friend of Socrates and Plato, and at the same time ardent sportsman, that we are indebted for the earliest treatise on hunting—a treatise equally interesting to the sportsman and the scholar. Banished from Athens, Xenophon settled himself at Scillon, in the neighborhood of Olympia, where, having religiously applied the fund devoted to that purpose by the retreating army, out of the money made by the sale of their prisoners, in dedicating and endowing a temple to Artemis, and appointing an annual festival in honor of the goddess, he diverted himself with hunting as well as literature, and composed this treatise, known by the name of the "Kunēgetikos." It treats of three kinds of hunting—hare-hunting, stag-hunting, and boar-hunting; but the work is principally devoted to hare-hunting, which was plainly the favorite sport of the author, who evidently would not have agreed with the poet Thomson when he says:

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare.

The work in question gives the fullest account of this form of hunting; but the sport is certainly not such as, according to our ideas, would be deemed sportsmanlike. It consists not in the fairly running down the hare by the hounds assisted by the skill of the huntsman—a result which, according to Xenophon, seldom occurs, and which he seems to think it too much to expect—but in driving the hare, by means of the hounds, into nets placed to receive her, where, when entangled in the net, she is to be knocked on the head by an attendant stationed there for the purpose. But though this mode of hunting may be repugnant to an English sportsman, it is impossible to read this treatise otherwise than with interest and pleasure. An account is given of the nature and habits of the hare, which even a naturalist might study with advantage, and in the course of which the author appears to be worked up to an enthusiastic admiration of the creature, the destruction of which is the very subject of his work. Οὕτω δὲ ἐπιχαρὶ ἔσται τὸ θηρῖον, ὥστε οὐδεὶς ὄντις οὐκ ἂν, ἰδὼν ἰχνευόμενον, εὐρίσκόμενον, μεταθεόμενον, ἀλιθκόμενον, ἐπι-  
κείσθαι ἂν εἰ τοῦ ἐρῶν. "So charming an animal is it, that no one, who sees it either tracked, found, followed, or caught, but must

lose all thought of all else he cares for." Elaborate directions are given for the construction and use of the different nets, and for the breeding, choice, and training of the hounds, which he divides into two sorts, one of which he ascribes to a cross between the dog and the fox, and of which he speaks with contempt; the other, which he calls the Castor hound—as being the breed with which Castor himself used to hunt—and of which a detailed description is given—probably the Spartan or Cretan hound, which would seem to have been of the same or a very similar species. We have then full directions to the hunter for finding and pursuing the hare, and a most animated description of the chase. We all but see and hear the hunter, on starting the hare, or when the hounds are on the scent, cheering and calling out to them—*ἰὼ κύνεις, ἰὼ κυνᾶς, σαφῶς γε ὦ κύνεις, καλῶς γε ὦ κύνεις, εὖ γε, εὖ γε, ὦ κύνεις, ἐπέσθε ὦ κύνεις*. He is especially warned not to head the hare, as being a sure way to spoil the sport. He is to call to his hounds by name, in tones of encouragement or reproof, as the occasion may require. The whole scene is portrayed with a degree of vivacity equaled only by the elegant simplicity of the diction.

Xenophon next treats of stag-hunting, for which he recommends the employment of Indian hounds, as being large, strong, swift, and high-couraged, and so best suited for work. But he proposes to pursue the sport in a way which we should deem highly unsportsmanlike. He recommends the use of a foot-snare (*ποδοστράβη*)—a sort of wooden trap, the construction of which it is not very easy to understand or explain, but which the Egyptians appear to have used centuries before, and which Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us the Arabs use to this day: to this contrivance a noose is to be attached. When complete, the trap is to be placed in the track of the deer, below the surface of the ground, and carefully covered over with earth and leaves, so that, stepping on it, the foot of the deer may be caught, and the animal, unable to disengage it, may be compelled to drag the wooden log after it. Coming afterwards with his dogs and finding the trap gone, the hunter is to follow the track it will have left on the stones and ground, and with the aid of his hounds will soon come up with the deer, which, its progress being thus impeded, will fall an easy prey. Not but what, if it proves to be a stag, Xenophon advises that it should be approached with caution, as the animal can strike furiously both with horns and feet. It should therefore be killed from a distance with darts and javelins.

It is remarkable that Xenophon makes no mention of the use of the bow. With him Artemis would no longer be *τοχέαιρα*. Nor in treating of hare-hunting does he speak of the throw-stick (the *λαγωβόλον*), which, as we know from other sources, the Greek hunter used with effect to knock over the hare when he could get within reach of her.

The third form of hunting treated of by our author is that of wild boar, which, as described by him, was of a formidable nature.

and the preparations for which required to be of a corresponding character. The nets must be of greater strength. The heads of the javelins used by the hunter must be broad, and sharp as razors, the shafts must be of hard wood. The spears should have an iron head, five palms long, strongly guarded by cross-bars. And the prudent advice is given not to hunt alone, but always in company. The hounds should be, not of a common sort, but Indian, Locrian, Cretan, or Spartan. A Spartan hound, these hounds having apparently been remarkable for keen scent, is to be first employed to find the boar, the rest being carefully kept back. Generally speaking, when found by a single hound, the boar, Xenophon tells us, does not condescend to rise from his lair. The hunters are then to take advantage of this to spread the nets around him; having done which they are to set the hounds on him, but, if possible, at sufficient intervals to allow him to pass between them, so that he may not kill or injure more hounds than can be helped, the object being to get him entangled in the nets, in executing which the hunters are to assist by shouting and throwing darts and stones at him. When he is well entangled in the net, one of the boldest and most skillful of the hunters is to attack him with his boar-spear—an operation, however, which requires great dexterity and care. The blow is to be struck with the right hand, while the spear is supported by the left. But in this dangerous sport hunters, as well as hounds, sometimes perished. Woe betide the hunter if the boar, by turning his head, should succeed in averting the stroke, and should knock the spear out of the hunter's hand. Great and imminent is then the danger. The only resource of the hunter is said to be to fall flat on his face. The boar will endeavor to raise him with his tusks, in order to rend him therewith, and, if he fails in this, will trample on him, and possibly trample him to death. The wild sow, being without tusks, will always, under such circumstances, endeavor to trample on the prostrate hunter. The peril can only be averted by some brother sportsman coming to the rescue, and attacking the beast with his spear, and so diverting its fury from the fallen man. But this must be done with caution, lest the spear thrust at the boar should injure the man whom it is intended to protect. Many hunters as well as hounds, Xenophon tell us, found their death in this perilous amusement.

Lions and other beasts of prey are beyond the scope of our author's treatise. He disposes of them, therefore, in a few words. Lions, panthers, lynxes, lears, and the like, he tells us, are not to be found in Greece, but in foreign parts; some in Nysa, which is above Syria; some on the Mysian Olympus, and Pindus, and the mountain ranges between Thessaly and Epirus; some on the Pangean range of mountains between Macedonia and Thrace.

The mountainous districts of Thessaly and Thrace, in which, as also in Macedonia and Epirus, the abundance of wild animals made the inhabitants of these countries hunters par excellence, were especially productive of bears. Ovid makes mention of the "*Hæmonii ursi*" as

a savage species. The known fierceness of the Thracian bear gave occasion to the spirited lines of our Chaucer:

Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace,  
That stondeth in a gappe with a spere,  
When hunted is the lion or the bere;  
And heareth him come rushing in the greves,  
And breking both the boughes and the leves,  
And thinkes here comes my mortal enemy,  
Withouten faille he must be ded, or I.

Or, as finely paraphrased by Dryden:

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,  
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear:  
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees  
His course at distance by the bending trees,  
And thinks, "Here comes my mortal enemy,  
And either he must fall in fight, or I."

Lions and the other beasts of prey were destroyed, Xenophon proceeds to tell us, as they could not well be hunted in these mountainous districts owing to the roughness of the country, by means of aconite, as poison, mixed with the food they liked, and placed near the water or other places they were in the habit of frequenting. Sometimes they were caught in pitfalls, a she-goat being tied to the spot over which the beast had to pass, to attract him by her cries. Sometimes the animals, coming down into the open country by night, were then surrounded by men and horses, and taken, not without danger to the hunters.

Xenophon concludes his interesting treatise by an eloquent but somewhat exaggerated eulogy of hunting. According to him, the chase is the source of health to the mind as well as the body. It makes men strong, hardy, active, fit for labor, manly, bold, courageous; it prepares and fits them for war and for their country's service; it diverts them from mischievous and demoralizing habits and pursuits, and, giving a healthy tone to the mind, tends to make men virtuous and happy.

So much for the hunting of the Eastern world in ancient times. We pass on to the West; and here the Romans claim our first attention. Not indeed as hunters—for the Romans cannot be said to have ever taken to the sports of the field in the spirit of the East. It is—strange to say—as jurists, rather than as hunters, that the Romans have a claim to our attention in connection with the present subject. It is with the Romans that we first find any question raised as to the relative rights and obligations of the hunter and the owner of the soil, inter se, a matter fully discussed and settled by the Roman jurists, and as to which their views have been accepted by the nations who have adopted the Roman law.

But we must reserve the consideration of this not altogether unimportant topic, as well as of the view of the subject taken by our own jurists, to a future occasion.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

## LITERARY SUCCESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THOSE who in these days "tamper with the Muses" must find a fruitful source of vexation in the perusal of the letters and memoirs of certain literary persons who flourished a century ago. If there were then no instances of a prize poem leading to an ambassadorship; as in the case of Prior, or of good places being given away in return for a fairly creditable copy of verses, there were abundant examples of a splendid social position and ample pecuniary rewards being gained by writers whose abilities we should now consider of the most commonplace order. But let any disappointed genius who feels himself or herself inadequately rewarded by the admiration of perhaps a small clique, in this much-divided literary world of London, be thankful to avoid stumbling on the "Life and Letters of Miss Hannah More." Almost exactly a hundred years ago she, "impelled by the consciousness of superior powers," came to London. She did not enter it as a perfect stranger, for, to quote Mr. Roberts, her biographer, "Society, in its most engaging form, was extending its arms to receive her."

At this time Miss Hannah More was a comely woman of eight-and-twenty, and she had written the "Search after Happiness," a Pastoral Drama of the feeblest description, and some translations from Metastasio and Horace, and, on the strength of these achievements and some good introductions, she carried the town. Her favorite amusement as a child had been to turn a chair into a coach, seat herself in it, and invite her sisters to drive with her to London, to see publishers and bishops; and now her childish sport became a reality, and she not only was able to hold her own with publishers when the time for bargaining came, but took sweet counsel with every bishop on the bench, and during the whole course of her life gave them large help in holding up the pillars of Church and State. Another ambition of her childhood had been to have a whole quire of writing-paper given to her at once. This wish had been granted, and on half the quire she had written letters to depraved characters (imaginary ones), pointing out the evil of their ways; and on the other half, answers from the same, owning the convincing force of her arguments, and proclaiming their sincere repentance and intention of amendment. This juvenile amusement was also the foreshadowing of her chief employment in after years.

At first, it must be owned, Miss More was just a little dazzled by the great world and the great people she met, and no wonder, for both were at her feet. Night after night she went to parties "composed entirely" (to use her own words, though it is unkind of her to make such a marked distinction) "of wits and bishops, with scarcely an expletive person among them." Garrick was one of her first friends, and, in spite of his calling, the friendship between them lasted as long

as he lived. She met Dr. Johnson at a party given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her host had forewarned her that it was just possible the Doctor might be in one of his moods of sadness and silence. She was therefore—and now we use the words of her biographer—“surprised at his coming to meet her as she entered the room, with good humor in his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua’s on his hand, and still more at his accosting her with a verse from a Morning Hymn, which she had written at the desire of Sir J. Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humor he continued the whole of the evening.

This is rather a different account of the meeting from that given by Mrs. Thrale: “When she (H. More) was introduced to Dr. Johnson not long ago she began singing his praises in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him. Then she redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length the Doctor turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, ‘Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.’” If during this interview Dr. Johnson did administer such a sledge-hammer rebuke, he certainly took a liking to Miss More afterwards, for we hear of his calling her child, and little fool, and love, and dearest, and with him these epithets were synonyms.

This conquest of Dr. Johnson was by no means the end of Hannah More’s social successes. She soon became acquainted with “all the great and greatly endowed.” She was introduced to “her sex’s glory, Mrs. Montagu,” and describes her in a letter to her sister as “not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. She lives in the highest style of magnificence. Her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste,” etc. We, in these more fastidious modern times, have some doubts as to the genius, and, when we read her letters, many as to the fine taste of the lady; but in Hannah More’s days the approval of Mrs. Montagu was a kind of Hall-mark which was absolutely necessary to any one who wished to make a figure in the world of letters. She could crush an aspirant by a word. She herself describes the manner in which she addressed a lady who was trying to shine in conversation in her presence. “Mr. B——’s wife put out all her strength to be witty, and in short showed such a brilliant genius that I turned about and asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious.” The great lady was, however, very civil to Miss More; and, besides this triumph, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Trimmer, and Mrs. Vesey hailed her as a kindred spirit, while Mrs. Boscawen crowned her with laurels, and “that pleonasm of nakedness,” as De Quincey called Mrs. Barbauld, “wrote her letters full of elegance and good nature.” The sublime and beautiful Burke honored her with a morning call. Baretti of the Italian Dictionary followed Johnson of the English, Lord Howe, Lord Rodney, Oriental Jones, Mythology

Bryant, Dr. Solander, Boswell (then called Corsican Boswell), Warton, Walpole, Windham, Sheridan, the Thrales, Burneys, and the learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge (who must have had something beyond the common in him, for he had a natural antipathy to an ode)—all made much of her; the King got her to copy her MS. poems for him, the Queen sent her flattering messages, Prime Ministers made her welcome in their houses, the Lord Chancellor said civil things to her, and as for bishops, peers, and peeresses, if we seek to give a list of those who were on terms of friendship with her or to chronicle their compliments, we find their name is legion. She knew Lord Erskine, whose speeches could not always be reported because the printer's stock of *I's* ran out, and in her turn found him "fond of talking of himself." She was even acquainted with De Lolme; and when we have said that, we have mentioned a name which has awed us from very childhood!

All this great society was perhaps a little thrown away upon Miss More, for in one of her letters she says, "For my own part, the more I see of 'the honored, famed, and great,' the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good." In another place she says she has remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Perhaps the occasion on which she made this remark was that on which "the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven, without either scandal or politics."

However, whether she despised it or not, her success in the literary world of London was a fact, and when she went into the country she received equal homage. She herself describes a visit into Norfolk, and how the first Sunday she was there she was, "when the service was over, politely accosted by every *well-dressed* person in the congregation," all desiring to see her at their houses. From thence she went to stay in a country-house full of visitors, and a friendship commenced between herself and every one of the guests, which lasted during their respective lives!

All her letters at this time seem to be full of a chastened worldliness, or rather of a desire to cultivate two opposing worlds at once. She had shown it even in childhood when she wished to go to London to see publishers and bishops. She showed it afterwards in the worldly wisdom with which she criticised her own title of "*Sacred Dramas*." "The word *sacred* in the title is a damper to the dramas. It is tying a millstone about the neck of sensibility, which will drown them both together." She showed it by going to Sunday parties, and abusing the people who gave them as soon as she returned home, and asking Elijah (i. e. herself) what he had been doing there? In fact, the way in which the little woman sipped the sweets of pleasure at this time, and quarreled with their taste, is very droll. "Pleasure," says she, "is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation to it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling



on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted, I went to Apsley House, where I stayed till nearly two. I then made insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I stayed till eight, and from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's, where there was a small assemblage of about thirty people, and all clever." In another place she naively says, "Mrs. Boscawen came to see me the other day with the duchess in her gilt chariot with four footmen. It is not possible for anything to be more agreeable to my taste than my present manner of living."

Whilst at home in Bristol after one of these triumphant visits to London, she one day said laughingly to her sister, "I have been so fed with praise that I really think I will venture to try what is my real value, by writing a slight poem and offering it to Cadell myself." In a fortnight after the idea was started she had completed "Sir Eldred of the Bower," to which she added the short poem of the "Bleeding Rock." Cadell at once (publishers always do) offered her a price which far exceeded her idea of its worth, very handsomely adding that if she could hereafter discover what Goldsmith obtained for the "Deserted Village," he would make up what he had given her to the same sum, be it what it might. Dr. Johnson sat from nine till twelve at night reading and criticising "Sir Eldred;" he even added a stanza of his own to it; and when we say that the *poem* does not suffer from the introduction of this, we have said enough to give an idea of its style and merit.

In 1777, she wrote "Percy;" Garrick composed and spoke the prologue and epilogue. In a letter to her sister she tells how "several very great ones made interest to hear him read the play before it was acted, but he peremptorily refused." Miss More was present at the first night's performance, and had the delight of witnessing a brilliant success. "One tear," she writes to her sister, "is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction of seeing even men shed them in abundance." (Tears, not hands, we hope; but the gifted author leaves the point unsettled.) When the play was over, the critics met as usual at the Bedford to "fix its character," and that being satisfactory, and more than satisfactory, Miss More received praise and admiration on all sides. Dr. Percy (the bishop) was sent at once by the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy to thank her for the honor which she had done their family. Four thousand copies of the play sold in a fortnight. All the great people went to the theater night after night, and some of them accepted no invitation without making a proviso that they should be at liberty to break the engagement if a desire to go to see "Percy" again came into their heads. M. de Calonne, Prime Minister of France, translated it into French, some one else into German, and for months its popularity was unbounded. How cheaply this success was gained, any one who has the courage to read "Percy" may see for himself. To give an idea of the story: Elwina, daughter of Earl Raby, is betrothed to Earl Percy. He goes to the Crusades (these Crusades,

by the bye, occur, in despite of chronology, after the battle of Chevy Chase). During Earl Percy's absence, Earl Raby insists on Elwina's marrying a new suitor, Earl Douglas—to use the fair Elwina's own words—

He dragged me trembling, dying to the altar,  
I sighed, I struggled, fainted, and—complied.

Earl Douglas, after a while, finds Elwina's heart is not his, is jealous, and asks her if "no interior sense of guilt confounds her?" And so the play pursues its feeble course to the dreary end. We know "Percy" to be a tragedy, because three people come to a violent death in the last act, and because miseries are "pulled down" on guilty heads. Had it not been a tragedy, it would have been sufficient to *draw* them down. It is written in the prosiest of prose; and yet it was an undoubted success. Mrs. Siddons as Elwina drew tears from Fox, and Miss. More drew six hundred pounds from Cadell the publisher. She wrote another play called the "Fatal Falsehood." It was not quite so successful. Garrick, too, was dead, and thus Miss. More had lost the one link which reconciled her to a profession of which her judgment disapproved, and she gave up all play-writing or play-going. Very nearly all play-reading also; though in a preface to her own tragedies, written in after years, she "ventures to hazard an opinion that, in company with a judicious friend or parent, many scenes of Shakespeare may be read, not only without danger, but with improvement." But she had no very hearty appreciation of the peerless genius, no comprehension how entirely he stood alone; for she speaks of "Shakespeare and other writers of the same description."

Her own "poems," as she calls them, are of the most commonplace order. "Any one of moderate capacity," to quote Dr. Johnson's dictum on someone else's work, "could write reams of such stuff, if he did but abandon his mind to it." Let not the reader think for a moment that Dr. Johnson said this of Hannah More's poems: After reading the "*Bas Bleu*" in MS. (admire the large and glorious patience of an age in which authors could read each other's productions in MS.!), he told her that he wanted to see her to "praise it as much as envy could praise," and that there was "no name in literature that might not be glad to own it. Johnson, however, wrote "*Lives of the Poets*," in which place was found for Smith and Sprat, and none for Spenser, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, or Marlowe. He knew how to appreciate virtuous sentiments and big dictionary words in a poem; but he had no ear for its music. Not for music of any kind, for, as Macaulay humorously says, "he just knew the bell of St. Clement's from the organ;" and in this deficiency Miss More seems to have shared, for thus she wrote to one of her sisters—

"Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence,  
To wholesome solitude the nurse of—

'sense,' I was going to add in the words of Pope, till I recollected

that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was just as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the opera—the first that ever I *did*, the last, I trust, I ever *shall* go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the Universe made his creature man with a comprehensive mind? Why make him a little lower than the angels? Why give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit and memory, and, to crown all, an immortal and never-dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well? and yet I find the same people are seen at the opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed by such a set of beings." "Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very heavy one."

Her essays, which were highly thought of in her own day, aim at being logical expositions of the evils of the various vices and follies of which they treat; but they wander away from the point woefully, and she is very fond of using logical terms of which she does not apprehend the meaning. Yet the Bishop of London (Porteus), after reading a little book of hers which she had published anonymously, wrote to her "Aut Moros, aut Angelus, it is in vain to think of concealing yourself; your style and manner are so confessedly superior to every other moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition."

Miss. More's "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*" is a book which is in many parts very brightly written, and which shows considerable powers of observation, but errs in drawing an absolutely fixed line of demarkation between the good and the bad of this world, which line neither the one nor the other ever overstep by so much as the breadth of a hair. The good are all good, the bad entirely bad. "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*" is a semi-religious novel, and was immensely popular in its day. It will still repay reading. The first edition sold in a fortnight. Twelve editions came out during the first year. In all, 21,000 copies were sold in England, and 30,000 in America. It was translated into every Continental language—even into Icelandic. This success of "*Cœlebs*" was by no means a piece of exceptional good fortune. Miss More's books usually did sell by twenty and thirty thousands, and were translated into Persian, Mahratta, Icelandic, and even Cingalese, by way of unexpected languages. Sometimes a large edition of a book of hers was entirely sold in four hours. Naturally, after hearing of such facts, we wish to learn if the author did not reap some substantial benefit from so much popularity, and are glad to learn from her biographer, <sup>surge</sup> he made a fortune of £30,000; and that, though the wish of <sup>he</sup> ~~the~~ story: Epm youth had been to have a house of her own in whi He goes to the ~~ld~~ not stand upright, she

was able, from her own earnings, to build one of much more commodious dimensions, in which she and her sisters ended their days.

Her books brought her honors of all kinds, as well as money. The Queen consulted her about the education of the Princess Charlotte; the Duchess of Gloucester gave her a public breakfast; the Academy of Arts, Science, and Belles Lettres in Rouen elected her a member. If she scribbled a pencil translation of an Italian piece at a concert, it was snatched from her hands and put into the principal magazine of the day; and her letters, though composed only "for the fireside and the bosom," were eagerly copied by those who saw them. Then, to crown her triumphs, no doctor would ever take a fee from her; and actually, when the course of the mails between Bristol and Exeter was being altered for some good reason, Sir Francis Freeling was especially charged by the royal family to ascertain if the alteration would be inconvenient to Miss More, in which case the project was to be abandoned.

Hannah More's success being an undoubted fact, it remains to consider in what kind of a world it was won. London was at her feet; but the London of those days was something like a very small country-town now, and the circle of wits was limited. Miss More often went to parties from which it was remarked that not one woman in London distinguished for taste or literature was absent. It was as easy then to count the heads in which was to be found a little wit and learning, as for Ali Baba in his tree to number the robbers down below; for society was composed of one small, select, though by no means refined, circle, the members of which were all well known to each other. A moderately good play, poem, or novel then met with a recognition more complete than would now be accorded to a work even of genius. Society is, in fact, now split up into circles innumerable, some of which touch and meet, but others remain apart to all eternity; and it would be quite possible for a work which moved the members of one circle to its very outermost and innermost rings, to remain forever unknown and unheard of by all the members of the other. Besides, when considering Hannah More's popularity, it is hardly possible to make sufficient allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace. In all ages it has stirred thousands to enthusiasm! Really good and great books always make their mark sooner or later, but not with such steady certainty as a good bit of commonplace work which surprises you by no unexpected ideas, but jogs on comfortably on a level with your own intelligence, without disturbing you by requiring any thought. Who are the poets of the present day who can stand the test of being asked to produce their literary balance-sheets? Has any one made as much money as Tupper? Have Carlyle's Essays been half so popular as those of A. K. H. B.? Added to this, there are innumerable people who think it a duty to pass their Sundays in a "dim religious light" of dullness. They must not read anything but good books, by which they understand the Bible, sermons, essays on

moral culture, and feeble volumes of religious verse. It must, therefore, be readily seen that a writer who supplies these persons with a change of reading which they like, is sure of both fame and fortune. In Hannah More's days there were hardly any of these books to be had (the taste of the age was not elevated enough to find pleasure in the grand old sermons of Jeremy Taylor and the men of his time), and it must be owned, besides, that every one, high and low, did want a great deal of teaching, and very rudimentary teaching too, as is proved by Sir Joshua's complaint that nearly all the visitors who came to his studio to see his infant Samuel had to ask him who Samuel was. And—to give an idea of the depth of ignorance existing among the lower classes—when Hannah More, with noble disregard of personal comfort, went miles and miles on Sundays, to teach the semi-savages in the villages near Cheddar, the parents resisted her endeavors to secure the children's attendance at school, because they were sure that she wished to steal them away to sell them as slaves.

She persevered, however, and in time did an immense amount of good in benighted regions which had not the care of a clergyman for nearly a century. This was only one amongst many of her patient and unselfish efforts to help others, and we are glad to chronicle it, and especially anxious, besides, to declare that we feel a sincere reverence for Hannah More, and believe her to have been a very earnest good woman, though we cannot but wonder at the success which she obtained as a writer during the earlier part of her life, when, if ever, she was judged as a writer merely. One person seems to have shared our opinion even in those days; for when poor Miss More set her dress on fire, and was only saved by the courage of a friend, the announcement of this fact and that the dress she wore at the time was made of a stuff called *lasting*, which did not burn readily, provoked the following epigram from "some heartless pretender to wit."

Vulcan to scorch thy gown in vain essays;  
Apollo strives in vain to fire thy lays;  
Hannah! the cause is visible enough:  
Stuff is thy raiment, and thy writing stuff.

This was met by the following from a partisan of the lady's:

Clothed all in filth, lo! Epigram appears,  
His face distorted by a thousand sneers;  
Why, this attack is visible enough—  
The scribbler envies Hannah's *lasting stuff*.

MARGARET HUNT, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

## A VISIT TO A RELIGIOUS HOUSE IN GREECE.

GREECE is a land of monasteries; the easy, indolent life led by the monks suits the character of the people, who, in that delicious climate, consider the *dolce far niente* to be happiness. As we were anxious to visit the famous establishment of Mégaspiléon, we started from the little town of Aigion, mounted on the diminutive horses of the country, and accompanied by guides. The whole place was roused to witness our early departure; the women stood at the windows, the men saluted us with an ironical "Pleasant journey to you," the dogs barked and bit our horses until they reared, and we were only too glad when we reached the shadow of the trees.

After crossing a stream, our road, narrow and stony, ascended the mountain to the south. It was a path scarcely practicable for a pedestrian, yet the sure-footed animals climbed it without difficulty. Enormous rocks rose in fantastic forms, jagged, caverned, precipitate, over which a wild undergrowth was scattered. By degrees we penetrated a charming thicket of eglantine, red thorns, and Judas trees, which covered the ground with a rosy layer of leaves blown by the wind from the flowering branches. Under a burning sun and overpowering heat, we were only too glad to call a halt at a little village, where the wooden huts were sheltered under enormous plane-trees and watered by a fresh spring. Whilst our horses browsed, we lay on the grass under the shade, and eagerly drank from a large bowl of milk that our host brought us.

We were joined by two young Greeks, the one a soldier on leave, the other a boy shepherd of sixteen, who proposed to accompany us on foot. The countenance of the latter was a very striking one; under his picturesque dress, open at the neck, his limbs presented the exact type of those graceful youths which the classic sculptors loved to model. It was a beauty reuniting the three qualities of suppleness, strength, and health. His eyes were large, black, sweet, and yet bold; his hair hung in curls; and we thought of the description which Theocritus gave of Lycidas: "The skin of a wild goat with yellow hair, still bearing the odor of sour milk, covered his shoulders, a broad belt confined his well-worn mantle round his hips, and his hand rested on a crook of wild olive." The boy insisted upon our visiting the church in his village, which, if not large, nor possessing architectural merit, had yet the rarity of being hollowed out of the trunk of a

tree. It was one of those gigantic plane-trees sometimes found in this country, and could shelter the priest, the altar, and the faithful within its wooden walls.

Towards evening we began to descend, and our wearied horses, foreseeing the end of their hard day's work, hastened onwards.

Soon we perceived Mégaspiléon coming into view—the most singular, strange building that can be imagined. The impression it gave was that of an immense castle of cards, of every color, glued against a rock. Rising above large gardens well shaded by trees, which covered a gentle ascent at the end of the valley, was a series of irregular stages covered with glaring pictures, most of them dirty and old. They had been added successively above the earliest or ground-floor buildings, and thus formed a high façade, without depth behind, and only holding on to the granite by a miracle of equilibrium. The summit was irregular, as each monk had built his own lair of a different height, some darting up into the air, overlooking others like vultures' nests, and others again were low garrets apparently unfinished. Here in this strange town, shut in by a rock at the north and a deep valley to the south, live four hundred monks. Increasing by degrees, the great rock is now completely covered with this new mosaic. An infinity of small windows of every form, broad and narrow, look at a distance like dark holes, which time, indifference, and the bad taste of the owners have clothed with the ugliest tints. The greatest astonishment is that earthquakes, so common in this part of the Peloponnesus, have not thrown down the fragile cells, and rolled them in a heap at the bottom of the valley.

Following in Indian file the narrow road which led over the hill, we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves in the midst of lovely gardens, full of flowers, and balmy with the perfumes wafted by the evening air. Thick bushes of roses and sweetbriars stood among cherry, fig, orange, and medlar trees, covered with ripe fruit, and interlacing their branches over our heads. Singing-birds perched on the boughs and flew in large flocks against the blue sky on our approach; it was a charming sylvan scene only too soon to disappear.

We had not advanced a hundred paces, when by degrees heaps of dirt, débris of every kind from the kitchen, linen rags, streams of gray mud, soiling the ground of this sweet garden, recalled us to the realities of life. The paradise was used as a common sewer, and the fruitfulness of the trees was due to all the dirt which the monks chose to throw from their windows.

Warned by the noise of the horses, some pale faces appeared at the loopholes, watching with a careless or malevolent eye the inquisitive strangers who had thus intruded upon the comedy of their intrigues, or troubled the monotony of their repose. As the heat was past, it was the hour for a promenade, and a large number were seated on

a long terrace shaded by trees. In spite of the noise we made, they seemed as if they scarcely saw us; some looked on silently, others turned away their heads to resume an interrupted conversation, not one to advanced ask our business.

"Where is the Superior?" we asked of the one nearest us.

"He is ill," was the reply; "are you come to sleep here?"

"Yes, certainly; we are from Aigion, and have ridden the whole day."

"You intend sleeping here!" he repeated with a defiant air. "There are too many in your party. I do not know where we can find rooms. But here is the brother of the Superior; speak to him: he will know what he can do for you." And he went away.

Fully resolved not to lose the fruits of our expedition, we jumped off and gave the horses to our escort, advancing towards the *prohigoumene*.

"You wish to visit the convent?" he said, as soon as we reached him; "it is not the time; we are in the midst of the election of councilors, and you are a large party; you should have come in the morning."

"Our only wish is for a shelter, a room where we can pass the night; if you will allow us to enter, we will pay for it."

"Yes, you must pay three shillings each, besides what you eat, and you must leave your arms here; we cannot allow you to enter with guns in your hands."

This was rather disconcerting; it is always wise to be on the defensive in the East, and the reception we had had from the monks did not increase our confidence in them; but the house was theirs, the rule could not be altered, and the point had to be yielded. The ancient folding-doors, covered with half-effaced religious symbols, opened, and passing under a stone vault we entered a large hall, rather gloomy, the arched ceiling of which was supported by heavy granite columns. At the end an open gate gave access to the chapel: its rich ornamentation, lighted up with copper lamps, shone through the obscurity. To the left an ancient window was filled with stained glass. They pointed out the altar, covered with images and offerings in the vilest taste, a few relics, and the treasure of the monastery.

When we returned, the monks lighted some tapers, and placing themselves before us, led the way to the upper rooms. We entered a dark vault, and the first steps cut in the rock were soon visible—black, worn away, damp, preserving the dirt which had been laid upon them for centuries past. Lest we should fall, our hands rested on the granite walls, which were, however, greasy from the fingers and robes of those who daily passed up. Besides this, as we mounted, a disgusting fetid odor came from the miserable cells which opened on to each landing, filling with emanations far from pleasant this dark, narrow staircase, into which the sun's rays never penetrated. Our guides



stopped at length, and the prohigoumene opened a door and led us into a light room, saying:

"You can stay here until to-morrow morning; it is the best room we have, and is always reserved for strangers of distinction. My brother, the Superior, formerly lived here; but now he is ill, he occupies it no longer," he continued, with the evil smile which played over his features.

We paid little attention to his words. The wall opposite was entirely filled by one large glazed window, and rushing to it we all leaned out, drinking in draughts of fresh air—the riches of the poor man which these miserable monks did not know how to enjoy. When dinner was announced, our disgust at all that passed through their hands made us determine to fast until the morning; but they brought us some hard-boiled eggs and cherries, which we ventured to accept.

The cellars are, however, the part in which the monks feel the greatest pride, and it was necessary that we should again descend to see them. They are almost the only inhabitants of Achaïæ who make wine without adding resin to it. A few merchants at Patras have followed this example, and find it much to their profit; but almost all the proprietors of vineyards keep up the old custom, and diminish the value of the vintage by three quarters, because they will not trouble themselves to build cellars. Those of Mégaspiléon are spacious, deep, and well-arranged. The produce of each season is no longer put into buckskins, but into immense tuns, rivaling that of Heidelberg, and celebrated throughout Greece. The prohigoumene politely offered us some to taste; it was excellent, so different from the black fluid you generally meet with in the country. Whilst visiting the cellars, we had been struck with an ancient inscription fixed in the wall. There was also an image of wax, which was to be preserved forever as a holy relic. One of the monks, in reply to our inquiries, took us once more into the church, and showed us a carefully-framed tablet, so blackened by age that it was impossible to distinguish either the composition or the drawing.

"You have noticed in the cellar," said he, "a spring of water which flows freely; we call it 'The maiden's source.' This monastery was built in consequence of its discovery, and as you do not know the legend I will relate it to you:

"Long, long ago, when these mountains and valleys were uninhabited, and covered by a forest, a young shepherdess was obliged to lead her flock many miles to the stream. One evening she observed that before reaching the river an old he-goat had his beard wet, and this occurred frequently. She watched him, and, distaff in hand, followed until he entered a grotto at the foot of these rocks, where was a rivulet. As she also was thirsty, she stooped down to drink, but the grotto was suddenly lighted up, and a voice said:

"My image lies hid in the forest; set the trees on fire, and a large serpent will come out; kill it, take the image, and build a church."

"But who will believe my story?" said the girl.

"The voice replied, 'Strike the ground with your distaff, and a cypress will spring up.'

"This she did, and returning to her village, told the people what the vision had said. The men posted themselves round the trees and set fire to them, and when the giant snake came out, the peasants' arrows pierced him. A chapel was erected, to which the monastery was afterwards added. We shall always carefully preserve this image," added the monk; "it is the work of St. Luke in wax. It is not blackened by age but by the fire; the miracle was that it was not melted." Then he made the sign of the cross and left us.

But we were not to spend the evening alone. As we were leaning out of the window watching the shadows of evening steal over the valley, the probigoumene and several monks joined us. We had an instinctive dislike to the man; his face was vicious and unintelligent, his nature seemed to have no aim but to gain his own ends by cunning. Tall, and of an unhealthy stoutness, he had good features partially hidden by a long, gray beard; but his obsequious smile and cat's eyes destroyed every pleasant impression.

We learned afterwards from the indiscreet conversation of some jealous monks, that his great desire was to gain the highest place among them. His brother was the Superior, or higoumene, and a few days before the election of governing monks he had been seized with illness. No one was allowed to nurse him; separated from every one, and anticipating his death, he was left to the fraternal kindness of one who intended to supplant him. The end was never known to us; but when on the following morning we expressed a wish to salute the sick man before we departed, the brother refused very decidedly, saying, "He is suffering much, and cannot bear to be spoken to."

However, to return to the evening visit of the monks, who seated themselves and asked every kind of question about our Western customs. One of our party, who grew weary of their uninteresting talk, rose and walked about the room singing. By degrees the monks were silent, and it was evidently from admiration. It was the refrain of some popular song; and astonished at the attention of his audience, he ceased, when they entreated him to continue. They had never heard European music, and the harmony of the notes, so different from their own harsh singing, was evidently a surprise. Indeed, they took it for a religious canticle. It was impossible to get quit of them, so at length we all four roared a different air. Still they remained in an attentive, fervent attitude, until, when our lungs were exhausted and wearied with exertion, we relapsed into silence, and they walked off, to our great joy.

The only furniture the room contained was a table and a divan

round the walls, on which we stretched ourselves without undressing.

In less than a quarter of an hour, invaded by thousands of insects; we were all in the middle of the floor, shaking off the black mass. The table was then our refuge; the fortunate ones lay on the top, the others beneath, installed as well as they could. For myself, not being able to sleep, I rose in the middle of the night to seek fresh air, when to my surprise I found the monks had locked us in. As soon as daylight dawned, our cries and the noise we made brought a novice to our assistance, and he opened the door.

It is difficult to paint the new aspect, still more repugnant, which the house presented in the early morning. Monks, with pale faces, hair in disorder, and half-shut eyes; were gliding about in the shadow of the staircase, on which shone the feeble glimmer of tapers. For the most part they were children in blue linen robes, young people whom their elders employ as servants, and who were beginning their lifeless, wearisome day.

We made all haste to descend and saddle our horses, but the pro-higoumene ran out to join us; he was evidently afraid that we should forget to pay. It amused us to bargain with him for the price of his hospitality so ungraciously rendered. The morning had restored to him all his presence of mind, and he was more grasping than any Swiss landlord, continually repeating, "You must, you must pay." We soon yielded, anxious not to delay our departure, and followed another road to the east, watched by the monks with anxious eyes, apparently only too glad to see the strangers disappear.

The painful impression which our short stay at Mégaspiléon had made upon us, was quickly dissipated by the beauty of the scenery. By degrees the gray sky was lighted up; in the openings of the range of mountains the horizon was seen delicately tinted, to use Homer's expression, with a veil of saffron. The trees were musical with the morning carols of the birds, and the sky, already purple, streaked with lines of gold, was soon illuminated by the rising sun. When we reached the top of the second valley, it was inundated with light. On the banks of the torrent, now become much wider, a band of Wallacks, called by the Greeks gypsies, had encamped. They had come from the north by Roumelia, and passing over the Isthmus of Corinth, intended thus to reach the sea. Greece is a country so poor in pasturage that it is seldom they push their lines so far; it was the first time we had seen a tribe of them together. Coming out from the shady valley, the burning sun showed us a curious spectacle—hundreds of sheep and cattle with about fifty horses were browsing on the fresh grass beneath our feet. The women and children washed their linen beside the stream, and stretching it on the stones, left it to dry, whilst the men, grouped in a circle on a level plateau, danced and sung round a large fire over which a lamb was roasting. They received with cries of joy and bravos, and we were obliged to stop for a

few minutes to reply to their politeness and drink by turns a glass of white wine.

After many wearisome miles over a dry stony road, a new panorama was unrolled before us. The Gulf of Corinth spread its sleepy blue waters up to the opposite shores, and a large town, almost at the foot of Parnassus, marked the port of Galaxidi. To the right were the summits, peaks, and crests of the Arcadian mountains, streaked by the sparkling glaciers; one gray, regular mountain, smooth as marble, with its head covered with perennial snow, was a striking feature.

By a rapid, dangerous descent, sliding and rolling over stones, we reached the delicious valley of Crathis. A triple chain of bare mountains form an inclosure to the most verdant scene. The river Crathis on the one side, the Styx, now called the Black River, on the other, roll their rapid waters through low bushes until they unite in one.

Between them lies the village of Solo; the bright red roofs separated from each other rise irregularly amidst clumps of trees—splendid chestnuts with a straight trunk and thick foliage, sycamores, cherry-trees, mulberries and figs covered with fruit.

The remembrance of school and college days made us seek the entrance of Pluto's dark dominion; we were in a mysterious land, the cradle of so many myths, and our eyes followed the Styx descending in many little rapids and making innumerable windings. Far away it is lost under the rocks of Chelmos, the ancient Nonacris, whose steep side seems hidden by a stream of water falling from its inaccessible summit, dispersing into fine rain as it reaches the valley. These are the falls of the Styx. After gazing long on the classic scene, an old Greek guided us to the seashore, and among moss-grown rocks we rode back to our home, not desiring to pass another night in a Greek monastery.

C. RUSSELL, in *The Day of Rest*.

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## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

IN February, 1838, Lieutenant Wood, of the Indian Navy, rode across the level summit of the Kotal of Ish-kashm—the only pass across that long and lofty offshoot from the Hindu Kush which forms the eastern frontier of Badakhshan; and from thence, at a height of nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, he looked down into the narrow mountain-valley wherein, undiscernible beneath the snow, flowed the infant stream of the Oxus. For long centuries no European had beheld that river in its upper course; and the brief narratives of Marco Polo and one or two other early adventurers were still received in Europe with skepticism, and even with incredulity. That is the wa

in which the world receives the narratives of all first explorers. Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," with its true story of a strange land and strange peoples, were treated as purely mythical; and the "Tales of Baron Munchausen," which have delighted the children of subsequent generations, were originally published in derision of Bruce's narrative. For some days before we here meet him, Lieutenant Wood had been on the actual track of Marco Polo; and his brief, memorable, and interesting expedition, which we are about to recount, shows how accurate is the simple narrative of the daring Venetian, whose tidings of the great empire of China and of the Indies fired Columbus with the desire to find a way thither across the wild wastes of the Atlantic.

More than a twelvemonth had elapsed since Lieutenant Wood started from the mouths of the Indus, making his way slowly up that most unnavigable of large rivers, and when at length, baffled by the rapids at the Salt Range, he made his way overland, by Kohat and the Khyber Pass, to Cabul. His special object was to visit the unknown region of the upper Oxus, and, if possible, to track the river to its source. Taking the most direct route, he endeavored to surmount the Hindu Kush by one of the passes immediately to the north of Cabul; but he found the Parwan Pass impracticable so late in the year, and wisely turning back, he escaped the fate of another party which had started from Cabul along with him, and whose members perished in the snow in an adjoining pass. Back, down the long valley again, he had to go to Cabul; from thence he made for Bamecan, the best known and most westerly of the passes over the Hindu Kush; and thence he descended northward towards the Oxus until he came to the sultry and unhealthy lowlands of Kunduz. The Oxus was there within a day's ride; but his object was to strike the river much further up; and as the course of the Oxus above Kunduz projects northwards in a semicircle, he resolved to proceed along the chord of the arc, through Badakhshan, and over the Kotal of Ishkashm.

Standing upon the summit of the pass, an unbroken expanse of snow spread around. Far as the eye could reach, white mountains towered aloft into the cold sky. Behind were the narrow mountain-valleys of the eastern part of Badakhshan, in one of which lie the lapis-lazuli mines, famous from the earliest times, and which Wood had just visited. In front, and 2,000 feet below him, flowed the snow-covered Oxus, coming down a long narrow valley from the east—an opening between precipitous parallel mountain-chains, on whose summits, and far down their sides, lay the unmelted snow of countless centuries. To the right, as he thus looked eastward, the Hindu Kush towered above the narrow vales; while to the left, the mountain-chain on which he stood ran north by west beyond the range of vision—a mighty barrier, which causes the Oxus to turn at right angles to its previous course, curving northward round Badakhshan.

There, then, was the infant Oxus, only a hundred feet in width ; and he was the only European of modern times who had seen the sight. Descending the pass, Wood and his small party (himself the sole European) crossed the river on bridges of hardened snow ; for the ice was ruptured by the rise of the river, which begins early in spring. He had a great desire to visit the world-renowned Ruby Mines, which had been famous when Europe was still in its infancy. They lay only twenty miles down the river, and he could see the mountain into whose sides the galleries were quarried in search of the gem which rivals even the diamond in value. Only twenty miles ! but he could not reach the spot ! And yet the route to the mines from where he stood is actually the only one by which the people of mountain-girdled Badakhshan can communicate with the provinces of Darwaz, Roshan, and Shaghnan opposite to them on the north or right bank of the Oxus. Throughout these twenty miles the mountains on the left bank descend in lofty precipices to the river-bed—the only route is along the right bank. But even there the mountains come so close to the river, that journeying by horseback is rarely possible, and journeying on foot is only safe in the summer months ; and the best route of all is along the surface of the river in winter when it happens to be hard frozen.

Wood had been partly prepared for this disappointment. When ascending the Pass of Ish-kashm, a strange, way-worn figure had met them, brushing his way through the willow scrub that covers the slope, with the skin of a horse wrapped round him. Tempted by the frozen state of the river, he had gone with some comrades to pay a visit in Darwaz, just beyond the Ruby Mines ; but when about to return they found the river had burst its icy covering. His companions turned back to await the coming of summer ; but he had pushed on, and only got through after sacrificing his horse, whose hide he was carrying home with him. Hardly had this strange-clad wayfarer passed on, when Wood met a party of horsemen descending from the pass, who told him they had been sent to collect tribute at a hamlet near the Ruby Mines. They had to leave their horses and make their way thither on foot ; and on their return one third of the party had been overwhelmed by an avalanche on the mountain-side. Happening to look back, the foremost of the party beheld a white mist rushing down, and their comrades were seen no more. Such was the region which Wood had now reached.

Overruling the fears and natural dislike of his little party, Wood now turned his face eastward, or E. by N., resolved to make his way up through the wild and lonesome narrow mountain-valley, down which flowed the Oxus from its unknown source in the far-off mountain-land of Pamir. This valley, which he entered and first looked down upon from the Pass of Ish-kashm, is called Wakhan—so Wood found : a name which is mentioned passingly by Marco Polo, but which had never since been heard of in Europe, and which

now became replaced in geography. Proceeding up this valley, which for fifty miles above Ish-kashm varies from a mile to barely 200 yards in width—a mere thread among the tremendous mountain-ranges on either hand—Wood's little party early in the afternoon reached Ishtrakh. The word hamlet is too big for this little settlement—a few rude and small houses built for shelter among the rocky fragments of the mountains. As a snow-shower was falling when he arrived, no sign of human habitation was discernible, but for a yak standing quietly at what proved to be the door of one of the dwellings. The yak—the reindeer of Thibet and the Pamir—is a creature that cannot live where the temperature is above the freezing-point!

The mountain-range which here shuts in the valley of the Oxus on the south is the most easterly part of the Hindu Kush. Ishtrakh stands at the mouth of a glen or gorge in these mountains, down which a rivulet flows into the Oxus from its source in the eternal snows; and up this glen there is a path leading to a pass over the Hindu Kush, so that by a three days' journey one may reach the seat of the ruler of Chitral. But the journey must be made on foot, and is only practicable in summer, and the entire route is through the wild mountains, utterly uninhabited. So inaccessible is this region that even a route of this kind is held worthy of mention.

At Ishtrakh, Wood learnt that for forty miles upwards the valley of the Oxus was wholly uninhabited. The cold was great, and the wind from the mountains so piercing that nothing short of necessity would justify a bivouac for the night in the open. Accordingly, after some ten hours' rest, Wood and his little party started from Ishtrakh at midnight—whether by moonlight or by the gleam of the snow is not mentioned—and rode along by the river through the wild and profound solitude for forty miles—thirteen hours in the saddle—to a little settlement called Kundut, which, be it observed, is due north of Attock. Just before reaching this place, the ground became more level, and the Oxus, dividing into many channels, meandered over a sandy bed, studded with numberless islets, which were thickly covered with an undergrowth of red willow-trees. In passing through one of these copses, Wood's dog started a hare from its bed—the only living thing they had seen throughout their forty miles' ride.

At Kundut, Shah Turai, in a little fort, ruled as monarch over the fifteen families which constituted the population, and whose houses clustered about the fort like so many cells in a beehive. Wood was hospitably received by the Shah. "A large fire soon blazed upon the hearth of the best house; and his subjects being convened, I was paraded round it to refute the assertion of a wandering callender (fakir) from Jumbo in the Himalaya Mountains, who had persuaded the credulous Wakhanis that the Feringis were a nation of dwarfs." And here we get a glimpse, reminding us of one of the earliest stages of settled human life long before calendars were compiled or time-pieces invented. The holes in the roofs of the houses, besides giving vent

to the smoke, perform the office of sun-dials, indicating the hour of the day when the sun is shining. "Before the housewife begins to prepare the family meal, she looks not up at a clock, but round the walls or upon the floor for the spot on which his golden light is streaming. The seasons also are marked by the same means; for when the sun's rays, through this aperture in the roof, reach one particular spot, it is seed-time."

Resuming his journey up the valley of the Oxus, Wood and his little party had not proceeded far when the barking of dogs and the sight of yaks, camels, and sheep roaming over the plain bespoke the vicinity of a pastoral people. It was an encampment of Kirghiz, numbering a hundred families, and possessed of about 2,000 yaks, 4,000 sheep, and 1000 camels: "not the ugly-looking camel of Africa, but the species known as the Bactrian, and which, to all the useful qualities of the former, adds a majestic port that no animal but the horse can surpass." It was the first time that the Kirghiz had ever wintered in that district, and they had just arrived—having been solicited to do so by the Uzbeks of Badakhshan, with whom they are connected by race.

Throughout that day's journey the valley of the Oxus continued level, about a mile wide, grassy in some places, and, though far from fertile, improved in appearance compared with its lower course. But it is only on the brink of the river that herbage and willow-copse abound; the outer part of the narrow plain, at the foot of the mountains, being entirely bare and devoid of vegetation. After a twenty-four miles' ride, Wood reached a place called Kila Panj (from five hillocks clustered together); and at this point he crossed to the right, or north bank of the river, which there flowed at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. At the crossing-place at Kila Panj, the stream is split into two channels, one of which, twenty-seven yards broad, was two feet deep; the other, which was broader by ten yards, was so shallow that Wood's dog crossed it without swimming. A further ride of about ten miles brought the party to their halting-place for the night at Hissar—a small rude fort, with a little settlement around it.

At this point the valley of the Oxus bifurcates. One valley or glen runs up among the mountains east by south, the other runs north-east; and down each of them flowed a stream of nearly equal size. Which was the Oxus? To Wood's eye the stream from the east seemed slightly the larger; but the Wakhanis held the opposite opinion as a fact; nor was it easy for Wood to decide, for the stream from the north was broken into several channels. The northern stream, however, was covered with ice to the point of junction, whereas the eastern one was unfrozen—plainly showing that the stream from the north rose in a much higher altitude than the other. Also, when Wood made a clearing in the ice, he found the velocity of the northern tributary double that of the one from the east. Further, the Kirghiz tribe whom he had met on the previous day had told him



positively that the source of the Oxus was to be found in the lofty table-land to the north-east. So Wood resolved to track the stream which came down from the north.

But he wanted guides, and an escort for protection against the roving Kirghiz tribes; and he was detained at Hissar and at Langar Kish, a place a few miles further on; until it occurred to him to boldly ask an escort from the Kirghiz encampment down the river—that is, from the very people whom he had to guard against; and he had not to repent his confidence.

At Hissar, which stands at the confluence of the two streams, the valley of the Oxus—narrow at the best—terminates; and the route lies up the durah Sir-i-kol—the defile or rough glen down which comes the Oxus from the plateau of Pamir. Langar Kish (10,800 feet above the sea) is the most easterly point of Wakhan, and the last place of human habitation. The travelers now clothed themselves more heavily than ever, to keep out the intense cold: “the Munshi in particular was so hampered up with worsted cloaks that his arms were all but useless, and his short legs had scarcely action enough to keep him on his horse.” The sides of the mountains forming the defile were broken down in abrupt declivities, and the snow-wreathed stream flowed roughly amid their dislocated fragments. This is the route by which the Yarkand Caravan travels; and three hours after starting, Wood’s party came to a ravine which they had great trouble in crossing, and where frequently the caravan is interrupted, and its merchandise has to be transferred from the camel’s back to that of the yak. They bivouacked for the night on a knoll, free from snow, but only so from its being swept by every gust that traversed the durah. The cold was intense. Wood’s thermometer was only graduated down to 6° above zero, Fahrenheit, and the mercury had sunk down into the bulb. Three of the party (two of them Afghans) suffered so much during the night that they had to be sent back to Langar Kish. Height of the bivouac above the sea, 12,000 feet.

Next morning resuming their course up the rough snow-covered glen, the journey was most fatiguing. Although the snow lay only two feet deep, it was but half-frozen, and drifts abounded in which the horse and his rider floundered painfully. At noon they took to the frozen surface of the river, and the change was most agreeable. It was dark before they reached the halting-place chosen by the Kirghiz guides; the snow on it lay a yard-deep, and a cold ugly spot it looked: but the Kirghiz, taking their wooden shovels, quickly showed that there was a store of fuel, sheep and camels’ dung, beneath; and by the help of a good fire, and high snow walls around them, the night was passed in tolerable comfort. Height above the sea, 13,500 feet.

Before starting next day, the foot-men of the party had to be sent back, dead-beat; and the party resumed their way up the frozen river. Horns in large numbers (the spoil of the Kirghiz hunters) now were strewn in all directions, projecting from the snow—some of the

astonishingly large size. These belonged to the *Ovis Poli*, a creature between a goat and a yak, first seen by Marco Polo, and hence its European name. That night they bivouacked again on the site of a summer encampment of the Kirghiz, and with the same "comforts" as before. Height above the sea, 14,400 feet.

Next morning—the fourth after leaving Langar Kish—there was a strike among the escort—only two of them could be persuaded to go further. But that was enough; for now the object of search was said to be only twenty-one miles distant. Hitherto Wood's party had been greatly helped by following in the tracks of a band of Kirghiz who had just preceded them; but these had turned off up a glen to the left, and now they had to make a way for themselves through the half-frozen snow, which lay deeper and deeper as they advanced. Near as Wood had now approached to the source of the Oxus, he would have failed after all in reaching it, had not the river been frozen. They were fully two hours in forcing their way through a field of snow not five hundred yards across. "Each individual by turns took the lead, and forced his horse to struggle onward until exhaustion brought it down in the snow, where it was allowed to lie and recruit whilst the next was urged forward. It was so great a relief when we again got upon the river," says Wood, "that in the elasticity of my spirits I pushed my pony into a trot," a proceeding which was instantly checked by a Wakhani, who cautioned Wood to beware of the "wind of the mountains"—the rarefied air of those high altitudes, of which we shall see more by and by.

As they neared the source of the Oxus the ice on its surface became brittle. In the afternoon they had to leave it, and journey for an hour along its right bank. Ever since leaving Langar Kish the mountains on either hand had appeared to become lower and lower—the ascent being so gradual that they hardly thought of the great altitude which stage by stage they were reaching. Now the mountains appeared to be entirely falling away from them; and ascending a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of February, 1838, Wood at length stood upon the *Bam-i-duniyah*, the "Roof of the World." Height above the sea, 15,600 feet.

Before him looking northward, Wood beheld a wide mountain table-land mantled in snow. A plain, stretching almost to the horizon and about four miles in breadth, lay embosomed amid swelling hills about 500 feet high, but which on the south-east towered into mountains; and in the middle of the plain, or rather along one side of it, spread a fine lake, in the form of a crescent, fifteen miles in length, and with an average breadth of one mile. And almost at his feet, at the southern end of the lake, the Oxus was flowing from its source, and plunging into the *durah* by which the travelers had approached. Here, then, was the object of this bold expedition accomplished. The long and almost forgotten story of Marco Polo was true; and the great

river Oxus, which, after creating the Oásis of Khiva, disappears in the marshes of the Aral Sea, has its source in a lake on the Great Pamir steppe, the Roof of the World.

Passing on to the frozen surface of the lake, called Sir-i-kol, Wood cut some holes in the ice to let down his sounding-lead; but the depth was small—only about six feet—and the water was discolored and fetid, doubtless from the decay of the rich rank grasses which grow in summer. The lake was probably deeper in other parts, but Wood was unable to explore further, owing to the labor of cutting through the ice, which was two and a half feet thick. The difficulty of doing anything was felt to be excessive, owing to the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. "A few strokes with an axe brought the workman to the ground. A run at full speed for fifty yards made the runner gasp for breath." The pulse, too, was bounding as if at high fever-heat. Wood first observed this peculiarity when he was still among the mountain valleys of Badakhshan. Accidentally touching his pulse, he felt it was galloping, and, turning somewhat anxiously to his medical instructions, he took the remedies prescribed for fever. Next morning the pulse still galloped, but he felt quite well; and he soon found that the pulses of all the party were in the same way. As he remarks, man has a barometer within him which approximately shows his elevation above the sea. On the banks of Lake Sir-i-kol the pulses of his party beat at from 110 to 124 per minute—the pulsation being quicker in the stout or fat men than in the spare or thin.

On this elevated solitude Wood halted for the night. The uniform robe of snow rendered it difficult to determine distances or altitudes—hence he says, it is possible that Sir-i-kol is much larger than he took it for—but he reckoned that the mountains at the southern end of the lake were about 3,400 feet above the lake, or 19,000 above the sea; and the perennial snow upon them, partially melting in summer, furnishes a never-failing supply of water to the lake and the Oxus which flows from it. The wintry scene was oppressive, almost appalling. A dull cloudless sky overhead, with a snowy waste below, extending far as the eye could reach. Not a living thing was to be seen, not a sound to be heard; the air was as silent and tenantless as the earth. Not even a bird stirred the air with its wings.

Silence reigned around—silence so profound that it oppressed the heart, and (says Wood) as I contemplated the hoary summits of the everlasting mountains, where human foot had never trod, and where lay piled the snows of ages, my own dear country and all the social blessings it contains passed across my mind with a vividness of recollection that I had never felt before. It is all very well for men in crowded cities to be disgusted with the world and to talk of the delights of solitude. Let them but pass one twenty-four hours on the banks of Sir-i-kol, and it will do more to make them contented with their lot than a thousand arguments.

Saddling-up soon after mid-day, Wood and his escort re-entered the defile, descending down to Langar Kish, and finding the mountains rising higher and higher on either hand as they descended. Journeying

down the narrow valley of the Oxus, and recrossing the Pass of Ish-kashm, he made good his return through Badakhshan to Kunduz; and finally visited the Oxus at the point where it is about to enter the Deserts, after making its semicircular detour from Ish-kashm around Badakhshan. It was now a great river. It was with difficulty that he forded it on horseback, riding three abreast to break the current; and yet the river, at the ford, was split into three channels. These had an aggregate breadth of about 350 yards, and the stream in the main channel ran at the rate of four miles an hour.

Since Wood's memorable journey, the eastern "fork" (as the Americans say) of the Oxus, which joins with the Sir-i-kol river at Hissar, has been explored by the Indian traveler known as "the Mirza." As Wood suspected, this eastern branch, called the "River of Sirhad," is really the larger, although it has a much lower source. The length of its course is about 100 miles, while Wood's Oxus is about seventy. From Hissar (the point of confluence) the valley of the Sirhad river rounds E. by S., close under the eastern extremity of the Hindu Kush, to where that mountain-chain is met at an angle by the lofty Karakorum chain of the Himalaya. Apparently, at the angle where these mighty chains meet, a lofty spur runs northward, forming the eastern front of the Roof of the World, looking down upon Yarkand and Kashgar. Certainly at this point the valley of the Sirhad river turns northward, opening out on the stepp of the Little Pamir, where this branch of the Oxus (like the other) issues from a lake—about 13,300 feet above the sea.

Captain Wood's narrative was originally published at a time when Central Asia was a region not merely unknown to (which it still is), but wholly uncared for by, the public. In 1872, when the exploits of the Athalik Ghazi of Kashgar, and the military invasion by Russia, attracted public interest to that part of the East, Wood's narrative was republished, prefaced by an Essay on the Valley of the Oxus by Colonel Yule, C.B.\* The Essay is worthy of the high reputation of its author, who, by his commentaries on Marco Polo's "Journey," and also by other writings, has proved himself our ablest authority on the geography and history of the greater part of Central Asia. It is from Colonel Yule's writings that we have mainly drawn the concluding portion of this paper, auxiliary to the simple narrative of Wood.

Very remarkable is it, in the historical incidents quoted by Yule, to see how prosperous and populous were many parts of this region which are now not only desert or in decay, but in some of which both soil and climate would seem highly adverse to civilized settlement. It is strange to find Wakhan—the wild narrow valley through which Wood (like Marco Polo) journeyed to the source of the Oxus—spoken

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\* *Journey to the Source of the River Oxus.* By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New edition, edited by his son. With an Essay on the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. With Maps. London: John Murray: 1872.

of by the old Venetian traveler (in 1272) as "a land containing a good many towns and villages, and scattered habitations;" or, in still earlier times, by the historian Abulfeda, who speaks of the splendid palaces of the kings of Waksh—a most mountainous country on the upper tributaries of the Oxus—remaining unknown to the modern world, despite the "scientific expeditions" of General Kauffmann.

Strange as it may seem, these lofty mountain-solitudes of the world were as well known to the Chinese twelve centuries ago, or better, as they are to us at the present day. The first travelers who have left a written and published account of the region were two Chinese pilgrims of the Buddhist persuasion, who passed this way on their visit to India about A.D. 518, and who mention that this lofty region (called by the Chinese Tsung Ling) was commonly said to be half-way between heaven and earth—just as the northern continuation of the Pamir mountains is to this day called by the Chinese the Tien Shan, or Heavenly mountains. In the next century (about 644 A.D.), another Chinese pilgrim to the Buddhist shrines of India, named Hwen Thsang, on his way back to China, took the very course up the valley or defile of the Sir-i-kol branch of the Oxus recently explored by Wood, and thence down from the Roof of the World into the plains of Yarkand and Kashgar, on his way to cross the very different, but not less formidable, obstacle to travelers—the Desert of Cobi. Hwen Thsang states that, on leaving India, he journeyed for 140 miles across the mountains, and reached the valley of Pomilo (Pamir), lying between two snowy ranges of the Tsung Ling.

The traveler, he says, is annoyed by sudden gusts of wind, and the snow-drifts never cease, spring or summer. As the soil is almost constantly frozen, you see but a few miserable plants, and no crops can live. The whole region is but a dreary waste, without a trace of humankind. In the middle of the valley is a great lake. This stands on a plateau of prodigious elevation. The lake discharges to the west [south-west], and a river runs out of it in that direction, and joins the Potsu (Oxus). The lake likewise discharges to the east, and a great river runs out, which flows eastward to the western frontier of Kiesha (Kashgar), where it joins the river Sita, and runs eastward into it to the sea.

That a lake should have two outlets in opposite directions is very unusual, but not physically impossible; and although Hwen Thsang's statement is generally disbelieved, Burnes heard the same story from the natives about forty years ago.

In the thirteenth century, the Roof of the World was, for the first time, beheld by the eye of a European, Marco Polo; and only two or three Europeans have ever beheld it since then, even down to the present day. The "Travels of Marco Polo" is truly a remarkable book. Its author was simply an enterprising Venetian merchant, who undertook the most wonderful and difficult journey, or series of journeys—no doubt with a strong love of adventure in his heart, but merely in the way of business. He seems totally unaware that he himself was doing anything wonderful, although he expatiates on the strange sights and peoples which he met with. As regards his own

adventures, and his own impressions of the difficult expedition which he undertook, he says almost nothing—not even when traveling for weeks among the coldest and loftiest mountains in the world, or while traversing for a month the pathless wastes of the sandy Desert of Cobi.

The portion of Marco Polo's itinerary wherein he describes the approach to the lofty table-land of Asia, from Badakhshan up the valley of the Oxus, and the sight which met him when, like Wood nearly six centuries afterwards, he emerged upon the Great Pamir, is as follows—in his own words, but abridged:

In leaving Badashan, you ride twelve days between east and north-east, ascending a river that runs through a land containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days north-east, always among the mountains, you get to such a height that it is said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two [ridges of] mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain. The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it south to north for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing; so that travelers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that, because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Let an Alpine climber, or a tourist standing for his brief hour on the summit of Mont Blanc, look around upon the expanse of mountain-peaks and deep valleys, and fancy it all leveled up to his own altitude—a comparatively level expanse far as the eye can reach, but with round-topped hills (unlike the jagged peaks of the Alps) of a few hundred feet in height projecting above this mountain-plain, with small lakes in the hollows among the hills. Such would be a resemblance to the Pamir plateau where Wood saw it; except that in one quarter the horizon was girdled by a lofty range of mountains, whose summits rose between three and four thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. And when Wood beheld it, this vast and unique mountain-plain was entirely covered with snow, and the Sir-i-kol lake frozen deep with ice.

Wood saw only the south-western extremity of the great plateau; but not the least remarkable feature of the region is its vast extent. From Lake Sir-i-kol it extends northwards for well-nigh 200 miles, where the plateau joins nearly at right angles the lofty Alai chain, along whose northern base flows the Jaxartes. The breadth of the Pamir plateau is variously reckoned from twenty miles by Hwen Thsang, who apparently speaks of one particular valley-route, to 100 by Colonel Yule, who computes the general breadth of the mountain-mass. Marco Polo, for some unexplained and unaccountable reason, except it were the spirit of adventure, did not content himself with crossing this mountain mass, but proceeded across its entire length, descending into the eastern plains at Kashgar and thence returning south to Yarkand. After speaking of Lake Sir-i-kol

the source of the Oxus, the Venetian says: "Now, if we go on with our journey towards the east-north-east, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man or any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolar." Hwen Thsang said: "The whole tract is but a dreary waste without a trace of human habitation." Benedict Goës, who crossed the Pamir *stêppe* late in the autumn of 1603, speaks of the great cold and desolation, and difficulty of breathing. In recent times (1861), Abdul Medjid, an agent of our Indian Government, who passed the Pamir on his way to Kokan, in the valley of the Jaxartes, says: "Fourteen weary days were occupied in crossing the steppe; the marches were long, depending on uncertain supplies of grass and water, which sometimes wholly failed. Food for man and beast had to be carried by the party, for not a trace of human habitation is to be met with in these inhospitable wilds. The steppe is interspersed with tamarisk jungle and the wild willow, and in summer with tracts of high grass."

The loftiest part of the plateau is believed to be at its southern extremity, where Lieutenant Wood saw it, 15,600 feet above the sea; and it declines to about 10,000 feet at its northern end. From its western front several lofty ranges run south-westwards for two or three hundred miles, till they strike the course of the Oxus below Ishkashm, where the river makes its north-easterly circuit round Badakhshan, with as many large rivers flowing down the narrow intervening valleys, draining the great snowy mass of the plateau. Colonel Yule says: "The core of the mountain-mass of Pamir forms a great elevated plateau, at least 180 miles north and south, and about 100 east and west. The greater part of this plateau appears to consist of stretches of tolerably level steppe, broken and divided by low rounded hills, much of it covered with saline exudations, but interspersed with patches of willow and thorny shrubs, and in summer with extensive tracts of grass." Many lakes are scattered over the surface of the plateau, from which rivers flow—the many streams, as Marco Polo says, which have to be crossed when traversing the steppe from south to north. As might be expected from the great breadth of the plateau, there is no sharp ridge dividing the drainage or water-flow; some of the eastern rivers, which flow down to the plains of Kashgar and Yarkand, apparently rising far back on the western side of the steppe; while some of the western rivers, tributaries of the Oxus, appear to run in valleys overlapping the others, and having their source near the eastern edge of the plateau. As already said, the eastern side of the plateau appears to be higher than the western, and some of the peaks in that quarter, according to Hayward, rise to a height of 20,000 or 21,000 feet above the sea. In its northern part, the great steppe is crossed from east to west by a belt of mountains, traversed by the Kizil Yart Pass, which leads to the *dersht* or steppe of Alai, bounded

on the north by the Alai range, whose northern front drains into the Jaxartes river. This small northern portion of the great plateau is only about twenty miles from north to south, but forty from east to west; and it is drained westwards by the Surk-ab ("Red River"), which is the greatest tributary of the Oxus, and, except one, the last of the large rivers which join the Oxus from the north.

Across the mountain-land of Pamir, lofty and desolate as it is, lay the earliest route between Western Asia and early-civilized China. In the reign of the Emperor Justinian an embassy was sent from Byzantium to the country from which silk came; but when they reached the Bolor mountains, and the Roof of the World frowned before them, the Byzantines lost heart and turned back; and so China remained unvisited by Europeans for other eight centuries. But, for generations before Justinian, commercial enterprise had established a route to Eastern Asia across this formidable barrier of mountains. Ptolemy, the geographer, speaks of the "Seric Caravan," of which the Yarkand caravan of the present day is doubtless a relic. The Seric caravan, says Ptolemy, started from Hyrcania, at the south-western corner of the Caspian Sea, and "then the route runs through Aria [the Herat territory] to Margiana Antiochia [Merv]. Thence the route proceeds eastward to Bactra [Balk], and from that [crossing to the right bank of the Oxus, where there was a stone bridge in the days of the Emperor Humayoon], northward up the ascent of the hill-country of the Comedæ; and then, inclining somewhat south through the hill-country as far as the gorge [probably about the Ruby Mines], in which the plain [along the bank of the river] terminates; and then for a distance of about 150 miles, extending to the Stone Tower, the route would seem to tend northwards [as the Valley of the Oxus does above Ish-kashm]. The Stone Tower stands in the way of those who ascend the gorge; and from it the mountains extend eastwards to join the chain of Imaus [the Roof of the World], which runs north to this point from the territory of Palimbothra" [or India].

From this statement it is plain that the ancient Seric caravan crossed the Pamir by following either the eastern or western "fork" of the Upper Oxus—either by the glen of the Sirhad river, or by Wood's Oxus, up the defile to Lake Sir-i-kol. The geographical position of the Stone Tower mentioned by Ptolemy has given rise to much discussion among geographers. Apparently, it was a fort guarding the defile leading down from the Pamir, and through which invaders or marauding bands would come from the mountains or from the country to the east, about Yarkand and Kashgar. Such a fort might be placed almost anywhere in the valley of the Oxus as far down as the Ruby Mines, if not lower still—for in Darwaz and Roshan (the provinces on the right bank of the Oxus below Ish-kashm), the long and lofty parallel chains of which we have spoken as sloping south-westwards from the Pamir, come down abruptly upon the Oxus. And it is curious to observe



that when the Turkish tribes began to descend into Western Asia, a fort was actually built in this quarter to check their irruptions: "In 793," says Yule. "Fadhī Ibn Yahya, the Barmecide was invested with the government of all the countries from Kerman to the *frontier of the Turks*; and he caused a barrier with two castles to be erected in a defile beyond Khotā, by which the Turkish marauders used to come down in their forays. The memory of this barrier, which was known to the Arabs as El Bab, or 'the Gate,' is believed to survive in the name of the State of Darwaz (Gate), which still exists on the Panja, or Upper Oxus." This castellated barrier erected "beyond Khotā" must have stood on the banks of the Oxus within some 60 or 100 miles below Ish-kashm—in which district, as already said, several lofty mountain-chains from the Pamir come down abruptly upon the river's bed, as at the Ruby Mines. The Stone Tower of Ptolemy, however, lay much further up the river, at "the gorge" leading up to the Pamir steppe; and it seems to me that Hissar, where the two forks of the Upper Oxus unite, and from whence one gorge leads up to Sir-i-kol and the Great Pamir, and the other to the Little Pamir, very aptly corresponds with the position assigned to the "Stone Tower" of Ptolemy. Moreover, Hissar means "the Fort," just as Darwaz means "the Gate," and the rude fort which still exists at that place may actually have existed there since the early times of the Seric caravan.

Nowhere in the world is there a more mountainous and inaccessible region than that of the Upper Oxus and its tributaries; and it is just in such localities that one finds the remains of the old population. The various travelers who have recently penetrated here and there into this mountainous region—comprising the provinces of Karategin, Roshan, Shagnan, and Wakhān—agree in stating that the settled but thin and scattered population belongs to the Iranian (Persian) branch of the Aryan or Indo-European race. The people, called Tajiks, are descendants of the early Persians—the poor rude denizens of Wakhān and adjoining districts belong to the once mighty nation which established the empire of Cyrus and Darius. In Badakhshan also the bulk of the people are Tajiks. Among this upland section of the Tajiks there are relics of the old Zoroastrian fire-worship. In Wakhān, between Ish-kashm and Hissar, Wood saw the ruins of three "Kaffir" forts, which the natives believe to have been erected by the Gebirs or fire-worshippers; and I have no doubt the natives are right, for only a year ago the correspondent of the Daily News found a fire-temple not wholly abandoned on the shores of the Caspian. Moreover, Wood mentions the reluctance with which a Badakhshi blows out a light. In like manner, he says, "A Wakhani considers it bad luck to blow out a light by the breath, and will rather wave his hand for *several minutes* under the flame of his pine-slip than resort to the sure but to him disagreeable alternative" of blowing it out.

The Tajiks, says Wood, are a handsome race of the Caucasian stock.

differing widely from the Turkish or Mongolian, Uzbeks and Kirghiz who from the sixth century onwards have been flooding Western Asia. The Tajiks are to be found both to the north and south of the Hindu Kush. According to Wood and others, the Kaffirs of the valleys to the north of the Cabul river, leading up to the lofty Chitral and Baroghil Passes of the Hindu Kush, belong to the Tajik race; and they are certainly the wildest and most barbarous branch of it. Living in snowy and inaccessible valleys, it may be doubted whether they were ever brought under the influence of the Zoroastrian creed, or any other. They fiercely repel Mohammedanism, and do not appear to have any settled religion: hence the name "Kaffirs," or unbelievers, applied to them by their neighbors, the Mohammedan population both of Afghanistan and of Badakhshan. About the time of our first invasion of Afghanistan, when a British officer (I think Captain Conolly) was at Jellalabad, he was surprised one day by his attendants rushing into his tent, in a state of great excitement, and exclaiming, "Here are your countrymen coming!" It was a party of Kaffirs. But the officer apparently had little taste for ethnology, and he got rid of his wild-looking "countrymen" as quickly as possible.

The highlanders from the Upper Oxus—the Bactrians and Sacæ formed the hardest and most daring regiments in the armies of Darius and Xerxes; and the Sacæ led the van in the attack upon the Greeks at Thermopylæ. They must either have been Turkish or Iranian, but there is no reason to believe that they were different in race from the Persian host among whom they were enrolled. Rawlinson in his Herodotus, places the country of the Sacæ at the head of the Oxus, on the Pamir, if not also beyond the mountains, in the plain of Yarkand. The empire of Darius appears to have extended beyond the Roof of the World; and undoubtedly in those times the entire population between Oxus and Jaxartes was Iranian—as in the main still is to this day eastward of the longitude of Balk, except on the Pamir itself.

Widely different is the Kirghiz race, which now form the thin surviving population of the Pamir mountains, and one of whose tribes Wood found wintering for the first time in the valley of Wakhan. They are evidently of the same race as the Uzbeks, who have long been settled in Kunduz and on the plains around the lower course of the Oxus. The difference between a temperate and a rigorous climate on the physique is observable in the well-proportioned frame of the Uzbek, and the stunted growth of the Kirghiz of Pamir. "Most weather-beaten faces," says Wood. "I have never seen; they have however, the hue of health. Their small sunken eyes were just visible from beneath fur caps, while the folds of a snug woollen *comfur* concealed their paucity of beard. The clothing of most of them consisted of a sheep's skin, with the wool inside." They liked tobacco but were absolutely voracious of snuff—eating, not snuffing it. When Wood presented his box to the chief of the tribe, the Kirghiz quic

emptied half of its contents into the palm of his hand, then, opening his mouth, and holding his head back, at two gulps he swallowed the whole. Wood pronounced the young women (very unlike the men) pretty. "All have the glow of health in their cheeks; and though they have the harsh features of their race, there is a softness about their lineaments, a coyness and maidenly reserve in their demeanor, that contrasts most agreeably with the uncouth figures and harsh manners of the men." Colonel Burnaby, in his "Ride to Khiva," mentions a charming Kirghiz girl who greatly took his fancy until he saw the cool way, or rather the lively relish, with which the fair damsel cut the throat of a fat sheep which he had presented to her family for a banquet!

To the denizens of this land of snow the yak, or kash-gow, is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander; or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow; and its hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk, a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed: like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight, and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen), a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain-slopes and their level summits; it needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the heights be too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes, and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top, he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing: and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails. It was on the summit of the Pass of Ish-kashm that Wood first met this strange animal; and he sent one down to a friend at Kunduz: but although Badakhshan was then in winter, the poor yak died long before it reached the plains.

The Roof of the World is not a place for the census-takers, but it is computed—a mere guess—that the several tribes who inhabit or frequent these mountain-solititudes number about a thousand families, chiefly on the Little Pamir, around Lake Rangkul. In the summer the women, as in the pastoral districts of the Alps, encamp in the higher valleys, and devote their whole time to the dairy, the men remaining below, but paying flying visits to the upper stations. "All speak in rapture of these summer wanderings." Doubtless the temporary separation of the sexes imparts a zest to these occasions; but it is wonderful the change which summer makes even upon that lofty mountain-land. Even around Lake Sir-i-kol, the loftiest part of the plateau, as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, no sooner does the summer sun

melt the snows in the valley than the most succulent verdure covers the soil. The grass grows nearly a yard high, of the richest quality; and every traveler, from Marco Polo down to Faiz Bakhsh, repeats the fact that the leanest horse becomes fat in a fortnight's time upon that verdurous upland. The kirgahs, or tents of the Kirghiz, are strongly built and very comfortable—about fourteen feet in diameter and eight feet in height; the fire blazes in the center, with a good outlet at the top; and a suspended mat secludes the dressing-place of the women. While the females tend the flocks—sheep, yaks, and camels—there is ample scope for the hunters. Lake Sir-i-kol is a favorite summer resort of these rovers of the plateau. No sooner does the sun melt the snows on the little plain than the banks of the lake are studded with their tents, while the waters of the lake are frequented by abundant flocks of wild-fowl. The tenantless air, as Marco Polo and Wood saw it in winter, becomes noisy with the flight of birds. The spoils of the chase not only add to the small supply of human food, but comprise skins and fleeces alike of domestic and commercial value. The most remarkable animal of the plateau is the great sheep of Pamir (for it is found nowhere else in the world), the *Ovis Poli*, with its enormous horns. Here and there on the plateau the yak is seen in a wild state, in small herds far up on the snowy slopes of the mountains. Whether wild or domesticated, the yak is gregarious, and is able to beat off the hungry wolves. There is also a kind of goat, called rang, having a valuable fleece, and from which several of the lakes which dot the plateau take their names—Rang-kul, or "Goat Lake." Strange to say, deer (of some kind) abound; foxes and wolves frequent the plateau, and bears and tigers are occasionally met with.

A remarkable but highly comfortable change on the face of the earth is the great circumscription which has occurred in the domain of the wild beasts, especially of the man-slaying kind. What hard times the "prehistoric" peoples must have had, in regions of dense forest, where savage man was a feeble intruder, and the feræ were the lords dominant! The matter-of-fact annals of the Chinese record that their ancestors at first were so ignorant and helpless that they made their dwellings in trees to escape from the wild beasts—just as do the Veddahs of Ceylon at the present day, and also some of the rude tribes of Borneo. Even in historic times, according to Virgil, the lion was a native of Italy; and the Nemæan lion was doubtless the last of his race in Greece. In less remote times the "king of beasts" abounded in the valley of Jordan, and also on the plains of Mesopotamia, affording royal sport to the bold and hardy monarchs of Nineveh, who tracked the lion to his lair—sometimes attacking him single-handed and on foot—as coolly and frequently as the Czar or the gallant old Emperor of Germany go a-boar-hunting, shooting the brute from their ambush. So late as the fourteenth century, lions abounded on the Oxus; and it is recorded that a great review of his army, held by Ghengis Khan, on the banks of that river (somewhere about Balk), was

interrupted by a party of lions that broke into the camp. *Now*, the lion has entirely disappeared from the valley of the Oxus, and the whole western part of Central Asia. The Pamir knows him not; and although the Russian officers have heard of his being seen about Lake Issyk-kol (the White or Frozen Lake), close to the frontier of Siberia, it seems that even the vast mountain-chains of Central Asia have ceased to be the habitat of the royal beast.

"Habit is a second nature;" and when habit has operated for several generations, it is marvelous what it enables human nature to bear. So, the Kirghiz tribes can roam with impunity, and in summer with pleasure, over the inhospitable Roof of the World. Even a Venetian gentleman can journey over it for forty days without a single word as to his own hardships, and merely with a few sentences descriptive of the aspect of the region. But it hardly needs the uncomplaining words of Lieutenant Wood to realize the perils of journeying at such an altitude. "The danger," he says, "which is increased by [the necessity for] sleeping literally amongst the snow, in the middle of winter, did not occur to me at the time. We were most fortunate in having done so with impunity. Our escape is, under Providence, to be attributed to the oceans of tea we drank, . . . which kept off the drowsiness which cold engenders, ending in death. . . . The kettle was never off the fire when we encamped; indeed, throughout the whole of our wanderings the Munshi and myself lived almost entirely upon it. We used the decoction, not infusion, and always brewed it strong. Another preventative was the firing we constantly kept up, and the precaution of sleeping with our feet towards it." Wood was only a week on the Pamir—namely, in ascending and returning from Hissar, where the Sir-i-kol defile begins—and yet the greater part of his small party had to be sent back before reaching the summit of the plateau.

Such, then, is the Bam-i-duniah, the "Roof of the World." At present the interest which attaches to that remarkable region is even more military and political than geographical. Russia now holds all the country north of the Alai-Tau chain, the southern watershed of the Upper Jaxartes; and Russian "scientific expeditions" have been out on the Pamir, and exploring the quadrangular mountain region lying between their own frontier and the Upper Oxus and Hindu Kush. West of the Pamir plateau, for about 200 miles, the country is intersected by a series of mountain-chains coming down from the plateau unbroken till they reach the Oxus—a region well-nigh impervious and uncrossable, either from north or south. But the Pamir plateau is like a lofty mound a mountain-bridge, whose comparatively level summit connects the Terek and other eastern passes of the Alai chain with the Darkot and Baroghil passes of the Hindu Kush—leading down the Chitral valley to Jellalabad, or by the Gilgit, across the Indus, to Cashmere. No army will ever cross this mountain-bridge; Asiatic armies, or rather single corps d'armée, have

crossed the Pamir from east to west, but no army can traverse the 200 miles from north to south. No doubt a column might do so, even with light artillery, and might steal across it secretly, arriving suddenly at the crest of the Hindu Kush. If Stolietoff's mission could come from Samarcand to Bameean, entering Afghanistan before we had tidings of its starting, one of Kauffmann's columns might still more secretly traverse the solitudes of the Pamir. Hence, when war lately threatened in Europe, our Indian government ordered the Maharajah of Cashmere to occupy the Baroghil Pass with his troops—albeit we never heard that this had been done. But even had they arrived at Baroghil, the Muscovites would have been little more than half-way to India. "It's a far cry to Lochawe!" Anyhow, we have described the geographical features of the Pamir, and readers who have military tastes may be left to draw their own conclusions.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRAYFISHES.

THE publication of Professor Huxley's interesting volume on the "Crayfish" has probably been the means of making many persons much more intimately acquainted with a creature, best known to most of us as an adjunct to a French dinner, than they ever expected to be. I doubt not that I speak the experience of a multitude of readers when I testify to the pleasure which I have received from the study of the volume. The clearness of description, the excellence of the illustrations, the intelligibility of the whole, leave nothing to be desired. Even the etymology of the name is not neglected, and we find that a crayfish is not a fish at all, as in fact even the most ignorant probably suspected, but that *crayfish* is only a corruption of *écrevisse*, and that amongst the functions of this humble crustacean there is possibly to be reckoned the responsibility of keeping in mind the results of the Norman conquest. It is a striking evidence of the extent and minuteness of modern science that the bibliographical list subjoined to this work contains the titles of some eighty books or memoirs, which may be advantageously consulted by any one who wishes to study more fully the biology of crayfishes, after reading all that Professor Huxley's volume contains.\*

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\* While writing this article, I observe a notice of Professor Huxley's book in the August number of the Nineteenth Century. I quite agree with the remark contained in that notice: "It is astonishing what an amount of information may be extracted from the commonest of natural objects under the guidance of a skillful master."

Professor Huxley has written his book on the crayfish as an "Introduction to the Study of Zoology." He says in the preface:

In writing this book about crayfishes, it has not been my intention to compose a zoological monograph on that group of animals. . . . What I have had in view is a much humbler, though perhaps, in the present state of science, not less useful object. I have desired, in fact, to show how the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology; and, indeed, of biological science in general.

I cannot doubt, though I do not speak as an expert, that as an introduction to zoology Professor Huxley's book will be found to be all that he desires that it should be. If it was merely that, however, I should not have thought it necessary to write any remarks upon it. Zoology is not among my studies: I take only that amount of interest in it which every thoughtful man is sure to take in a subject so comprehensive, and so full of wonder and of beauty. But Professor Huxley does in reality suggest thoughts which run beyond the limits of zoological science. His mode of treating his subject leads the mind of the reader, and, as it would seem, intentionally, beyond the region of natural history into the domain of philosophy and even of divinity, and I have been tempted by the study of his book to follow him into this domain, in which I trust he will not regard me as an intruder. I listen with the simple delight of a child to his teaching, so long as it is confined to that which I should describe as his own subject; I venture to doubt and question and criticise, and to suggest thoughts and conclusions of my own, when I find him passing into a region which belongs to me not less than to himself. In fact it is evident that a crayfish may have a place in philosophy, and even in natural theology, quite as assured and as important as that which it holds in science. Those characteristics which have led Professor Huxley to choose this humble living creature beyond all others as a suitable exponent of zoological principles, may also fit it to become suggestive of important thoughts beyond the region of zoology. A crayfish is a more hopeful subject for a philosophical discussion than tar-water. I would that I had Berkeley's power and pen, to enable me to weave "a chain of philosophical reflections and inquiries," such as he could have woven, out of the zoological material which Professor Huxley's book supplies. Nay, I should like to get beyond mere philosophy, as Bishop Berkeley did when he had only tar-water for his text, into the region of divinity. This may be possible. "In this mass of nature," says Sir Thomas Browne, "there is a set of things"—why should not the crayfish be one of them?—"that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stereography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is

but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric."\*

The reader will now sufficiently perceive the motive of this essay. In following me through it I should be glad to regard him as having made himself acquainted with Professor Huxley's book; I shall endeavor to make my remarks so far independent as to be intelligible by themselves, but will not be responsible for the result if they are thus isolated.

The limits of the book extend from "The Natural History of the Common Crayfish," which constitutes the first chapter, to "The Distribution and *Ætiology* of the Crayfishes," which constitutes the last. I will make a short extract from each of these chapters in order to define more exactly the beginning and end of our subject.

In Chapter I. we are introduced to the crayfish family thus:

It is a matter of common information that a number of our streams and rivulets harbor small animals, rarely more than three or four inches long, which are very similar to little lobsters, except that they are usually of a dull, greenish, or brownish color, generally diversified with pale yellow on the under side of the body, and sometimes with red on the limbs. In rare cases their general hue may be red or blue. These are crayfishes, and they cannot possibly be mistaken for any other inhabitants of our fresh waters.

And the following is the penultimate paragraph of the last chapter:

Thus, with respect to the *ætiology* of the crayfishes, all the known facts are in harmony with the requirements of the hypothesis that they have been gradually evolved in the course of the mesozoic and subsequent epochs of the world's history from a primitive astacomorphous form.

These two paragraphs sufficiently define, as I have said, the beginning and the end of our subject; but I will subjoin the concluding paragraph of the book, as it should be read in conjunction with that just quoted, and because I shall have occasion to refer to it hereafter.

And it is well to reflect that the only alternative supposition is, that these numerous successive and co-existent forms of insignificant animals, the differences of which require careful study for their discrimination, have been separately and independently fabricated, and put into the localities in which we find them. By whatever verbal fog the question at issue may be hidden, this is the real nature of the dilemma presented to us not only by the crayfish, but by every animal and by every plant; from man to the humblest animalcule; from the spreading beech and towering pine to the *Micrococci* which lie at the limit of microscopic visibility.

Let us now examine some of the characteristics of the crayfish, choosing those which will subserve the general purpose of this essay.

The animals may be seen walking along the bottom of the shallow waters which they prefer, by means of four pairs of jointed legs; but, if alarmed, they swim backwards with rapid jerks, propelled by the strokes of a broad, fan-shaped flapper, which terminates the hinder end of the body.

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\* "*Religio Medici*," part i. sect. 12.



They are intolerant of great heat, and of much sunshine; they are therefore most active towards the evening, while they shelter themselves under the shade of stones and banks during the day.

So long as the weather is open, the crayfish lies at the mouth of his burrow, barring the entrance with his great claws, and with protruded feelers keeps careful watch on the passers-by. Larvæ of insects, water-snails, tadpoles, or frogs, which come within reach, are suddenly seized and devoured, and it is averred that the water-rat is liable to the same fate.

These facts would seem to indicate that the crayfish has his likes and dislikes in a manner similar to that observable in creatures of a higher type. They do not prove, of course, that the sense and sensibility of a crayfish are equal to those of a human creature; but they are capable of the simplest explanation upon the hypothesis that the lower animal possesses in a rudimentary form that which is more completely possessed by the animal of higher organization. Indeed, the language used by Professor Huxley, taken in its ordinary meaning, plainly implies an explanation of this kind: he speaks of the crayfish *preferring* shallow waters, being *alarmed*, being *intolerant of heat*, *keeping careful watch* when hunting for its prey. It will be seen, however, from a subsequent and more careful statement, that the reader is not intended to draw the conclusion that the outward demeanor of the crayfish does in reality represent conduct conditioned by the same kind of motives as those which are implied by the popular language above quoted.

If the hand is brought near a vigorous crayfish (we are told) free to move in a large vessel of water, it will generally give a vigorous flap with its tail, and dart backward out of reach; but if a piece of meat is gently lowered into the vessel, the crayfish will sooner or later approach and devour it. If we ask why the crayfish behaves in this fashion, every one has an answer ready. In the first case, it is said that the animal is aware of danger, and therefore hastens away; in the second, that it knows that meat is good to eat, and therefore walks towards it, and makes a meal. And nothing can seem to be simpler or more satisfactory than these replies, until we attempt to conceive clearly what they mean; and then the explanation, however simple it may be admitted to be, hardly retains its satisfactory character.\*

Professor Huxley then argues that the crayfish cannot say to himself "This is dangerous," "That is nice," being devoid of language; that the crayfish cannot frame a syllogism; that experiments upon animals have proved that consciousness is wholly unnecessary to the carrying out of many of those combined movements by which the body is adjusted to varying external conditions. Hence the conclusion is reached that "it is really quite an open question whether a crayfish has a mind or not." It is added that "the problem is an absolutely insoluble one, inasmuch as nothing short of being a crayfish would give us positive assurance that such an animal possesses consciousness."

This may be all in a certain sense true, but it seems to me to involve

not a little mystification. If nothing short of being a crayfish can give us positive assurance that such an animal possesses consciousness, the same proposition must be true of a dog or a horse; and yet, in the case of animals of such organization as those just mentioned, I think it would be hyperskeptical to question the possession analogous to our own; and few persons would be found who would be content to regard the existence of mind in a dog as "an open question." Is it not somewhat unfair to the crayfish to bring his actions and habits, without any intermediate steps, into comparison with those of man, and so reduce his mind (as it were) to zero by comparison? Would it not be more philosophical to begin with man, from whose constitution we first derive the conception of mind, and then proceed from him gradually downward in the scale of being? It is difficult to say which creature is nearest to man. If we regard physical form only, doubtless apes and monkeys are our closest neighbors, and I presume that no one will deny these cunning animals the possession of mind; but it is equally difficult to deny this in the case of such animals as elephants, horses, dogs. There is scarcely any creature that cannot be tamed, and which does not in its tamed condition exhibit sympathy with man. Does not this indicate a mental tie between us? And the same remark applies to birds, apparently to snakes and reptiles. I have neither knowledge nor space to follow this line of thought into all the region in which it might lead us; but the general conclusion which I wish to suggest is this, that if we begin with the creatures nearest to man and observe how mental qualifications shade off gradually from them as we pass to those which are lower down in the scale, it is difficult and perhaps impossible to say where mind ceases and where life without mind begins. Consequently, if I find a crayfish doing things which a human creature would do under similar conditions, I think that he may be credited with doing those things for similar reasons. You cannot prove that it is so, but the crayfish seems to be entitled to the benefit of the doubt. If he exhibits signs of fear, pleasure, preference, and the like, why should he not be concluded to possess those feelings of which he exhibits the signs?

The crayfish has the more right to this liberal treatment, because he possesses the physical organ of mind—that is, a brain. Professor Huxley tells us not only that he has brain, but that he behaves himself in a very abnormal manner when his brain is removed;\* he becomes in fact deranged. He does not cease to live, as I suppose a brainless man would, but he is as evidently dependent upon his brain for the orderly regulation of his conduct as the higher animals or as man himself. Having therefore the physical organ of mind, and comporting himself as creatures do which confessedly are possessed of mind, I see no good reason to doubt the existence in the crayfish, in

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\* "The Crayfish," p. 110.

a very humble form of development, of a power which may rightly be described as mind.

This conclusion having been reached, I think it is highly interesting to reverse the process of the study of mind, and regard the early developments of mental power as types and foreshadowings of the grand development of the powers of thought, which was to crown the natural history of the world in the appearance of man upon the globe. Time was, I suppose, when the crayfish, instead of being the humble creature which he now is, was high up in the organic scale; conceivably he might be amongst the highest creatures; and if so, it is curious to think of the manner in which his habits and tastes foreshadowed those of far higher creatures still, which were to be developed in the fullness of time. The crayfish lying in ambush for his prey, and apparently finding his chief pleasure in this occupation, might seem to indicate the existence, even in the earlier forms of life, of that love of sport which belonged to our rude forefathers, and which few Englishmen have sloughed off even in these days of books and physical science.

A whole volume of curious speculation is bound up in the thought that the habits and tastes of the early inhabitants of the globe may be found developed in the human epoch and connected with the laws of civilized men. Certainly the catching of prey, which occupies the crayfish, and which is evidently not only a necessity of existence, but a positive source of delight to higher animals (witness dogs and cats), has had much to do with the course of human history, as it has now with the pleasure and occupation of multitudes. The same remark may be made concerning the bellicose character of many among the lower creatures; this finds itself repeated in the love of war, which certainly is a great feature of the human character, and has had more to do with the history of nations than almost anything else. And, to take quite a different example, we find in the natural history of sex, even among such humble creatures as the crayfish, the type of that which is the very basis of human society and the spring of civilization. It requires a long stride of the imagination, but it is a possible stride, to carry us from the thought of what may be called in a humble sense the family life of crayfishes to that of the consecrated tie of man and woman, and the corollaries which follow from it in the complicated machinery of human life and society.

I have spoken of the habits and tastes of the earlier creatures as typifying and foreshadowing that which should come to pass later on; but I do not perceive how the latter could be evolved out of the former by any necessary process, nor do I see any reason to conclude that such evolution actually took place: I mean that a crayfish, in those days in which he was at the head of creation, would seem to be the same thing that a crayfish is now. If a fossil crayfish could be brought to life again, he would presumably be as highly endowed as a crayfish of the present day. The crayfish was "gradually evolved in

the course of the mesozoic and subsequent epochs of the world's history from a primitive astacomorphous form," but when so evolved he became a crayfish, and nothing more; and if the world lasts for a hundred million years longer I presume he will be a crayfish still. There is what I will venture to call a mysterious unity connecting him with ourselves. He has true blood, a real heart, machinery of digestion, even eyes, ears, and sense of smell, like ourselves; but he has radiated from the primitive protoplasm, if that be a correct phrase, in a different direction from that assumed (for example) by mammals or by man, and his path of life must forever remain distinct. Unity with mammals and diversity from them may be predicated of the crayfish, one as distinctly and as truly as the other.

Which remark may be illustrated by reference to one of the most obvious characteristics of the crayfish and of the class to which he belongs. He is a crustacean: that is to say, he is inclosed by a hard shell, which protects his muscles and all his softer parts at every point, and serves him as a coat of armor. It seems to me impossible to conceive of any natural process by which a creature of this kind could ever be transformed into a mammal or a fish. I do not imagine that any really scientific man would allege such possibility; though I suspect that the doctrine of evolution, to the minds of many persons, means that anything can become anything else, if you only give it time enough. Anyhow, the development of a crustacean into a fish or a mammal may, I think, be regarded as an impossibility. And yet, if the difference between the two be scientifically considered, it may be made to assume very small dimensions indeed. It is simply a question of a skeleton inside or a skeleton outside.

Probably the most conspicuous peculiarity of the crayfish (writes Professor Huxley) to any one who is familiar only with the higher animals, is the fact that the hard parts of the body are outside and the soft parts inside; whereas in ourselves, and in the ordinary domestic animals, the hard parts, or bones, which constitute the skeleton, are inside, and the soft parts clothe them. Hence, while our hard frame-work is said to be an endoskeleton, or internal skeleton, that of the crayfish is termed an exoskeleton, or external skeleton.\*

How simple the difference seems! It gives rise, no doubt, to an entirely different set of habits, an utterly different external appearance, and a different set of kinematical and mechanical problems in the construction of the animal; but, looking upon the various constituent elements of creation as bound together in unity by some quasi-mathematical formula, we may say that the difference between an exoskeleton and an endoskeleton is merely the difference of a mathematical sign, the substitution of a minus for a plus. Every mathematician knows the marvelous changes which result from a change of sign: the substitution of a minus for a plus in a differential equation will introduce exponential forms instead of sines and cosines into the

\* "The Crayfish," p. 17.

integral, and so produce quite as great a difference as that which separates crustaceans from mammals. Creatures which in human observation are widely, almost infinitely, divided, may in divine geometry be one. I may add that a similar mathematical unity with phenomenal diversity exists in the case of exogenous and endogenous plants; nay, it may be a question whether the distinction of sex may not be regarded from the same point of view.

The external position of the skeleton of crayfishes leads to a distinction between them and animals of the endoskeleton type of a very marked kind. The crayfish casts its shell, or skeleton, from time to time, and generates a new one; the skeleton will not grow, as in the case of the higher animals; consequently the whole of the old coat of the body is thrown off at once, and the new coat which has been forming under the old one is exposed, and hardens, while the body of the crayfish rapidly increases in size. The process is a curious one, involving great exertion on the part of the crayfish, which, after the work is completed, lies in a prostrate condition, exhausted by its violent struggles. The effort of exuviation, Professor Huxley tells us, is "not unfrequently fatal." One scarcely knows whether to wonder more at the strange law which compels a creature to undergo at intervals such a process of regeneration, or at the remarkable arrangement by means of which the universal principle of growth is enabled to assert itself under the difficult conditions of a body contained in a rigid envelope. My chief reason, however, for laying stress upon exuviation as one of the phenomena of crayfish life, is that it seems to emphasize the difference between creatures with exoskeletons and those with endoskeletons, while at the same time it does not obliterate the unity which joins one class with the other. The unity is more and more pronounced the more carefully we examine and discuss it, but also it becomes more and more inconceivable that there should not be a radical and aboriginal diversity which cannot be obliterated by any natural process, evolutionary or otherwise.

The crayfish is endowed with organs corresponding to the senses of sight, hearing, taste, and smell. The eye is in fact an instrument of a very complicated character, and, though strikingly different from the eyes of mammals, has nevertheless that same kind of unity in diversity which we have noted in the matter of the skeleton.

It is wonderfully interesting to observe (writes Professor Huxley, after an elaborate description of the eye of the crayfish and the theory of what is called *mosaic vision*) that, when the so-called compound eye is interpreted in this manner, the apparent wide difference between it and the vertebrate eye gives place to a fundamental resemblance.

The ear is a somewhat simpler piece of machinery, but apparently well adapted for its purpose.

Sonorous vibrations are enabled to act as the stimulants of a special nerve connected with the brain, by means of the very curious *auditory sacs* which are lodged in the basal joints of the antennules.

And again:

The sonorous vibrations transmitted through the water in which the crayfish lives to the fluid and solid contents of the auditory sac are taken up by the delicate hairs of the ridge, and give rise to molecular changes which traverse the auditory nerves, and reach the cerebral ganglia.

Granting the crayfish the existence of organs for seeing and hearing, such as here described, we may assume, so far as my purpose is concerned, that it possesses those which are connected with the less exalted senses of taste and smell.

The question arises, what conclusions can be fairly drawn from the existence of eyes and ears, and from the conduct of crayfishes as depending upon the senses of seeing and hearing? Professor Huxley writes as follows.

Thus the crayfish has, at any rate, two of the higher sense organs, the ear and the eye, which we possess ourselves; and it may seem a superfluous, not to say a frivolous question, if any one should ask whether it can hear or see.

But, in truth, the inquiry, if properly limited, is a very pertinent one. That the crayfish is led by the use of its eyes and ears to approach some objects and avoid others is beyond all doubt; and, in this sense, most indubitably it can both hear and see. But if the question means, do luminous vibrations give it the sensations of light and darkness, of color, and form, and distance, which they give to us? and do sonorous vibrations produce the feelings of noise and tone, of melody and of harmony, as in us? it is by no means to be answered hastily, perhaps cannot be answered at all, except in a tentative, probable way.

And again:

At the most, we may be justified in supposing the existence of something approaching dull feeling in ourselves; and, to return to the problem stated in the beginning of this chapter, so far as such obscure consciousness accompanies the molecular changes of its nervous substance, it will be right to speak of the mind of a crayfish. But it will be obvious that it is merely putting the cart before the horse, to speak of such a mind as a factor in the work done by the organism, when it is merely a dim symbol of a part of such work in the doing.\*

I venture to question the philosophy which is here propounded. The conclusion which we are asked to accept is that all the actions and behavior of a crayfish are the necessary results of the material organization of the animal, or of the action of external causes upon that organization. Of course it will be allowed at once that the organs of the crayfish perform only in a very humble and limited manner and degree the offices performed by the corresponding organs in ourselves. The crayfish's eye has, as we may well believe, no sense of the beauty of the objects by which it is surrounded, and his ear has no musical pleasure in the sounds which it transmits; and, therefore, if by seeing and hearing we mean the enjoyment of the higher functions of the eye and ear, we may deny seeing and hearing to crayfishes, as we may in fact, though in a less degree, to horses and dogs. But when I am led from this obvious admission to the conclusion that the mind of a crayfish, in the sense in which mind can be predicated of

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\* "The Crayfish," p. 127.

such an animal, may not be admitted as a factor in the work done by the organism, I rebel against my leader. If I grant this conclusion, it seems to me that I grant a more completely materialistic theory of the crayfish than I am justified in granting. I see no reason to suppose that the crayfish does not, for example, take *pleasure* in what he does: a low and simple pleasure doubtless, but still a true and real pleasure, such as his organization renders possible. When he lies at the entrance of his house watching for his prey, I see no reason to suppose that he does not take delight in his occupation. But *pleasure* in doing this or that is something quite distinct from "work done by an organism;" and if pleasure of some kind be denied to the crayfish, contrary to all appearances, I do not know at what point in the scale of animal life pleasure is to be admitted as a factor. If to speak of mind as a factor in work done be an absurdity in the case of a crayfish, is it not an absurdity in the case of a dog, or even in the case of a man?

It seems to me that the question thus raised is of fundamental importance. Is mind a cause or an effect? Is there something connected with life which actuates the physical organization, or is mind merely a word which expresses the results to which the physical organization gives rise? The two hypotheses are the exact opposite of each other. Both cannot be true: the former is that which we should infer from our own experience, and I think from general reasoning; the latter has some appearances in its favor, but is destructive of all the highest conceptions of mind to which the mind's reflection upon itself has given rise. *Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.* There are not so many partition walls between ourselves and the crayfishes. I cannot afford to regard the doings of my humble neighbor as merely mechanical. He has his likes and his dislikes, his pleasures and his pains, his fancies and his fears; and though the distinction between him and a moral responsible being like man be well-nigh infinite, still his little rudimentary mind must not be regarded as a mere result of physical organization (unless of course demonstrative proof can be given), lest the concession made in respect of our humble neighbor should be found to compromise our own most precious possessions.

While accepting therefore thankfully Professor Huxley's physical investigation of the eyes and ears of crayfishes, I venture to question his philosophical conclusions concerning mind and matter, as to which is cart and which horse. I demur in like manner to the view given as to the teleology of the crayfish, and by implication as to teleology in general. The late Professor Willis was wont to devote one of a course of lectures on practical mechanics to the description and discussion of the claw of a lobster: he used to demonstrate, with reference to an actual claw, various geometrical and mechanical problems which were solved by natural mechanics. I do not remember that he used to "improve the occasion," but he certainly left upon the minds of his

pupils the impression that the lobster's claw had been devised by a high intelligence with marvelous skill, for the purpose of performing certain functions for the benefit of the creature to whom the claw belonged. There are many passages in Professor Huxley's book which indicate, as we might have anticipated, that he also is keenly alive to the beauty of the mechanical arrangements in the crustacean organization. For example, after describing one such arrangement in what he calls "the gastric mill" of the crayfish, he writes thus:

Works on mechanics are full of contrivances for the conversion of motion; but it would, perhaps, be difficult to discover among these a prettier solution of the problem: Given a straight pull, how to convert it into three simultaneous convergent movements of as many points.

This is language of high appreciation; it seems almost to force the mind of the reader to some such conclusion as that which Paley would have appended to it; and in proportion to the pleasure with which I listen to such language is the disappointment which I feel in reading such a passage as the following:

In the two preceding chapters the crayfish has been studied from the point of view of the physiologist, who, regarding the animal as a mechanism, endeavors to discover how it does that which it does. And, practically, this way of looking at the matter is the same as that of the teleologist. For, if all that we know concerning the purpose of a mechanism is derived from observation of the manner in which it acts, it is all one, whether we say that the properties and the connections of its parts account for its actions, or that its structure is adapted to the performance of those actions.

Hence it necessarily follows that physiological phenomena can be expressed in the language of teleology. On the assumption that the preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species are the final causes of the organization of an animal, the existence of that organization is, in a certain sense, explained, when it is shown that it is fitted for the attainment of those ends, although, perhaps, the importance of demonstrating the proposition that a thing is fitted to do that which it does is not very great.\*

The effect of this passage would seem to be to do away with teleology altogether; and to do away with teleology is to banish the ultimate conception of a creating mind. Hence I must demur to the conclusion that there is not much importance in demonstrating that a thing is fitted to do that which it does. The truth or falsehood of this conclusion depends upon the purpose proposed in the demonstration. You come down some morning and you find that your house has been robbed; searching about you find an instrument which is strange to you; the police inspector at once recognizes it as a house-breaking implement; he explains to you how it works, and shows you precisely what the action of the thieves has been. What would the inspector think if you should say, "Perhaps the importance of demonstrating the proposition that this thing is fitted to do that which to my cost I know it has done, is not very great"? The discovery of the tool

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\* "The Crayfish," p. 137.



adapted to its purpose is manifestly a revelation as to the mind which contrived the robbery; it tells you something at least as to the person who did it; it shows that the robbery was not the result of the organization of your own household, that the loss of your money was not accidental, and so forth.

The fact is that "the importance of demonstrating a proposition" depends upon the point of view from which the proposition is regarded. If I am a passenger in a steamer and I cross the Atlantic in twelve hours' less time than it has ever been crossed before, it may be of little importance to me to demonstrate that my passage is the shortest on record. I have kept my appointment, done my business, had my pleasure, or what not, and there is an end of it. But how with regard to the man who built the ship? Is it nothing to him to demonstrate that the ship was fitted to do that which she did—that it was not the result of accident, or even the will of the captain and crew, but the necessary consequence of some ingenious improvement in machinery which he (the builder) had cunningly devised and had introduced for the first time?

And so in the case of the crayfish. If the animal be regarded merely as an organism, it may be useless to demonstrate that its parts are fitted to do the things which they do; but if I wish to look beyond the mere organism—which I have a good right to do, and as a philosopher am bound to do—then the adaptation of means to ends, the ingenuity of mechanical contrivances, the whole life and organization of the animal, are worthy of deepest consideration, as indicating the action of the mind from which the conception of living material organization originally sprang: just as a steam-engine may lead a man's thoughts to the genius of James Watt, or a picture may fill the mind with wonder at the power of Raffaele, or St. Paul's may suggest the greatness of Sir Christopher Wren.

Nor can I pass away from the remarks which I have quoted on the subject of teleology, without objecting to the suggestion that the *τέλος* of an animal is "the preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species." That these are things for which, in the economy of nature, provision is made, will of course be granted; but to assume that to be "the final causes of the organization of an animal" is, I think, to go beyond anything that we are in a condition to prove. Are these the final causes of *human* organization? I am at this moment using my right hand for the purpose of guiding my pen, my left for holding my paper, my eyes for watching what I am doing, my brain for considering what I shall indite; what have all these things to do either with the preservation of an individual or the continuance of a species? But if this account of the final causes of organization utterly breaks down in the case of a man, why should we assume its truth in the case of a lower animal? Even in the example of the crayfish I should demur to such a view of his final cause. I see nothing irrational in supposing that the pleasure which

the crayfish seems to find in his existence, his habits of hunting, the society of his kind, and the like, may be regarded as truly in the light of ends as analogous things may be in the case of higher animals. I should be sorry, however, to dogmatize upon a point of this kind. I have great doubt as to whether we can properly speak of final ends at all, unless we embrace in our conception the whole cosmos. Crayfishes may be a necessary link in the order of creation; it may be that their *raison d'être* cannot be explained apart from the existence of the whole creation of which they form a humble part; but if we are to speak of final causes, I think we are bound not to limit the conception of cause simply to that of preservation of individuals or species—we should go at least one step further, and consider for what end they are preserved.

And here I would venture to offer a few speculative thoughts concerning this end. I imagine that if it be possible to present a complete and satisfactory theory of the *τέλος* of the material universe, it can only be done from the standpoint of Revelation; and to deal with the subject in that sense would be entirely alien to the character and purpose of this essay. But, without attempting a complete theory, I think it may well be urged that one considerable portion of the end for which living things may be conceived to exist is to be sought in the amount of enjoyment of which those living things are susceptible.\* It has often suggested itself to my mind, that the mere existence of life may be a source of almost unlimited delight. It is difficult from an analysis of our own sensations to arrive at any very distinct conclusion as to what are the sensations of the lower creatures. Man is in every sense so exceptional a being, so infinitely removed from all other living things both in his power of doing and enjoying and suffering, that it is difficult to argue from him to anything below. Nevertheless it may be possible to bridge over the gap to some extent, and guess at least at the inner life of our humbler fellows. For example, when a young man is in full health and strength, and when he is in active exercise, climbing a hill or engaged in some athletic sport, is not his mere existence a source of pleasure? The blood leaps in his veins, his lungs swallow in the fresh air, every function goes on without effort or friction, and life itself becomes a joy. May it not be thus constantly with creatures which are always in perfect health and are absolutely free from care? May there not be, as certainly there seems to be, an indefinite amount of joy in life itself to beasts and birds and fishes, and may not the sum of this joy be one of the ends for which they exist? May we not also be assisted in speculating upon the possible pleasure in life enjoyed by creatures inferior to ourselves, by reflection upon a condition which

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\* On the subject of pleasure experienced by living organisms, as part of the economy of nature, I would refer to the characteristic and striking remarks of Paley, contained in chapter xxvi. of the "Natural Theology."

I suppose we have all experienced? I refer to the half-asleep half-awake state of consciousness in which we sometimes find ourselves after a night's rest: the mind has not re-assumed its activity, cares have not begun to press, the whole situation is one of dreamy comfort and passivity. May not this condition more or less correspond to the normal condition of some at least of the inferior animals? A horse stands in a stall, tied by the head, in a manner which would be intolerable if his mind were capable of high action, and which would drive a human being crazy; and yet he seems placidly happy. May it not be that his mind is sufficiently developed to enable him to enjoy the same kind of dreamy existence which a man enjoys when half asleep? and may we not gain from the lower levels of our own experience guesses concerning the pleasures which may be possibly found in the normal condition of creatures infinitely inferior to ourselves? Anyhow, it seems to me that there is abundant ground for a more or less confident persuasion that, upon the whole, enjoyment of life is the rule of animal existence, and that the fact of this enjoyment should be taken into account in any teleological speculation.

But I must pass on to consider the subject with which Professor Huxley deals in his concluding chapter, and which, from the point of view of this essay, is a most important one—the ætiology of crayfishes.

Ætiology is a word concerning the meaning of which as applied to crayfishes or other animals there might be some doubt. The meaning assigned to it by Professor Huxley may be gathered in general from a paragraph in which he speaks of the final problem of biology as being that of "finding out *why* animals of such structure and active powers [as crayfishes], and so localized, exist." \*

Passing from the general to the particular, we find the question of the *why* represented as lying between two hypotheses, that of creation and that of evolution. From a scientific point of view the adoption of the speculation of creation is regarded as "the same thing as an admission that the problem is not susceptible of solution." Moreover, "apart from the philosophical worthlessness of the hypotheses of creation, it would be a waste of time to discuss a view which no one upholds." "Our only refuge, therefore, appears to be the hypothesis of evolution."

Now I am not intending to say a word in favor of creation as against evolution; but I should like to ask, are they in any way alternative hypotheses? are they even in *pari materie*? Undoubtedly no reference to creation or creative fiat can occur in a scientific treatise; but this does not prove that in its proper place a reference to creation may not be a very proper thing. A child is taught in its first catechism, in answer to the question, "Who made you?" to say "God." Does the answer present itself as either unphilosophical or false, when

\* "The Crayfish," p. 317.

in due time the child learns the process of evolution by which it came into the world?

Hence, while willing to follow a scientific teacher in the pursuit of such knowledge as he can give me with regard to the past history of living things, I reserve the right of believing in creation as well as evolution, if I find sufficient grounds for such belief. And indeed I am utterly unable to perceive how the necessity of belief in something, which I trust I may without offense call creation, is dispensed with by Professor Huxley's ultimate conclusion on the subject of the ætiology of crayfishes. I have already quoted the last two passages of the book;\* let the reader bear these passages in mind. The solution of the crayfish problem is found in the "hypothesis that they have been gradually evolved in the course of the mesozoic and subsequent epochs of the world's history from a primitive astacomorphous form." And then we read that "the only alternative supposition is that these numerous successive and co-existent forms of insignificant animals, the differences of which require careful study for their discrimination, have been separately and independently fabricated, and put into the localities in which we find them." Surely this statement is a little unfair. Who talks of independent *fabrication* and of *putting* animals into localities? And even if a speculator should be convicted of such language, might he not very well ask, what of the "primitive astacomorphous form?" how did that form get into its locality? whence and how did it acquire its power of evolution, from which such wonderful results have followed? Professor Huxley speaks of a "verbal fog by which the question at issue may be hidden:" is there no verbal fog in the statement that *the ætiology of crayfishes resolves itself into a gradual evolution in the course of the mesozoic and subsequent epochs of the world's history of these animals from a primitive astacomorphous form*? Would it be fog or light that would envelop the history of man, if we said that the existence of man was explained by the hypothesis of his gradual evolution from a primitive anthropomorphous form? I should call this fog, not light.

It seems to me that sound philosophy demands that the questions of evolution and creation should be kept quite distinct the one from the other. The former is obviously a legitimate subject for scientific investigation. If evolution be a fact, and I am not denying that it is, it brings us one step nearer to the origin of things than we were before; but it no more reveals the origin of things, than the discovery of universal gravitation solves the problem of the existence and motion of the heavenly bodies. Indeed it is perhaps incorrect to say that either evolution or gravitation or any of the great discoveries made in physics really brings us nearer to the origin of things; these steps in human knowledge rather bring us into successive positions, from which we can obtain profounder views of the mystery in which

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\* See p. 624.

the origin of the universe is hidden. It is certain that we can appreciate that mystery more completely than our forefathers did: I think there is no good ground for asserting that it is any less really a mystery, or that science has yet done, or in the nature of things can do, anything towards causing the mystery of existence to cease to exist.

Therefore the philosophy of crayfishes, like all other philosophy, when fairly followed out, seems to me to transcend the material universe, to carry the human mind into regions in which physical science does not find itself, to point to the cloud which hides the Creator from our view, and to indicate an almighty hand of mystery behind the cloud which is the maker and the doer of all.

RT. REV. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D. (*Bishop of Carlisle*), in *The Nineteenth Century*.

### THE ART OF SINGING, PAST AND PRESENT.

- (1) Opinioni dei Cantori Antichi e Moderni, o sieno Osservazioni sopra il Canto figurato di Pierfrancesco Tosi. Accademico filarmonico. Dedicate a sua Eccellenza My Lord Peterborough, Generale di Sbarco dell' Armi Reali della Gran Brettagna, per Lelio della Volpe. Bologna. 1723.
- (2) Riflessioni pratiche sul Canto figurato di Giambattista Mancini, Maestro di Canto dell' I. R. Corte di Vienna. Vienna. 1778.
- (3) Vie de Rossini. Par M. DE STENDHAL. Paris. 1826.
- (4) Voci e Cantanti, ventotto Capitoli di Considerazioni Generali sulla Voce e sull' Arte del Canto. Par il Maestro CAV. ENRICO PANOFSKA. Firenze. 1871.

By a curious coincidence the dates of the four books at the head of this article represent not inaccurately the chronological landmarks of the history of the art of singing; while the opinions of their respective authors display very clearly the changes of which that history consists. They are the works of four eminent authorities on the subject, who wrote at an interval of about half a century from each other; so that between the writing of the first book on our list and the writing of the last is comprised the greater part of the rapid development, the long maturity, and the slow, but daily less slow, decline of singing. Thus while Tosi was already a well-known performer at the end of the seventeenth century, and had learned from the earliest generation of singers belonging to a really independent art, Professor Panofka, on the other hand, is at the present moment striving to revive, by teachings and writings, the better school of singing of his own youth. Mancini and Stendhal stand midway between these two masters, the

one of an art scarcely mature, the other of an art well-nigh effete: Mancini, the singing-master of Maria Theresa's children, the pupil of Leo and Bernacchi, the friend of Gluck and Sacchini, still surrounded by an apparently vigorous artistic life; Stendhal, the crotchety novelist and amateur critic, the expounder of the æsthetic meaning of Rosini, already noticing the beginnings of artistic decay.

The four books are intensely illustrative of the respective conditions of the art at the precise moment when each was written, but they cannot show us how and why these conditions succeeded each other. The cheerful precepts of Tosi, the chattering admonitions of Mancini, the elegiac rhapsodies of Stendhal, and the critical jeremiads of Panofka, require to be connected by an historical bond; and such a bond can be found in no history of music in general, much less in any work on singing in particular. The history of the art of singing must be laboriously and intelligently deciphered among the complications of musical history, and out of comparatively few, fragmentary, and often very confusing data. As yet the work has not even been attempted. There have been technical manuals, and æsthetical disquisitions, and romantic rhapsodies, and biographical imbecilities; but there has been no history of singing. A great amount of useless detail has been ferreted out concerning the character and lives of singers, but not the most rudimentary outlines have been sketched of the character and life of the art of singing.

Is this deficiency a mere proof of the inutility of what is missing? Do we not give the subject just as much or as little attention as it deserves? Is singing really an art, and has it really a history? Most certainly if there had never existed any singing different from that of our own days, the subject would deserve no more attention than it has received; most certainly if singing had always been what it is at present, it would scarcely be an art and could scarcely have a history. But singing has been an art; and it has a history, showing how gradually it has ceased to be such; and were singing to become the subject of more general and more intelligent interest, it might perhaps become a real art once more.

People always have sung and always will continue to sing; yet as an art singing is at once of very recent origin and of very proximate end. For solo singing, which alone is an independent art, is an extremely artificial product, which did not appear before music had developed to a very considerable extent, and which seems likely to prove incompatible with a musical over-development such as we must expect in the future. It is probable that solo singing preceded choral singing, but that was at a time when singing was not singing, but scarcely more than declaiming, or shouting, or screeching; and as soon as music began to enfranchise itself from dancing and declamation, singing became the work not of one but of several individuals. For the growth of music consisted, throughout the middle ages, in the gradual construction of that system of harmonic relations which was indispensable as

the basis of a real art; and only the combination and balancing of several parts could conduce to this end. A single voice, pursuing its course in erratic solitude, could never have created a musical system such as was necessary even for the existence of artistic solo singing; it would have wandered about without meeting limits, and consequently without moving in a definite figure; whereas several voices meeting and mingling and clashing up against each other, immediately suggested the necessity of each voice moving in such a manner and in such given relations to the others as to render the continual movement possible: the single vocal thread could form no pattern; but the various vocal threads, unless they were crossed and recrossed in a definite manner, formed merely a hopeless tangle, to avoid which they were woven together into a compact harmonic woof. To perfect this woof of many voices, to carry each thread in such a manner as to knit it firmly with its companions, and to permit their being taken up and placed in their turn; to do this, was the slow work of the middle ages—a work finally completed by the great Flemish school of counterpoint, which, ramifying during the sixteenth century into Spain and Italy, found its latest and greatest master in Palestrina. Upon this harmonic woof succeeding generations were to embroider designs the most artistically free and capricious but which could not have existed without the formal and almost mathematical basis created by the earlier composers. But as soon as this harmonic basis was thoroughly complete, a work of partial disintegration necessarily began: in its constant search after harmonious combinations, the school of the sixteenth century had rejected a great number of elements of musical form; in its dread of confusion and discord, it had surrounded the various parts with cramping limits, and had condemned them to move in monotonous circles. It was the work of the Italian composers of the early seventeenth century gradually to break through these restrictions, to abolish this monotony; to introduce, with those dissonances, which the older school had so dreaded, life and movement into this unruffled musical stagnation. It was, above all, their work to force the various parts, voices, and instruments from the captivity of the merely harmonic school, and to teach them to move and act separately. For as long as the object had been to establish the relations of the various voices or parts among each other, no independent action could be permitted to any of them; whereas, as soon as these relations had been thoroughly established, no progress could be made save by the development of the individual powers of each separate part. The old musical unity was broken up; instead of the homogeneous harmonic composition in several well-balanced vocal or instrumental parts, perfectly unvarying in movement, rhythm, and expression, the masters of the early seventeenth century attempted different and various musical forms: partially declaimed, entirely sung, accompanied, unaccompanied, melancholy or cheerful—abortive productions for the most part, but various, characteristic, and eminently fruitful. The instru-

ments were separated from the voices, and the various instruments from each other; the voices were freed, and each single voice permitted to seek its own development and work. This is the moment when solo singing begins, and with solo singing begins singing as an art. During the supremacy of the school of Palestrina the singer had been but part of a chord, subject to the will of another man, and as merely physical an agent as was a single key of the organ beneath the organist's fingers; as soon as the school of Palestrina broke up, the singer became an individual and an artist, not played upon, but himself playing upon the instrument in his throat.

As long as six or eight voices of the same pitch were united to constitute one homogeneous part of a chorus, there could be no development of the physical resources of the individual voice, whose excellence and defects were equally lost in the general mass of sound; nor could there be any development of the intellectual qualities of the performer, whose every movement was required to resemble that of his companions, and to be dictated by the director of the whole performance. But as soon as the individual voice began to be heard alone, merely sustained by the instruments, its qualities were noticed, defects began to be remedied and beauties began to be cultivated; the intelligence also of the artist, his conception of the proportions of the piece he was performing, was called upon now that the rendering of the notes was left entirely to himself. To improve to the utmost the physical powers, to obtain the purest, strongest sound, the longest breath, the greatest facility of vocalization and enunciation from throat, lungs, and lips; and, on the other hand, to develop to the highest degree the musical feeling of the performers, to obtain from the mind and heart the keenest and most subtle perception of musical form, the most unerring judgment in selecting inflexions and shades of expression, the most rapid and masterly invention of extemporaneous embellishments—all this became the task of the singers of the seventeenth century; and in it consists the whole art of singing, an art complex and various in proportion to the numberless complexities and varieties of physical and mental endowment. This new art of solo singing progressed with the greatest rapidity, dragged along by the general musical impulse of the day, by the rapid development of theatrical music, by the daily growing importance of melody as opposed to the mere harmony of the old school. At the end of the sixteenth century music had consisted almost exclusively of complicated choral performances; it had been confined mainly to the Church; and, even when adapted to secular purposes, it had never lost its eminently religious character. There had been choirs of singers attached to great churches and to court chapels, but there had not been one man or woman specially known for vocal talent; the individual was still hidden in the choral mass. By the middle of the seventeenth century music had split into many branches. The choral pieces remained in the Church, but broken by innumerable solos, duets, and trios. On the stage the single-



voiced air and the noted declamation of the recitative reigned supreme; cantatas, combinations of airs and recitatives, accompanied by one or more instruments, took in the drawing-room the place of the cumbersome madrigals of former days—complicated harmonic combinations, fragments of church music set to profane words, which had differed from the masses and psalms of the Church only by each of their parts being sung by a single voice instead of being sung in unison by half a dozen voices. By the middle of the seventeenth century there existed throughout Italy individual singers, men and women, like the Laurretos and Pasqualinos mentioned by John Evelyn, the Leonora Baroni celebrated in Milton's Latin verses, and that Baldassare Ferri, whom the whole aristocracy of Bologna sallied forth to receive two miles outside the city gates—singers celebrated throughout the country, and destined speedily to become celebrated in Germany and England. Towards the end of the seventeenth century various towns became centers of vocal schools, owing to the accidental presence of some distinguished master, like the Sicilian Pistocchi, who, after a brilliant career in Italy and Germauy, turned monk at Bologna, and amused himself preparing for the stage the most brilliant singers of the early eighteenth century. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the most eminent composers, Scarlatti and Porpora at Naples, Gasparini and Lotti at Venice, were employed to teach singing to the boys and girls at the music schools; and every town of Italy possessed its school of singing—intensely local, personal, and characteristic, like the local schools of painting of the Renaissance. The whole artistic energy of the nation was concentrated in music. The art of singing developed with extraordinary rapidity; and by the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when, in the time of Handel, of Bach, of Marcello, of Lotti, and of Porpora, the old singer Tosi wrote his little treatise, it had reached complete maturity, it had attained a degree of perfection absolutely analogous to the perfection of sculpture among the Greeks, and of painting in the Renaissance—a perfection which was maintained until almost the close of the eighteenth century, when it began to decline more and more rapidly as it approached our own day.

But singing is the most ephemeral of all arts; it leaves no traces behind it; the performance which is over can be compared with the performance which is going on only by those who have heard the one and are still hearing the other; how then do we know that there ever was such a past state of vocal perfection? how can we affirm the superiority of singers who have been dead a hundred years? how can we talk of the decay of an art which most of us can remember only in its present state? Is it not in the very nature of the thing that the elder generation should always prefer the performers whom they alone have heard to those heard by their neighbors? Did not Tosi speak of the decay of the art in the days of Farinelli and Faustina; and Mancini bemoan the fate of singing in the days of Pacchierotti and of

Mara? Did not Stendhal complain of the inferiority of those very singers of fifty years ago with whose excellence Panofka dolefully contrasts the worthlessness of the singers of to-day? Is not the superiority of the vocal schools of the eighteenth century, superiority admitted by every competent person, a mere groundless superstition, due to the general tendency to prefer the past to the present?

We have indeed no direct proof that the singers of the eighteenth century were any better than our own. Enthusiastic rhapsodies have been called forth by every generation of performers that has existed, and people applaud with equal vehemence the most excellent singers of their day, whatever the scale of excellence may be. The praise heaped on Madame Mara a hundred years ago is exactly the same as the praise heaped on Madame Nilsson to-day. Critical descriptions of vocal performance, on the other hand, rarely present a very clear notion to the reader; and critical descriptions the eighteenth century, which merely created and enjoyed, very rarely produced; for mere inventories of technical qualities, such as abound in Burney and Mancini, entirely fail to give any notion of a vocal style. The evidence, therefore, must be indirect; but it is more conclusive by far than could be the most direct assertion on the part of some resuscitated musician of the eighteenth century that the singers of his day were better than those of our own. This indirect evidence is double: it consists in what we know of the music which those singers were intended to sing, and in what we know of the training which they received in order to sing it.

The vocal music of the eighteenth century is infinitely more difficult than is ours. It does not require stronger lungs or more supple throats; it does not require more passionate expression; of all the qualities given directly by nature it does not require one whit more than does our own music; but it exacts infinitely more in every quality due to physical and intellectual training. It does not require better voice or more talent, it requires better singing; our best artists are scarcely sufficient to cope with the music written by Bach or Mozart for third-rate singers. The bunglers of the eighteenth century did not certainly sing better than the first-rate artists of the nineteenth; but their failure was in a style infinitely superior to that in which our contemporaries succeed. From their habit of hearing good singing, the composers wrote for bad singers music more difficult than is now written for excellent singers by composers accustomed to the daily hearing of bad singing. The difficulties are, as we have said, difficulties not of natural endowment, but of training. The music of the eighteenth century can easily be performed nowadays—the florid by supple-throated singers, the pathetic by dramatic singers—but it will be performed equally badly; the notes are there, but the delivery of them is not. The mere natural agility of the voice, or the mere natural talent of the singer, will not suffice; for the physical portion of the performance requires a precision, a perfection of mechanism, such as can be

obtained only by long and most careful practice; and the intellectual side requires a skill in phrasing, a completeness of intuition into every minute shade of expression, such as can result only from the most intelligent study of models themselves of the finest style, and from the constant practice of selecting ideas and refining the taste. Nor is this all; these admirably trained physical powers must be completely under the control of the most perfect intellectual conception; and the intellectual conception must have at its service the most obedient physical powers. Mere powers of appreciation and mere powers of execution are alike insufficient when not combined. All this is needed for the proper performance of the music, be it by Italian or by German composers, of the last century: nothing can replace this, for the whole style of composition is founded upon a highly perfected school of singing. For the music of the eighteenth century is music whose chief excellence lies in its mere beauty of musical form; and this beauty of form requires, in order to be fully brought out, a style of performance such as we have described. Compared with ours, the music of the eighteenth century is as undramatic as is an ancient statue by the side of a statue by Carpeaux, or a picture by Titian compared with a picture by Delaroche: it is an art which aims mainly at exquisite delicacy of form, at harmonious combinations of groups, and delicate gradations of color; it is expressive within the limits of these requirements, but never at their expense; nay, frequently it is absolutely false to all dramatic sense, as in much of Mozart's serious music; and even the wildest scenes of Gluck, who theoretically sacrificed beauty to expression, are wondrously quiet, harmonious, eminently musical, eminently singable, compared with the rant and rattle which a composer of our century would have considered barely expressive of the situation. Vehement expression, however dramatically correct, cannot bring out the qualities of such music, it can only obliterate them. Moreover, this music of the eighteenth century is eminently vocal; the voice is always the principal interest, and mainly, from the comparative paucity of concerted pieces, which appear only towards the end of the century, the single voice. Even in Mozart's most richly orchestrated pieces, the voice is never hidden by the instruments; and earlier in the century in the music of Handel, of Pergolesi and Gluck, the accompaniment exists only as the most insignificant background; the voice is repeatedly left perfectly unaccompanied and is given frequent opportunities for displaying its powers and the fancy of the performer in extemporized cadences and variations. No mere physical qualities, no dramatic force, can replace in such music as this that neatness and subtleness of performance which is required by extremely delicate musical forms, easily put out of joint and easily left rough and unmeaning; while at the same time no complication of movement in the accompaniment, no effects of instrumental combination or sonority, can fill up or conceal the insufficiency of the vocal performance. When, therefore, we put together all these considera-

tions, when we add to them that this music was performed in theaters much smaller than most of ours, and in which, therefore, perfection of detail was much more required, it becomes evident that the existence of such a school of composition as that of the eighteenth century presupposes the existence of a school of singing infinitely superior to our own; nay, without going through any such complete argument on the subject, the mere careful examination of such pieces as Bach's "Agnus Dei," as the opening airs of Handel's "Messiah," as the airs of Paris in Gluck's opera, as Donna Anna's rondo in "Don Giovanni"—the mere conscientious attempt to interpret them with anything approaching the necessary perfection, must persuade us that they were composed for singers trained in a manner very different from the training of to-day; yet these are comparatively easy pieces, of which, by dint of uninterrupted performances, much of the traditional reading may yet be supposed to exist. If we turn to the more forgotten, to the more difficult music, to things like Porpora's cantatas, and Cimarosa's famous air, "Quelle pupille tenere," we feel that we are intruding into artistic regions which we have no right to enter; that no effort of ours can replace the lost art of the forgotten singers of a century ago.

The means were adapted to the end; or rather, end and means acted and reacted spontaneously upon each other; for neither were singers carefully trained because they were required to sing difficult music, nor was difficult music composed because there were carefully trained singers: the existence of music and singers depended upon the same general causes; the co-existence of the two phenomena was inevitable, and inevitable also were their action and reaction upon one another. The training of the singers was on a level with the requirements of the composers. The main characteristics of this training, characteristics in which it differs completely from that of our own days, may be summed up under a very few headings. It began very early and was continued very late—often long after successful appearance in public; it was in strict reference to the individual endowment, physical and intellectual, both of the raw pupil during the first years of tuition, and of the mature artist after years of success. The education was in its earliest stages directed solely to the improvement of the mere physical instrument; and it remained throughout entirely practical and empirical, rich in traditional methods, but wholly free from all scientific or philosophic, physiologic, or psychological theories. The books of Tosi, Mancini, and Burney; the volumes of conservatorio exercises of Scarlatti, Hasse, Leo, and Pecz enable us to follow the whole training of one of the great singers of the eighteenth century. The boy, ten or twelve years old, generally belonging to the peasantry or the class of small artisans, is supposed by his parents, or by the parish priest, to have a vocation for singing; perhaps he has already distinguished himself as the chorister of some church, or has, while singing at his work, attracted

the attention of some musical authority; he is forthwith, if a Neapolitan, brought up to one of the four schools where music is taught gratis; or, if a Bolognese, Venetian, or Milanese, taken to the house of some famous singing-master, like Pistocchi, Gasparini, or Brivio. The master hears him and pronounces his opinion respecting the probable future of the voice, or the probability of developing a voice out of the few existing rudiments; sometimes there is as yet little or no voice, or even, which is much worse, a positively bad one; but if there are signs of real talent, the master will undertake, by dint of time and art, to turn even this wretched instrument into one fit to be played on by genius, as was the case with several of the greatest singers of the eighteenth century, such as Bernacchi and Pacchierotti, whose voices seemed at first hopelessly weak and broken. A favorable verdict having been pronounced, the boy is admitted to the Conservatorio, where he is lodged and fed; or apprenticed to the private teacher on the agreement that the latter shall obtain a share of his profits during a certain number of years.

The work of the master was infinitely difficult, as we learn from Mancini. The children were easily discouraged or frightened; their delicate, scarcely extant voices might easily be injured by over exercise or training; a mistake might be made respecting their real quality; they might be spoilt by interference while they were changing or settling into their final place; the master might, after some time, find himself without a pupil. For a long time—some authorities say for a couple of years—the pupil, who, be it remembered, might be only twelve or thirteen, was made to sing nothing but scales of sustained notes and the most simple exercises for producing the voice and holding the breath; the whole attention of the master being absorbed in the production of a pure and homogeneous sound throughout the voice. After the voice had thus been produced and placed and united throughout its registers, the pupil proceeded to practice every sort of vocal gymnastic, but above all those two great glories of eighteenth-century singing, the swell and the shake; the master inventing whatever new forms of exercise might seem most suited for the particular case. Then, after two or three years of practice had given the pupil a perfect command over his voice and breath in every species of quick and slow movement, the master wrote new and different exercises for his pupil: melodious solfeggi, like the exquisite ones by Leo, Hasse, and Aprile, in which, while he studied all the various difficulties harmoniously combined into an artistic shape, the lad for the first time found himself obliged to determine how each passage should be phrased, where accents should be placed, what swelling and diminishing should be selected, above all, where he was to take breath so as to complete the form and not mar it. It is worthy of remark that while modern singing exercises, written not for one individual, but for unknown individuals of totally different powers of voice and lungs, are almost invariably provided with indications of breathing points, the exercises of the old

Italian masters, composed expressly for a definite pupil whose length of breath could be exactly measured by the master, are invariably without anything of the sort, as they are also invariably (in the original MS.) without any indications of those various degrees of force, those accentuations, those alternations of legato and staccato, and those quickenings and slackenings of pace which are indispensable for the proper rendering of even the simplest song or exercise of that day. The aim of the old school of singing was not, like that of the modern, to teach the manner in which a certain number of pieces should be sung; its aim was to form an artist able, at a first reading, to give to any song in any style the very best and most individually original interpretation. The master had meanwhile obtained, by the familiarity of years, the most intimate acquaintance with all the resources, all the defects, all the characteristics of this voice which he had himself developed out of its germ, equalized, patched up, molded into homogeneous existence, nay, almost created; and this knowledge he gradually shared with his pupil, who got to know with the most absolute precision the whole structure and mechanism of his own voice. Of his voice and of his own voice; for the singers and singing-masters of the eighteenth century were supremely indifferent to the physiological structure of the vocal organs, as they were supremely indifferent to the qualities of the voice in the abstract, about which modern teachers know so much with so much certainty. Music-masters did not study anatomy and write books, like Signor Corelli's "*Cronaca di un Respiro*," teaching boys and girls scarcely knowing how to open their mouths, the exact structure and functions of all the minute parts of chest and throat connected with the emission of the voice; they were satisfied with getting out a good voice, they cared not out of what interior organs. Mancini, who piqued himself upon being a learned man, never got further than the palate, the windpipe, and the lungs in his knowledge of vocal anatomy. The mechanism which was studied was not that of the throat, but of the voice; instead of looking into the sound-producing apparatus, the singing-masters of the eighteenth century listened to the sound itself; they corrected and developed the voice, but ignored the organs which produce it, persuaded of the fact (so often overlooked in our scientific generation) that as long as the action be good, the machine may be left to itself; and that if the machine, when that machine is the human throat, is out of order, no anatomical knowledge can set it right. The same empirical method, the same indifference to generalities, the same preference of a voice to the voice, and a corresponding carelessness of æsthetical rules as distinguished from artistic methods, are observable in the manner in which the eighteenth century viewed all those questions of category of voice, of character of voice, of dramatic propriety, etc., which exercise the ingenuity of modern singing-masters. Whereas the modern teachers, Professor Panofka at their head, have a complicated comparative classification of the various sorts of abstract voice, of their

exact physical limits and capacities, and their exact psychological meaning, the contemporaries of Porpora, Bernacchi, and Mancini barely knew of such a distinction as a mezzo-soprano voice. They acknowledged the existence of four voices, soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, for the convenience of choral writing, and of using clefs which should avoid unnecessary going above or below the stave; but that they ever regarded these limitations as anything fixed, or upon which to found their practice, is evident by the manner in which they speak of all manner of individual possibilities of voice, and the manner in which composers jumped from register to register in accordance with the powers of the individual singers for whom they were writing. Thus, in Hasse's "Artaxerxes," a portion of the airs of the part of Arbaces are what we should assign to a deep contralto voice, while some others belong to a soprano, and others comprise the characteristics of both sorts of voice. So far from having classified, like Panofka, all voices into five or six categories of pitch, including varieties like mezzo-contraltos, and as many æsthetical categories, such as light sopranos and lights tenors, and dramatic sopranos and dramatic tenors, the masters of the eighteenth century never guessed that such nomenclature could exist, never guessed that one abstract voice could be more dramatic or undramatic than another. They knew exactly that Signora Faustina had a greater facility for martellato passages than Signora Cuzzoni, who, on the other hand, had a better portamento; that Signor Pacchierotti sang better cantabile and less brilliant bravura than Signor Marchesi; they knew the weak points and the strong points of all their performers; but they did not know that a contralto is (as modern critics assure us) naturally more pathetic than a soprano; had they taken in that most extraordinary piece of information and acted upon it, half of the pathetic music we possess would never have existed. Nothing is more instructive than to observe how, while the writers of the last century carefully noted and consigned to paper minute details respecting this or that point of vocal execution, they rarely troubled themselves to inform their readers, or indeed to define to themselves whether the singers of whom they were speaking were sopranos or contraltos; so that of half of the greatest performers of the eighteenth century we are in ignorance on this point, and of the other half we are loosely told now that they were the one, now the other, and this by equally competent authorities, and sometimes alternately by the self-same writer; so careless was the musical world of mere abstract or scholastic distinctions and classifications. In perfect harmony with this empirical indifference to general theories about the voice was the indifference of the singers and singing-masters of the eighteenth century to general theories concerning expression and dramatic fitness. Tosi and Mancini seem perfectly unconscious of the existence of either; they say, at most, that recitatives should be delivered in accordance with the sense of the words; and once or twice let drop a few remarks about moving an

audience to tears; but further they do not trouble themselves about expression or pathos, just as they limit their remarks about dramatic impersonation to recommending singers to try and look dismal if the situation be dismal, and vice versâ, and to observing that a performer ought, when another character is narrating anything of importance, to show by his face and gestures that he is really listening to his companion. For the study of vocal expression and vocal pathos was not a separate thing, as it is with us. When a pupil had learned the art of interpreting, not by rote as in our days, but according to his own perception and fancy, the musical forms contained in the cantabile exercises and the songs written for him by his master; when he had learned to deliver in real speaking tones the notes of the recitative, to pronounce its words clearly and lightly as in conversation, to punctuate the sentences of declaimed notation even as if he were reading from a book; when he had learned merely how to render the music, he had learned all the dramatic expression which was required of him. For, whereas nowadays expression and pathos are something quite apart from the mere music, a spirit requiring to be infused into it, either boisterously convulsing and breaking the musical forms, or languidly dragging them out of all shape; expression in the days of good singing was inclosed in the music itself, it was the very ripeness of the forms themselves, the flower, the perfection of their development: let only the piece be phrased rightly, the notes swelled and diminished, the ornaments delicately marked, the whole artistically graduated, and the greatest amount of expression of which the piece was capable had been attained—pathos emanating directly from the music itself; for we must remember that, as we have before noticed, the music of the eighteenth century was eminently musical, not dramatic; it was not, like so much of our operatic composition, the unmusical cries of passion tuned down into uncouth melody.

When, therefore, the pupil had, during the six or seven years of study, first made his voice compact and strong, then taught it to move and stand still, and expand and diminish at his pleasure; when he had accustomed himself to take breath almost unperceived, and to choose the breathing places so as to make them close, and not break the musical phrase; when he had learned to phrase, to give each member of the musical sentence its place, its accent, its coloring, and to dispose and graduate the various sentences of the whole piece; skillfully to husband and distribute and reinforce and fuse his lights and shadows; when he had learned to pronounce distinctly, to punctuate and emphasize clearly the recitative; and when, by the study of solfeggio and of harmony, carried on contemporaneously with his other studies, he had acquired perfect mastery both in reading at sight the notes written by the composer and in improving the passages and variations left to his option; when the pupil had finished his vocal training, he was complete as an artist, requiring no study of dramatic declamation or of æsthetical metaphysics to fit him for his



work. The education, as we have seen, was as complicated as it was long; and nothing shows more completely the utter misapprehension of the vocal school of the eighteenth century, and the ignorance of what is required to make a good singer, than the universal repetition, by musical biographers and historians; of the absurd story according to which Porpora, the greatest teacher, kept Caffariello, one of the greatest singers of the eighteenth century, confined to the study of sundry vocal gymnastics covering only one page of paper, and then when, after several years, the pupil entreated to be permitted to try some new exercise, gravely informed him that he had nothing further to learn, and that he was the greatest singer of his age; thus turning into an impossible process of stultification the patient study of mechanical difficulties which the singers of the eighteenth century carried on by the side of, but entirely subservient to, much higher and extremely varied musical studies, of which the innumerable exercises of every possible kind of style (of which, according to Mancini, the pupils of Leo received a newly composed one twice a week), and the innumerable cantatas, madrigals, and scholastic duets composed specially for their pupils by Porpora, Leo, Clari, Durante, and every other master, must convince every one who sees them, and who is not convinced by the internal evidence afforded by the nature of the music which these pupils were being educated to sing.

At the age of sixteen or seventeen the pupil was first sent on to the stage, but always under the master's guidance; invariably in a subordinate part, but in a first-rate theater. The beginner must remain in the background, but constantly have the best mature artists before him—a training by humility and admiration completely unknown in our days, when young singers of promise generally begin in the principal parts on inferior stages; thus accustoming themselves to be the best among the bad, and learning at once incapacity and presumption. Thus the young singer continued generally for a couple of years, learning both directly from his master and indirectly from his fellow performers, until he was publicly recognized as equal to the best and fit for the prominent parts. Even then he generally continued another year or so under his master's care, few great singers being wholly independent till they were over twenty. And when once independent, and supposed to have reached their highest development, they continued studying\*—studying the mechanical difficul-

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\* A distinguished musician, now dead, who had been intimately connected with all the Italian composers and singers of the earlier part of this century, and to whom, as one of the last possessors of the traditions of the old Neapolitan school, we owe much of the traditional information contained in this article, used to relate how, about the year 1820, the two most famous singers of the previous generation, Crescentini (for whom Rossini composed his beautiful "Orzi e Curiagi") and Velluti, both men over sixty, were wont to meet once a week in a house in Via della Pergola at Florence, to practice Leo's exercises together, seeing which of the two would compose the ornaments and give a more perfect reading.

ties that still remained, altering their style; adopting details here and there; often, as Mancini and others record of several of the greatest singers of the eighteenth century, among others of Farinelli, studying under or in company with men whom the world considered their inferiors and unsuccessful rivals, but in whom, perhaps, for some minute point of excellence, they recognized their superiors, and were willing to seek their teachers. "The study of our art is too long for our lives," said Pacchierotti, the greatest singer of the end of the last century, to the young Rubini, destined to be one of the greatest singers of the beginning of this; "when we are young we have the voice, but we don't know how to sing; later, we begin to know how to sing, but we no longer have the voice."

The arrangements of the musical world into which the singer of the eighteenth century was launched, after his six or seven years of study, corresponded with such a development of vocal art. The music, as we have before said, was essentially for the voice and for the single voice; and it was eminently vocal, unhampered by instrumental or contrapuntic effects. Every opera was so arranged as to afford each of the chief performers, male and female, four or five airs in as many totally different styles: a light and graceful air, a spoken, that is, more dramatic air, a pathetic and a brilliant air, besides one or more duets or trios, and later in the century, the so-called rondo, a piece in three alternating parts, epitomizing the graceful, the pathetic, and the brilliant.\* Moreover, this music, thus distributed so as best to display the versatility of the performer, was invariably written expressly and to suit the qualities of a definite singer, by whom alone a given part in a given opera was usually sung. The composers of the eighteenth century never wrote an opera except on commission and for a company of singers with which they were acquainted; whereas the operas of our day are composed for purely abstract voices, and offered completely finished to this or that manager, who, if he accepts the work, has it performed by singers certainly not selected, and perhaps not even known by the composer; the music is made so as to fit any performer, and consequently fits none. In the eighteenth century, on the other hand, the peculiar vocal and intellectual endowment of the singer was a basis of reality upon which the composer could work; he was, in a way, what the live model is to the painter—he preserved the art from that academic characterless idealism which is inevitable wherever the artist works upon abstract materials. The opera airs of Handel preserve the impress of the strong vocal personality, as described by Mancini and Quantz, of his favorite singers, Senesino and Carestini; and the extreme individuality and consistency

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\* An account of the constitution of the old Italian opera, and of how it came to be so constituted, may be found in the "Studies of the 18th Century in Italy," by "Italy," in which the author of the present paper has attempted to reconstruct the life and personalities of the musical world of a hundred years ago.

of Gluck's "Orpheus," the peculiar permeating character of the music, is in reality less referable to any abstract ideal in the composer's mind than to the suggestions and limitations due to the talent of the singer for whom it was written, that Guadagni of whom Burney has left so clear an account, whose limited hybrid voice, without the full extent of a soprano or the full tone of a contralto, with its short breath and impossibility of swelling a note as well as diminishing it, has left as it were an immortal cast of itself, of its beauties and defects, in that exquisitely subtle music which fitted so perfectly on it. Music thus expressly composed for a special performer developed still further artistic individuality of the voice and style which alone is compatible with real artistic excellence. There was no need, as there is nowadays, of a singer forcing his voice and distorting his style in attempting to do what requires a different endowment; music was properly sung because it was sung by the right singer; and the singer sang well because he was singing the music which suited him. Thence it is that the music of the eighteenth century requires not only, so general an excellence of style, but an excellence so peculiarly adapted to its every variation, from year to year, from composer to composer, from opera to opera. A singer who could sing equally well the music of Handel and the music of Mozart would sing both badly, for between the two composers there is an infinite succession of changes in vocal style, due to the intense life which permeated the whole art. Moreover—and this is one of the all-important differences between the vocal music of to-day and that of a century ago—this carefully trained, highly individual singer of the eighteenth century was not a mere admirably constructed machine: he was an artist, he had a free fancy, a power of invention of his own, without which he could not have had a real power of interpretation. The vocal music of the day, slightly accompanied and almost always for one voice, admitted of very great artistic licenses on the part of the performer—alterations in time and proportion, additional notes, nay, very extensive and entirely original passages of ornamentation. In the course of the usual twenty or thirty repetitions of the same opera the same pieces had to appear, as it were, in several new lights. The great singers were, in a fashion, composers. They spent hours daily inventing variations and embellishments from which to select on the spur of the moment, and according to their physical and mental condition. That a piece could be sung with real intelligence and feeling five or six times in the identical manner, was as incomprehensible to our ancestors as that a piece composed for no singer in particular could be properly rendered by any singer in particular. In this state of artistic vitality a barrel-organ singer, who could go on repeating the self-same inflexions for an indefinite number of times, was as inconceivable as a piece of music composed for a purely abstract voice, and which could be performed by every concrete voice.

Such was the singer of the eighteenth century—a voice perfected in

every detail and trained to every movement, but confined strictly within its individual powers; a mind trained to perceive at a glance every minute musical form and shade of meaning, accustomed to interpret rapidly, subtly, the works of others, but to interpret them entirely according to his own individual feeling and fancy; an artist as excellent as his original physico-intellectual endowment could possibly afford, and as his momentary condition of voice, fancy, and feeling necessitated; a talent, greater or less, as the case might be, of which the most had been made, and which was permitted to make the most of the part assigned it in all freedom. All the singers of the eighteenth century were not great singers, but all belonged to a great school, and all the music composed for them all, good or bad, is always founded on the knowledge and habit of the existence of this school.

This condition of extraordinary perfection in the art of singing lasted throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century; but it could not last forever. Such perfection, such a combination and balance of circumstances as produced this vocal school, was incompatible with a full development of all the powers and all the aims of music: it was due to a predominance of the voice over all instruments, and of the interest in mere musical beauty over all dramatic or psychological considerations. Every step made by the art in enlarging its means and ideals shook the edifice of vocal perfection; every instrument added to the orchestra (which, even in the time of Gluck, was mainly composed of strings), every complication of parts introduced in the scoring, diminished the independence and importance of singing. But the changes were slow and gradual, and the school was so solidly founded, the habit of vocal excellence so permeated the musical life of the day, that but little effect could at first be noticed. Yet the change in the constitution of music was inevitably taking place, and with it, though independently, a change in the art of singing itself. It had reached the very highest perfection; it began spontaneously to deteriorate, as all things deteriorate, from the over-development of its constituent elements; it became overblown, and withered of its own blooming. Everything began to be exaggerated, above all, the importance of the art itself. In the first, second, and third quarters of the eighteenth century the object had been to produce a singer in order that music might be sung; later, the object became to afford music that the singer might sing it: instead of the performer being called on to execute properly whatever difficulties he might meet, the composer was now called upon to compose difficulties that the singer might overcome them; the means had been brought to such perfection that they subordinated the aim for which they had been originally destined. The singer had formerly been required to fill up and vary the pieces he performed; the composer was now required to supply frame-works for the singer's improvisations; instead of the few notes given by the singer to the finished work of the composer, we

get to the few notes given by the composer to the not yet extant work of the singer. Moreover, the means had subverted the aims in the art of singing itself. The object had at first been to patch up a voice and conceal to the best its defects, in order to obtain a perfect instrument; it was now almost to have a defective instrument in order to patch up and conceal its defects. The singers of the last years of the eighteenth and first years of the nineteenth century piqued themselves upon owing nothing to nature and all to art. To sing with an inferior and defective voice was the great test of ability.

Thus, while music in general was becoming less and less purely vocal, the art of singing was gradually, in its process of over-refinement, refining itself away into nothingness. Music was gradually pushing singing into isolation, in which the art triumphed at first, thinking that isolation was independence. The composers and singers of the eighteenth century had worked in company, each satisfied with his half of the task, the best always linked with the best; at the beginning of this century the great singers had absolutely reached the point of disliking good composers, and the great composers of dreading good singers. The great singers, like Crescentini and Velluti, would have reduced all music to an accompaniment and so many pauses and points d'orgue; they would not endure works which might not be taken to pieces and composed almost over again by themselves; they kept dangling after them a number of servile mediocrities, inane composers like Portogallo, Pavesi, and Nicolini, who furnished them with the few insignificant notes on which they improvised their wondrous variations. Composers with any pretensions to genius, as the present writer was told by a pupil of the famous Velluti, the last of these autocrats, could not be endured by singers of genius; at least, according to the notions of the year 1800, which differed very much from those of the days when Handel and Carestini, Hasse and Farinelli, Jommelli and Aprile, Gluck and Guadagni, had worked together without sacrifice of the independence or genius of either. On the other hand, the great composers, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Spontini, were tending more and more to orchestral supremacy and dramatic effect. They wanted singers who would sing in obedience with their dictates, who would scream and force if the situation required it, and would humbly submit to be drowned by trombones and kettle-drums. With singers of the old school, singers who required to be heard alone, and who intended making variations in the score, they would have nothing to do. The division between composers and singers was complete. The situation was saved by Rossini, who, while maintaining a purely vocal style and advocating the rules of the old school of singing, imperiously put a stop to all licenses in the way of altering or embellishing the music. The men and women educated in the eighteenth century were dying out; Rossini and his contemporaries found a generation of young singers, whom they trained and molded according to their ideas. The music was performed neatly, satisfactorily;

the florid embellishments written by the composer were learned carefully and conscientiously; on the whole, the compromise seemed fortunate in its results. But with its liberty, the old school of singing had lost its vitality; and Stendhal, despite his admiration for the genius of Rossini, foretold that in a very few years the singer, limited to what the composer asked him to do, would cease to be able to do that much; that the art, once prevented from freely expanding, would gradually wither. The prediction of Stendhal proved but too true, and Rossini lived long enough to lament that there were no longer singers capable of performing those ornaments and passages which it had been his grand triumph to write himself, instead of leaving to the fancy of the performer.

Moreover, the further development of music in general, the greatly increased importance of dramatic effect, of instrumental complications and of concerted pieces, diminished still further the attention given to mere vocal perfection and the consequent attempts to attain it. The singer had been deprived of the right of improvising ornamental passages; he was soon released from the necessity of executing them. The school of composers immediately succeeding Rossini lopped off, as injurious to clearness and vigor of musical action, all these vocal embellishments. They diminished still further the already much diminished number of solo airs; they increased still further the already noisy orchestra. Singers who were scarcely ever heard by themselves, and never heard without a terrific accompaniment, were not exposed to minute criticism like their predecessors of former days, and consequently did not require to perfect themselves with a view to sustaining it. Those infinite shades of performance, that admirably neat execution, that perfect delicacy of finish which had been the life-long aim of the artists of the eighteenth century, would not even have been noticed among the noisy concerted and orchestral pieces, the tumultuous movement of the operas of Donizetti and Meyerbeer. There was naturally no longer any one who cared to learn, nor any one who was able to teach, such troublesome and unnecessary perfection. The old manner of performance was not merely lost, it was replaced by a new manner. In proportion as the old purely musical style of singing was forgotten, there was learned a new style of declamatory singing. Singers of original talents inevitably strove to be something beyond mere mechanical performers: unable to perfect, as their predecessors had done, the music, they studied to give greater relief to the drama. The singers of the new school turned their attention to dramatic expression and action. Now the expression, as we have before remarked, belonging to the great school of singing was contained in the proper musical rendering of the phrases; and the action, though the eighteenth century boasted many first-rate actors among its singers, was limited almost entirely to the recitative. The dramatic declamation of melody is inevitably destructive of its musical shape, since it implies that the accentuation required by the music is to be

sacrificed to the totally different accentuation belonging to spoken passion; while complete dramatic movement and gesticulation is as incompatible with really careful and finished singing as violent dramatic declamation would be incompatible with painting or modeling, or any occupation requiring attention and delicate treatment of detail. Yet to declaim and to act while singing, to do with music what the ordinary actor can do without music, has become the ambition of the more gifted singers for the last forty years, and the final test of excellence on the part of the public, which, unaccustomed to really intelligent singing, sees that in such a performance, however ranting and screeching, and occasionally disagreeable, there is an element of intellectuality which it misses in the mechanical neatness of execution, due to mere flexibility of throat, not to artistic perception, which, exemplified in such a singer as Patti, is the only purely musical excellence known by the art in our day.

The gradual development of concerted music and of the orchestra, which have rendered all delicacy of performance first unnecessary and then impossible, while they have inevitably induced habits of mere yelling and screaming in order to be heard; the gradual subserviency of music as such to dramatic expression, which, beginning insensibly among the immediate successors of Rossini, has been recognized and formulated into an æsthetic principle by the school of Wagner, and which has made a clean sweep of all musical perfection in singing in order to replace it by emotional declamation; these two causes have naturally resulted in reducing the importance of good singing, and the consequent efforts to attain it, to a minimum. Instead of the patient and intelligent study begun in the childhood of the singer, we have nowadays a vocal education dispatched in two or three years at most—an education consisting, at the best, not of preparing the singer to perform correctly any music put before him, but merely to repeat effectively five or six conspicuous vocal parts which he or she may be expected to perform; no forming of the voice; no training of it into obedience to the will; no careful education of the artist's powers of judgment and selection; no more study of composition, now that the singer has every appoggiatura written for him; no study of reading from the score, now that every piece is taught him by ear at the piano. Let him or her be effective; act with impetuosity, declaim with vehemence, shriek and yell passionately, if he or she have dramatic instinct; or force upper notes, or bellow lower ones, or gabble off shapeless roulades, if he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat: any of these means will lead to distinction, and they are qualities, whether dramatic or purely vocal, which are due to mere endowment, which require little tuit on and less practice; above all, which entirely dispense with the mere knowledge that such a thing as an art of singing has ever existed or can ever exist.

Meanwhile, of course, the last remains of the old school of singing

are fast vanishing; for we must bear in mind, what indeed is obvious at the first glance, that as, ever since the beginning of this century, every cause has been at work which could gradually destroy good singing, and every progress of music has been distinctly hostile to it, whatever traditions and habits of good singing have remained are entirely inherited from the old school of the eighteenth century. The singers of Rossini were still trained in that school, and transmitted part of its tradition to their successors; but the compositions of Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Verdi could not call forth any new school of singing, and they gradually destroyed what remained of the old. The mechanical methods and æsthetical rules of the art have not been increased by one tittle, and every day some have been forgotten as having ceased to be necessary. The absolute perfection of singing in the eighteenth century was such that it supplied with its remains a sort of relative perfection to the singers of the earlier part of this century, the Pastas, and Grisis, and Lablaches, and Marios; but as nothing has been added to the art in our own time, this precious inheritance has gradually dwindled to nothing, and musical authorities like Professor Panofka are beginning to prophesy that soon there will be no art left, and that Verdi and Wagner themselves will require an amount of musical perfection far beyond the singers of the future.

How things will end, and what new turn musical composition may take, perhaps enabling it to dispense with singing altogether, it is vain to surmise. Music has still powers which are not fully expanded, and aims which are not fully reached: the powers and aims of the school which may now, without any sarcasm, be called the school of the future, since the future belongs to it—powers which must expand, and aims which must be approached, and which in so doing must inevitably reduce singing to a still lower level. To expect spontaneous improvement in the art of singing in the face of Wagner's trilogies is manifestly absurd; but in this critical, eclectic, and essentially revivalist period, opposite to the spontaneous artistic development, there is almost always the æsthetical revival of culture. This tendency is as strong as any spontaneous and original artistic movement, and is, perhaps, more really akin to the general temper of our day. We have seen it in architecture, in painting, in literature, even in the minor decorative arts; we are beginning to see it in music. The music of the eighteenth century is beginning to divide the attention of the cultured classes with the most recent music of our own day, even as the imitations of Botticelli and Mantegna share with the works of Bastien Lepage and Henri Regnault the walls of our exhibition rooms. Every day witnesses the exhumation of some piece of music from which the people of forty or fifty years ago would have turned with contempt: to them the music of the last century was still merely *old-fashioned*; to us it is beginning already to become *antique*. Sufficient time has elapsed for us to see the relative positions of various schools of art which, when yet too



close at hand, seemed a mass of confusion; what our fathers threw into the lumber-room as obsolete, we are beginning to collect as classic. The masterpieces of old instrumental music are being conscientiously studied and artistically interpreted. The time must soon come when the masterpieces of vocal music, of that style which was so completely and exclusively the domain of the eighteenth century, will be studied in a similar manner. In proportion as this music becomes known, and its peculiarities become understood, the necessity will be felt for its efficient execution; at first, and while it is yet unfamiliar, it will be confounded with the music of our own day; and the performance of our day will be considered sufficient for it, as, for instance, our present musical public will be satisfied with hearing Mozart's operas performed by the men and women who have been singing the "Ballo in Maschera" or "Tannhäuser," simply because Mozart is not sufficiently well understood for him to be completely separated from Verdi or Wagner. But when a sufficient amount of classical vocal music has been bungled through to accustom us to classical vocal composition, the need will be felt, and an ideal vaguely formed, of a style of singing suited to this music. It will be with the vocal music of the eighteenth century as it was with Gothic architecture: long neglected, but finally perceived to possess beauty, but beauty at first not sufficiently understood to make its admirers relinquish the Palladios and Wrens, the rococo and pseudo-Grecian artists of music. And just as the admirers of Gothic architecture at first boldly and cheerfully set to defacing it with bungling restorations still savoring of the Palladian and cockleshell art, so the earliest admirers of the vocal music of the eighteenth century will, in serene unconsciousness, drawl or yell pieces by Pergolesi and Cimarosa as if they were songs by Campana or opera scenes by Verdi; until at last, just as the appreciative and familiar study of Gothic art finally produced a certain number of men who would intelligibly, humbly, with complete love and diffidence, touch the old masonry and imitate its forms, so also the appreciation and study of the vocal music of the eighteenth century will finally call forth a class of singers trained specially for its performance, steeped in the old traditions, and performing the songs of the dead school with complete appreciation of their beauty and complete consciousness of their own incompetence. And then we shall have once more careful vocal training, mechanical perfection, intellectual refinement, and something like a school of singing. This revival will take place among the very smallest number; it will originate among conscientious and intelligent amateurs, who have time to study and appreciate, and who will pay a class of singers distinct from those dependent upon the public at large—singers whose small vocal or dramatic powers remove them from the temptation of the easy and brilliant career of the large theaters, and whose intelligence naturally leads them to prefer careful singing to careless shouting.

The traditions of good singing will by this time have been com-

pletely lost; not a survivor of a better generation will remain to teach what should and what should not be done; but the school will be reconstituted, the careful study of the old works will suggest a style of performance analogous to them, and the composers of the eighteenth century will, as it were, teach those who sincerely love them the secrets of the long dead school of singing. The movement will have little influence on the art and the public at large; it will be eclectic and artificial; but when the spontaneous and natural tendency is towards turning an art into a barren expanse of rank and tawdry weeds, an oasis of carefully cultured artistic flowers will be valuable just in proportion as it is rare and artificial. The revival of good vocal music and good singing will be the work of the minority even among the educated classes; it will originate in the drawing-room and culminate in the concert-hall; it will be sneered at for its exclusiveness, its amateurishness, its isolation from the artistic life at large. No matter; the great masters of the past are, perhaps, best off when alone and secure among the few by whom they were truly appreciated.

VERNON LEE, *in the British Quarterly Review.*

## GERMANY, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. Germany, Present and Past. By S. BARING GOULD, M.A. Two vols. London: 1879.
2. Berlin under the New Empire. By HENRY VIZETELLY. Two vols. London: 1879.
3. Études sur l'Empire d'Allemagne. Par J. COHEN. Paris: 1879.
4. Die gute alte Zeit. Von MORITZ BUSCH. Two vols. Berlin: 1880.

IN our composite human society, nothing is intended to stand alone. As expressed by Shelley, however different the application:

Nothing in this world is single,  
All things, by a law divine,  
In one another's being mingle.

As meats want salt, and fruits sugar, so every creature wants other creatures, every thing other things, every quality other qualities. The masculine, seen alone, is selfishness and tyranny—the feminine, weakness and slavery. All things need their helpmate, and extremes furnish none to each other. The great natural elements of social happiness and political stability are union and mutual dependence. But whether in perusing works on the condition and characteristics of Germany, or in mixing in German society, the feature most apparent

to reader and observer is the absence of union and mutual dependence, equally in a territorial, political, and social sense. The numerous States into which the country is divided are typical of its further and more intricate forms of division. As the Empire itself is not united, so is there nothing united within it—neither church and people; higher and lower classes; nor man and woman. Each stands alone and apart, where all, for the true ends of government and life, are intended to stand together. The various German States, of which Prussia is now the nominal head, have one common military system and one common literature, but *præterea nihil*—the first, purely material and artificial, as a bond, however strong—the second, purely intellectual and negative, however genuine. But, beyond these, the elements of interseparation are so universally prevalent that the only illustration that may be said to be common to all the parts alike is that of the bundle of sticks.

It is not long—not more than within the memory of the elders of the present generation—that the nations of Europe may be said to have attained a closer knowledge of their respective characters, institutions, and modes of life. The increased facilities of travel and post—with a larger acquisition of each other's languages, especially on our part—have been in this respect the chief factors; and we English, who, with the exception of the Crimean war, have been at peace with all alike, have had the best opportunity of profiting by such means of enlightenment. Our opinion of our German brethren has accordingly undergone considerable changes. We know now how thorough they are, as a race, in study and investigation—how flimsy are our national modes of construction compared with theirs—how they do all the world's brain work in poring, weighing, and sifting—and how no subject, whether in art, science, or history, can be considered to have received full elucidation till it has passed through the crucible of the German mind. But, at the same time, we have come to the conviction that the Germans are an unpractical race—that they have something even Hibernian in their confusion between the relations of means to ends—that they instruct admirably, but educate abominably—have the most liberty, or rather license, in tenets, even to the theorizing all tenets away, and the least independence in action—that they doubt before they believe, and generally at the cost of believing anything at all—that they rebel against that indispensable necessity for "sinful man beneath the sky," namely, that of taking something for granted as the basis for all sound thought—and yet, in their daily lives, endure patiently the most arbitrary postulates of bureaucratic authority and interference, even to the extent of not daring to cut their own grapes without official permission. We perceive that, whilst indefatigable in analyzing the proofs of their own existence, they were content for centuries to believe not only in the existence, but in the efficacy, of the greatest myth of modern ages—namely, in the Holy Roman Empire; of which Voltaire said, that

it had nothing to do with Rome, and still less with holiness; and, he might have added, as little with empire, since it governed neither territory nor people. And, finally, we have become convinced that while no nation has more dreamed, sung, and boasted, and not that only, but more suffered, sacrificed, and bled for "das Vaterland," no nation has more miserably failed in the means to unite it. We must look into the causes for such anomalies before attempting to describe the effects.

The impressions of early education are hard to obliterate. This is as true of nations as of individuals. A child brought up in daily contact with slaves never develops the higher qualities of civilized man. The degradation reacts on himself; and the farther his position the less is he able or willing to break through it. He remains, whether Hindoo, Turk, or Russian, more or less a barbarian; careless of the feelings of others, and, more than careless, hostile to the rights and liberties of the weak and lowly. The curse of serfdom lay so heavy on Germany, and lasted to so late a period, that at neither extreme of the social scale has the nation recovered from it. The true exercise of their civil rights is not yet understood by the lower orders, and the forfeiture of their barbarous powers not yet forgiven by the upper classes. The two remain as far apart as if the one were still "villains," and the others "free men." Between them has arisen a comparatively scanty class, though comprising the chief intelligence of the country; but which fails to unite the wide-apart ends, for the obvious reason that it is never recruited from above, and but sparsely from below, and therefore only furnishes a third class standing as hopelessly separate as the others.

M. de Tocqueville is the only French writer we have met with who calls attention to the fact that England alone is free from that fatal class-system under which the other nations of Europe have suffered and are suffering—the only country where feudal institutions have merged into an *aristocracy* instead of degenerating into a *caste*. To this happy distinction between English nobility and foreign noblesse—terms, in their real meaning, as wide as the poles asunder—he ascribes, far more than to our parliamentary institutions and trial by jury, the dissimilarity in respect of law, liberty, and national history, between England and other countries. And more apposite still than the verdict of the enlightened Frenchman is that of a German. The well-known writer, Herr Vehse, in his history of the Court of Hanover—linked necessarily with the Court and nobility of England—speaks with a knowledge and candor alike absent from most German discussions on the subject.

It is in itself most interesting to become more nearly acquainted with an aristocracy which, as such, occupies the highest position in the world, and enjoys a popularity never accorded to any other aristocracy, whether in Athens, Rome, the Low Countries, or Venice. This popularity on the part of the English nobility has simply and naturally arisen from the fact that they have taken a *diametrically*

*opposite course to that pursued by the German noblesse.* [The italics are his own.] The banner of the German noble, under which, for centuries, he contended with his sovereign, was exemption from the payment of taxes. The English nobleman, on the other hand, has, equally for centuries, thought it beneath his dignity to claim this exemption from participation in the support of the State. On the contrary, he started with the principle that those who possessed most should contribute most.

Further, Herr Vohse says, and this is the key to the whole situation:

The German noble held and still holds, toughly and stiffly, that all his beloved children must be nobles as well as himself. Such a form of paternal solicitude is not only unknown to the English nobleman, but repudiated by him.

In his researches into the annals of the principal German Courts this writer is led to further conclusions. Animadverting on the meagerness of information contained in the various documents, dispatches, letters, and even travels, to which he obtained access in the process of drawing up his large and full work, he gives it as his resulting conviction that the English are the only nation who possess the genuine materials for genuine history.

They are the deepest discerners, and at the same time the freest and most courageous reporters. Their great political life has both enlarged and sharpened their perceptions, and given them a higher and sounder standard by which to measure the affairs of the world. . . . The fact that the Germans have had no independent and compact higher class, united in large political and mutual interests with the other classes of the land, like that in England, which forms a strong power between Court and people, has worked disastrously upon us. Court and noblesse were one in Germany (as in France). Princes were served by the dependent, and therefore by the dumb. And the prejudice against free speech went so far that when a few writers after the Revolutions of 1789 and 1830—such as Herr v. Massenbach and Baron Hormayr—ventured to publish some facts on Court and State matters with which they were too well acquainted, an outcry was raised against their schlechte Gesinnung (bad taste).\*

The bad taste consisting in speaking unpalatable and uncourtier-like truths.

This writer hits the nail on the head here. All the ambition of the higher classes in Germany (as formerly in France) has been to form part of a court life, however degrading that life might be. Lord Malmesbury says: "The Prussian nobles place all their pride in the personal grandeur of their monarch. Their ignorance stifles in them all idea of liberty or opposition." Instead, therefore, of standing, an independent power, between the liberties of the people and the encroachments of the throne—as our history shows the English nobility to have done—they have played exactly the contrary part. Hence the monstrous type of German petty sovereigns which their memoirs reveal, and the utter misery of the serfs, and even of the peasants at the present day, which is far too little known.

But to return to our topic. A caste of noblesse, as constituted in

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\* Introduction to History of Prussian Court, vol. i.

Germany—one, namely, where titles, and, with solitary exceptions, property, are alike divided between every member of the family—can only tend by the laws of political gravity to many evil results, and to one more especially. Like land perpetually cropped with the same product, and with an ever decreasing supply of engravings, both soil and plant degenerate. The very origin of the word “caste,” which is Spanish, tells at once the tale of the pride, poverty, and decay of a nation where the number of dukes amounts to eighty-two, that of marquises to about eleven hundred, and where the caballeros are numberless.\* For in assuming to move in a separate orbit never to be crossed by inferior bodies in space, and in carrying out this system as among the German noblesse, consequences are entailed which adversely affect the liberties and cohesion of the whole nation, threaten the stability of the State, and must inevitably end in their own eclipse. We have only slightly to analyze the nature and philosophy of rank to understand why this must be.

The prestige of rank is not what you assume and take to yourself, but what others concede to you. When a title is the voucher for power, wealth, dignities, and responsibilities, the one individual who bears it, and in whom all these distinctions center, becomes invested with a prestige which human nature, comprising even republican nature, does not readily resist. But when that same title is divided between fifty individuals, all, as a matter of course, alike devoid of these powerful claims to consideration, its prestige, no less as a matter of course, will be found to be equally divided by fifty also. For it is not in human nature to admit that a guinea, under certain family agreements, is changeable into twenty-one guineas—all as pure and genuine as the original—still less into any greater number. Germans, however, or rather Germans bearing titles, virtually believe in the possession of this philosopher's stone, and talk of our nobility and their noblesse as convertible terms, when, in truth, there are few designations so wide asunder in meaning, and few things so opposite in effect. English nobility is as much confined to one representative as the English throne is to the one monarch. One man alone inherits the honors and glories, the burdens and responsibilities of the title, and transmits them all at his death to one man only again. His other descendants he leaves to return to the common stock, not because he loves them less than his eldest son, which the German avers, but because it is the price which, for their good and for the general good, he pays, as his father did before him, for his high place.

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\* Spain is said to contain 479,000 nobles. See a curious little book by Sir James Lawrence “On the Nobility of the British Gentry, or the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire compared with those on the Continent; for the use of foreigners in Great Britain, and of Britons abroad: particularly of those who desire to be presented at foreign Courts, to accept foreign military service, to be invested with foreign titles, to be admitted into foreign orders, to purchase foreign property, or to intermarry with foreigners.” Paris: 1828.

German noblesse, on the other head, acknowledges no head, or, what comes to the same thing, an unlimited number of heads, and may be compared to a species of coral polypus—no matter into how many pieces you cut it, each piece becomes equal to the whole, not only in importance, but in power of producing fresh polypi, each as good as the original. One is not so much inclined to laud the common sense which led the English race to the conviction that a body of British peers, under six hundred in number, peeresses, in their own right, included, was quite as much as a country could maintain, as to wonder that any reflecting and educated race should really think otherwise. Sound statesmanship is an eminently practical craft. It deals with the desirable and the feasible—the possible barely enters into its calculations—and upon the impossible it wastes no thought. Now, if there be one thing more impossible than another in the judgment of a true statesman, it is the compatibility of an innumerable body of noblesse (according to Sir James Lawrence, in Austria alone 239 000 male nobles) either with the dignity of its own order or the welfare of society.\* Indeed, he would pronounce such a body to be—as Germans are aware all sensible Englishmen do pronounce it—no nobility at all, but only a mass of false pretenses, inconsistent with real patriotism, and obstructive to national union. For the curious but necessary consequence is, that, however superfluously numerous these multiplied wholes which we have described, the German noble never trusts them to mix with other varieties of creation, but locks up his particular species of polypi as carefully as a German Hausfrau does her drawers and cupboards. And as this noblesse acknowledges no heads, it consequently finds no terminations. The extremest twigs of a Saxe-anything—however far removed from the parent tree—and however poor and dependent in all that befits exalted station—have no power to lay aside their dignity and return to mother earth to rise again with renewed vigor, but are compelled by the laws of their inexorable caste to go on and on—Princely Highnesses, Serenities, Transparencies, Illustriousnesses, Gracious Lords and Gracious Ladies, “High-borns,” and “High-Well-borns”—without stopping, for ever and ever, like the Flying Burgomaster of their own tale.

And further, when all these multiplied claims to honor and precedence cannot stand by their own strength, but require to be upheld by arbitrary means—like the enforced circulation of a mass of depreciated coinage—they act as a crushing burden upon the people, as a pretext for unequal laws, as a veto upon constitutional government, and as the perpetual provocative to disunion and disintegration. By

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\* We have no means of ascertaining the exact figure of the German noblesse, but it appears from a supplement to the *Almanach de Gotha*, that omitting babes and young children, there died 370 barons and baronesses, and 293 counts and countesses—in all 663 nobles—between Nov., 1872, and Nov., 1873; also that 74 countships and more baronies became extinct within the same period.

an inevitable chain of cause and effect, these several consequences follow as certainly as any immutable deductions from fixed principles. For no just workings of constitutional liberty are compatible with the maintenance of a landless and impoverished noblesse, necessarily dependent on favors and privileges which only an absolute or semi-absolute monarch can bestow.

It is true these favors and privileges are not what they were in the "gute alte Zeit." The birthright to a fiftieth part of a title no longer gives exemption from payment of taxes, to the exclusive right of holding land, or to the entire monopoly of the highest offices in war and peace; but it still entitles an individual to precedence over others, the more galling in proportion to its pettiness and absurdity. The theater of an insignificant State, like Saxe-Weimar, is no longer divided into two parts with separate entrances, in order to protect the sanctity of the "vons" from the defilement of the non-"vons." But the separation between the classes is actually the same. Prussia, of all the German States, has been indebted to the lowly-born for her advancement in political power and consequence. Distelmeyer, a tailor's son, conducted the government as Chancellor of Brandenburg. Spanheim, a Geneva pastor's son, first made her diplomatically honored in peace and war. Bartoldi, a Berlin burgomaster's son, obtained for the Elector the royal crown from Vienna; and similar instances might be mentioned. Nevertheless, such a fact, for instance, as this at the present day strikes the English mind as the strangest perversion of common sense and taste—namely, that gentlemen, not of so-called noblesse, whose indispensable brains have forced their way into the ranks of advisers and ministers of the Crown, are still not considered eligible for admission to court, and not met with in society; so that the monarch virtually asserts the preposterous principle that men who are good enough to govern the country are not good enough to associate, even on the most formal footing, with himself, or with those who surround him. Judging from modern history, a government which tolerates such elements of weakness and discord as Germany now staggers under, and which France fell under, is foredoomed to a revolutionary retribution of which the symptoms are in many respects obvious.

It is true that Germany has given the world a spectacle of union, and therefore strength, by rising, both at the war of Liberation and in 1870, as one man against the common enemy. But this only proves that a people can and will do more to defend their country than to achieve their own liberties. The processes are very different. The one is to a certain degree compulsory, both in the nature of a command which must be obeyed, and of an epidemic which cannot be resisted;\*

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\* There were other propelling causes. Our newspaper correspondents in the Franco-German war frequently bore witness to the sticks used by the officers in driving on the rank and file. We know also that in the war with the French raw revolutionary troops, in 1792, "the German soldiers were only kept to their guns



the other demands ripeness of time, strength of leaders; and that definite and practical purpose, of all things most foreign to parties so split up as in this race of great brain and small enlightenment. The world knows the ingratitude with which the Prussian monarchy, especially, requited the national sacrifices which, in response to the King's appeal, wiped out the disgrace of Jena, and restored to him territory and power. It was a fair illustration of the old proverb of his Satanic Majesty when he was sick and after he was well. Not only was it the deliverance of the land from the yoke of France that led the German people to give their blood and hard-spared treasure, but the promise of deliverance from the yoke of their own sovereigns in the shape of constitutional freedom and liberty of press. If the war of Liberation be one of the most noble and touching popular episodes that history records, the treachery of the princes that ensued is one of the most disgraceful. There is no part of the late Prince Consort's mind more to be admired; and in a German prince to be wondered at, than the courage and openness with which, in letters in the last volume of his Life, he reminded the present Emperor of Germany, first as regent and then as king, of the promises made by his line to their people, and never fulfilled. The princes could resume their thrones, all braced and strengthened as those thrones had been by the sacrifices of the people, but the people had no liberties to fall back upon, and less power than ever to obtain them. There appears to be that radical lack of sound political knowledge in the minds of despots and semi-despots which leads them invariably to seek to repress the symptoms of a disease, instead of removing the causes for it. Thus the popular discontent excited by their bad faith became their pretext for further injustice. The very action also of a great army in time of war, composed of such social elements as Germany furnishes, entails a forced and inevitable return to something like feudal tyranny and vassal subjection, the effects of which are slow to disappear. The maintenance of a huge standing force, besides the burden to the country, and the diversion of its people from peaceful and independent pursuits, contributes the more to raise the pretensions of an overgrown caste, which acknowledges military service, with the exception of diplomacy at court places, the only occupation befitting their dignity; and where in certain regiments no non-noble (as before, the Revolution in France) can obtain a commission.

If we wish to ascertain the degree of social cohesion existing in a State, we have only to measure it by the customs which regulate what should be the closest of all ties in a Christian land—namely, that of

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by the discipline of the cane." (Moore's "Revolution in France," vol. ii. p. 146.) To this day also, despite the denial of Major von Vietinghof in a controversy lately raised in the Times regarding the brutal violence of Prussian officers towards their soldiers, the fact remains undeniable, as English officers can testify. Many a poor German peasant and servant also knows what it is to receive blows from a noble, and to have no redress.

marriage. Granting that it is not desirable that any man or woman should marry out of their sphere of life, it follows that the wider that sphere be extended, the better it is for the country. The habit and policy of this principle are so deeply rooted in the constitution of English society that we forget even to inquire into the causes which have led to it. Marriages from mercenary motives may be plentiful, and marriages from family policy not unknown, but, as a rule, all who meet in English society can marry; and all meet, or can meet, who have average means and culture. We have no lack of scapegraces and even snobs in our peerage, but none, it may be said, such a snob as to think himself lowered, or his rank endangered, by marrying a virtuous, cultivated, but untitled lady. The solution of this fact, so opposite to that which prevails in Germany, lies both in the constitution of our nobility, and in the existence of that untitled gentry, partly fed by them, which is found on the same scale of quality, wealth, education, and numbers in no other country. The German noble has no conception of rank so limited and defined that no pretender can assume it without certain detection, and yet so open and elastic that a duke may marry the daughter of a commoner without any imputation of a *mésalliance*. He knows nothing of good blood independent of all title, and often better than title, nor of titles that take care of themselves without the bolts and bars of an intrenched caste. Though the rules of our peerage are almost mathematical in their precision, and, in comparison with the "*Almanach de Gotha*," may be read as we run, he never troubles himself to master them, but pronounces them an arbitrary jumble past all comprehension. His one stock argument is indignation at the unnatural conduct of the English nobleman for not bestowing his title on all his children alike. He sees no objection to noble lords becoming as plentiful as blackberries, or as German counts and barons; he is not startled by the prospect of an unlimited expansion of the House of Peers; nor intimidated by the embarrassing consequences that would follow such a vindication of the supposed rights of nature. Nor does the puzzle and offense stop here. There are boundaries to a German's powers of comprehension. He may soar to the utmost heights of speculation, and dive to the deepest depths of metaphysics, but the courtesy titles of the elder sons and of the cadets of English noble families are more than his mind can master. He believes indeed that he is better informed on these subjects than you are; smiles incredulously at the definition of "*Spencer Compton Cavendish*, commonly called *Marquis of Hartington*;" assures you blandly that *Lord Augustus Loftus*, late ambassador to Petersburg, is a peer, and always left his card in foreign capitals as "*Lord Loftus*;" and protests with all the earnestness of outraged morality against the possibility of the grandsons of dukes returning to mother earth without so much as a "*von*" to console them.

In vain you explain that the title of an English nobleman is a

*distinction*, and therefore held apart from his family name—that he remains Robert Cecil by name, though Marquis of Salisbury by rank and title, and that he confers his patronymic of Cecil as impartially among his offspring as if it were plain Smith or Brown. The mind that revels in the mysteries of Pure Reason refuses to admit the existence of a difference between a surname and a title. In vain also you point out the benefits which accrue both to the family and to society by the concentration of dignity and wealth. The view of ancestral estates; grand chateaux, fine libraries, means of educating and power of well placing his younger children, and, best of all, independence of crown favor and place—all these have no chance against the sublime contemplation of father, grandfather, uncles, great-uncles, children, grandchildren, brothers, half-brothers, cousins, second cousins, nephews, great-nephews—besides no end of more distant connections—all as good barons, counts, transparencies, serenities, etc., etc., etc., and all as dependent on court and army as himself; but all, be it remembered—for it is the key to the whole situation—equidistant from the great herd of nobodies outside. Accordingly, he lifts up his heart in satisfaction at his own superior position, and mentally thanks God that he is not as English noblemen are.

And yet it is, as we need hardly remind the reader, in this very combination of two orders in one family—the peer-father and the commoner-son—that lies, in part, the solution of that close union between lords and commons, nobility and gentry, which constitutes our best strength. In Mr. Baring Gould's words, "that incessant circulation of social currents in England which keeps the whole body sweet."

And if the German mind refuses to comprehend the rules of our nobility, quite as little does it comprehend the quality of our gentry, or upper middle class. Indeed we have ourselves too little cared to assert its real place in the order of precedence. We know to a man who represent the peerage of Great Britain, but Tocqueville says truly of our aristocracy that we know not where it begins or leaves off. If to be noble, in a German sense, it is only necessary to be descended from a peer—if title and name be really the same—then our middle and even lowest class is permeated with noble blood, and every Howard, Seymour, or Russell, who figures in the "Court Guide," and even in the "Trades' Directory," is, Germanly speaking, a duke.

But we may remind the reader, especially if he be connected with German "Adel," that our British gentry have higher claims to social rank than merely descent from peers—or ascent to them. According to the laws of heraldry, they are noble in their own right. "*Nobiles sunt, qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt.*"\* It is only the German ignorance of true heraldic rules which has led

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\* Coke upon Littleton.

them to imagine that English gentlemen thus bearing arms—though without titles—do not stand on the same level with all titled Germans, as they do, in point of fact, with our own nobility. "A German baron, a French count, and an Italian marchese are nearly equal in rank, and when of good quality are all highly respectable, but not more so than our English squire was, even after the Restoration, and would still be considered if the visitations of the Heralds and the regulations of the Courts of Honor were properly enforced."\*

Again, the account given by Edmonson, "*Mowbray Herald*," in his "*Complete Book of Heraldry*," shows that, by the rules of tournaments, the British "*Gens*" are on a par with the noblesse, and even with the "*Immediates*," of Germany. In old German corporations, versed in the laws of precedence, these facts are perfectly well known. At the ancient University of Göttingen, where a succession of Englishmen have studied, the Prorector usually puts the question if they are Esquires at home, and on their answering in the affirmative he enters them as "*noble*." The rank of an English gentleman is also tacitly acknowledged by his being admitted as *hoffähig* in any German court, simply on the understanding that he is so at his own; nor is the *ebenbürtigkeit*, or marriage-equality of any English lady with a petty German baron—unfortunately for her!—ever disputed.

We have brought forward these facts, not because we attach to them anything more than the proper pride of good blood—for the Germans have indeed created a kind of noblesse-nausea in the English breast—but simply because in our intercourse with them we have been as much to blame as they in allowing them to ignore the real status of the British gentry. The truth is that the Germans cannot admit in another nation what they have not in their own. And they have neither aristocracy nor nobility, only an unlimited caste of noblesse.

To return to the subject of marriage. The conditions attached to this tie in Germany are the main instruments by which class-exclusiveness is perpetuated. A "*Herr von*," their lowest grade of noblesse, is separated from the commoners next below him by a gulf never crossed, except on rare occasions by a very solid golden bridge, and that removed as soon as it has effected its purpose. For no matrimonial elevation on the part of a "*city heiress*," like no fresh creation of "*vons*" from the people, serves in any way to unite those whom false institutions insist on keeping asunder. Once within the charmed circle of the noblesse, the door is shut behind the newcomers. They enter incontinently into all the petty prejudices and pretensions under which they had previously suffered, and, like most parvenus, lose all moderation in asserting their new honors. Here, however, at least one would conclude, the choice of a wife might be left open. But no. Separation, not union, is the invariable

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\* "*The Nobility of the British Gentry*," by Sir James Lawrence, p. 127.

object. Within the intrenched camp there is a camp more intrenched still—a kind of moral citadel, inaccessible save to the elect of the elect. There is, in short, a high noblesse and a low noblesse—the last serving the purpose of defensive outworks to the first—between which again lies a bottomless moat. Mr. Baring Gould gives a curious account of the manner in which “the highest stratum of the social lump was originally formed.”

The empire under Charlemagne was this. The whole country was parceled into shires. A shire (Gau) usually took its name from the river that flowed through it, or from some conspicuous object in it. As a frontier it was called a Mark. Over every “Gau” and “Mark” was a count—“Graf.” Over the imperial stable was a Stallgraf. Over the crown land a steward called “Pfalzgraf,” or Count Palatine, held rule. The Grenz (frontier) grafen or Mark grafen (margraves) kept the frontier against Slavonic barbarians. The burgraves held the imperial castles—the woodgraves, saltgraves, dykegraves, and hausgraves saw after imperial rights in later times in forests and salt mines, looked to the condition of the mills, canals, and to the trade of the Hanseatic towns. There was even a Spielgraf with jurisdiction over the tumblers, jugglers, minstrels, and clowns of the imperial household.

These counts only held their office and title for life—the word “Graf” being derived from “gerefa,” an old Saxon word, which we still retain as applied to a sheriff of the county, manifestly a contraction of “scire gerefa,” and to the portreeve, “port gerefa.” But in process of time, by a natural abuse, both office and title slid into hereditary tenure, and with the office went generally crown lands given in feof. Heretofore there had been no hereditary class except that of freiherrn, or freemen, as distinguished from the serf. Now, with these hereditary benefices and names, the division into a higher and lower free class first began. Every crown officer who had originally represented the emperor in his mark, dispensing justice for him, and responsible to him only, became what was called unmittelbar or “immediate;” all other freemen—no matter how large their estates, or numerous their quarterings, not thus attached to the royal person—remained mittelbar, or “mediate.” This official class consisted by no means of such blue blood as the freiherrn who lived on their own lands, being generally mere favorites and parasites promoted to honor for ministering to the whims and vices of the sovereign. Nevertheless, they held their heads high above the “mediates;” “beamten (official) insolence,” as Mr. Baring Gould observes, “has been the bane of Germany in all times.” From these men arose the class of crown vassals, grafs, landgrafs, markgrafs, burggrafs, pfalzgrafs, princely highnesses, dukes, serenities, transparencies, gracious lords, etc., etc.—as wearisome to repeat as the musical instruments of King Nebuchadnezzar—holding feofs, and exercising jurisdiction in their several domains. This class also multiplied by the same laws that prevailed among the lower noblesse—each petty ruler dividing his territory between his sons, till the groaning land failed to support them. German history accordingly teems with their bandit acts—

their raids upon each other, and upon the free commercial towns—their quarrels with the emperor, and the sufferings of the distracted country. And especially did they lay the foundations for the chronic national disunion, by still further restricting freedom of marriage only to members of their own “immediate” class, including, condescendingly, individuals of royal blood.\*

In natural course these petty princes had their own parasites and favorites in turn. After the fashion of the Emperor, too, each constituted his court with sewers, butlers, foresters, and marshals, chosen from among the landed gentry of his province; and, just as in the Empire such offices were made hereditary, so was it in the provinces.

A Prince Palatinate held his court with as great ceremony as the Emperor; and the best families in the Palatinate ministered to the Elector as to their King. The present house of Schönborn is descended from a Rhineland family in which was the hereditary office of butler to the Archbishop of Mayence. The Meiternichs were hereditary chancellors to the Archbishop of Cologne. The Stadions, sewers (or servers up of the meals) to the See of Augsburg. The Wurmbands, cooks to the Counts of Styria. The Count Von der Lippe held the basin, and Count Bentheim poured the rose-water at table over the fingers of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

In addition to these, another class arose; for the Emperors experienced so much opposition and lawless rebellion from their greater vassals, that they favored a class of small landholders, called Free Imperial Knights, who always held by the Imperial Crown, but

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\* It is not amiss to say here, by way of parenthesis, that those who condemn the law of primogeniture, as it acts in England, ought to study how its absence has acted in such a country as Germany—both the harm it has done, and the good it has prevented. Without primogeniture a nobility becomes a noblesse—without primogeniture a noblesse is doomed to ruin itself and to perniciously obstruct the prosperity and cohesion of the country. The action of this law would have altered the whole history of Germany. Protected and united by it, the German race might have been the first in Europe. The demoralizing and disintegrating effects of its absence reach from the palace to the hut. The Saxons were the leading race of Germany. Division between sons broke the land into two lines—the Albertine and the Ernestine. The further division of the Ernestine broke it into ten lines—Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Eisenach, Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Romheld, Saxe-Eisenberg, Saxe-Hildburghausen, and Saxe-Saalfeld. What has not been lost to the world and what misery not entailed on the people by ten such petty tyrants and ten such mimic courts! Saxony, with primogeniture, would have taken the place as head of the Germanic Empire now occupied by a merely military State. If some of the upper noblesse have still retained estates, and with them a condition of partial independence and importance, it is because they have entered into family arrangements tantamount to primogeniture. But the lower noblesse, where from their numbers and poverty no such arrangements are practicable, have been the bane of the country. For so disastrous are the effects of the total disappearance of a class corresponding in the possession of land, wealth, and independence, with our county families, that there is nothing far-fetched in tracing a chain of inexorable cause and effect between the absence of the law of primogeniture and that state of chronic famine, and its attendant miseries, which makes the Prussian peasantry—those, for instance, on the Moselle and in the side valleys of the Rhine—*thankful to eat a dead dog*. For this fact we vouch. The real condition, moral and physical, of the peasantry in parts of Germany, neglected, even forgotten, as they may be said to be, is too long and terrible a chapter to be entered upon.

who in their turn asserted, and where possible established, their sovereignty over their petty estates. The sovereign Count of Leinburg-Styrum-Wilhelmsdorf in Franconia, for instance, had a standing army of hussars, consisting of a colonel, nine lower officers, and two privates. He published, however, his Court Gazette, and instituted an order in his diminutive realm. Baron Grote, in the Hartz, reigned over one farm, and when Frederic the Great came there, he met him with a fraternal embrace, saying, *voilà deux souverains qui se rencontrent*.

At the close of the fourteenth century organized confederacies of these families (the statesman Stein, who was the first to promote the abolition of serfdom in Prussia, belonged to one of them) were formed in Franconia, Swabia, and on the Rhine; and in 1422 the Emperor Sigismund took them under his protection, and confirmed them in their immunities. These also were "immediates," but the princes would not allow them to be *ebenbürtig* (a word of still higher magic than *unmittelbar*, the practical meaning of which was *intermarriageable*) with themselves: for the Free Imperial Knights were only sovereigns on their *own* estates, whereas the princes were so on estates held in fief from the Emperor. The real reason, however, was that there were too many of them.

Thus there had arisen not only two sorts of noblesse, a higher and a lower, but the first of the two subdivided into a higher and a highest. The "too many of them," in whatever grade—then as now—will be readily admitted. Yet it may be questioned whether the means adopted, not to prevent such intermarriages, but to neutralize the consequences, were not more reprehensible than any evil that could result from them. Forbidden fruit is proverbially sweet, and the fact that marriages—or rather *liaisons*—were sure to be desired within these artificially interdicted degrees had to be provided for. Neither "immediates" nor "mediates," and there are thousands of them, are exactly the beings to refrain, even at their celestial height, from casting longing eyes on the daughters of men. A compromise was therefore elaborated to effect a purpose without legalizing it—to incur sacred obligations and to evade them—to bind a woman without binding themselves—to raise up children without acknowledging them—to barter, for the base ambition of class-exclusiveness, a man's natural and noble right to elevate the wife of his choice and the children of his love to the same level with himself—to eliminate all that is loyal and manly from the tie—that compromise, in short, known by the name of a *morganatic* or *left-handed marriage*! The service is the same; priest or pastor attends, whether in church or saloon; the lady wears wreath and veil, the gentleman uniform and orders; but the symbol of the dastardly compromise is set forth by the bridegroom's substitution of his left hand for his right! "*En Allemagne tout se fait méthodiquement même les plus grandes folies.*"\*

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\* It is difficult to trace the origin of the word "morganatic." The usually accepted etymology is from *Morgengabe*—the early form of German "settlements"—being the gift bestowed by the husband or his father upon the wife, either in

"The actual origin of the morganatic marriage would appear to derive from the times of serfdom, when, in the *Volksrecht* of the several German races, the law prevailed that in a marriage between freemen and serfs, 'the children should follow the inferior hand,' namely, be servile." But the law was not intended to go further. The *Fürstenrecht* gave it another meaning altogether, by making it applicable to the marriages of princes with the gentry and the burghers. Gentry and burghers were freemen, but the princes began to treat them as the freemen had treated the villeins—namely, to forbid intermarriage with them. The *Volksrecht* had established the law to keep Teutonic blood from intermixture; the *Fürstenrecht* "used it to glorify the class of crown vassals at the expense of others." "Nothing of the sort," Mr. Baring Gould observes, "existed elsewhere." He might have added neither in the Scriptures, nor in the ordinances of any Christian Church.

The illegitimate children of a sovereign—English or French—have been so because they were born out of wedlock, because they were the children of mistresses, not of wives. When a sovereign married out of royal blood—as James II. Anne Hyde—the children were not only legitimate, but came to the throne. It was reserved for the descendants of cooks, sewers, and basin-holders, to tamper with the ordinances of religion in order to protect themselves from the degradation of possible alliance with the daughters of the highest English peers.\* . . . An Englishman is startled to hear that a daughter of one of our oldest and noblest families, is not deemed well born enough to mate with a lackland German prince, whose ancestors 150 years ago were gentlemen about court, and nothing else. A tradesman in Germany is 'well born,' but the daughter of an Anglo-Norman house who marries the sixth son of a Prince Potz Tausend is looked upon in the same original light as the female offspring of a miserable serf.†

money or chattels, the morning after the marriage, which gift became her own inalienable property. When, therefore, a woman brought with her no marriage portion, which was held as a proof that she was not his equal in position, the marriage was called in the Latin of the time "*matrimonium in morgenicam*." Still, as the Morgengabe was bestowed on all ladies alike (and is still kept up in the shape of jewelry among Russians of high rank to this day), it constituted no stigma, nor were marriages with portionless wives less sacred and binding. Again, as the children of morganatic marriages are not considered legitimate—inheriting only from the mother—the old legal definition *na der Moder gan* (to go according to the mother) has been conjectured to have given rise to the word. The more probable derivation, however, is that given in the German "*Conversations Lexicon*"—the Gothic word "*morgian*," which means to shorten or limit.

\* In the sixteenth century the jurists in Germany took up the question, and decided that marriage, like the sacraments, rendered all parties equal; while as regards the offspring they quoted the text "if children, then heirs." They also instanced the patriarch Jacob as having admitted the sons of a handmaiden to share with his other sons. Neither cases were much to the point, it must be owned, for neither illustrated the equality and sanctity of marriage; nor were the deciders, not being noble themselves, considered competent to criticise the acts of the "*Bünd*." The custom accordingly was maintained.

† This form of arrogance has descended even to new-made "*vons*," and reached the lowest point of caricature in the person of an illustrious individual—with the highest claims to genius, but, as the grandson of a tailor, with none to birth—the greatest of thinkers, but, it must be owned, no less the greatest of tuft-hunters—namely, Johann Wolfgang v. Göthe, who only bestowed his left hand in his marriage with Christiha Vulpius.



The faintest approach to a justification for this "legalized sham" may be said to have existed when the ruler of a territory so reduced by subdivisions as to be inadequate for his support—he being a widower and with legitimate sons—contracted a union of this kind in order that the children by it should not increase the burdens of the people by still further divisions of the land. But in many instances it has not even answered the semblance of the legality it travesties. For, under the pretext of avoiding the scandal of open sin, the laxity of the Lutheran Church has sanctioned a state of things for for which there is no other English word than bigamy—much as if a man should obtain leave to lie in order to prevent him from stealing. This is the great blot on the cause of the Reformation in Germany—what the Roman priests called the "die weite Conscientien," or the wide consciences of Luther and Melancthon; by which they permitted Philip, Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel (1509-1567), his lawful wife being alive, to take unto himself a *Zufrau*—a word for which, happily, we have no equivalent—to the scandal of true religion and the erection of an infamous precedent. Philip's brother-in-law, a Kurfürst of Brandenburg—also a Protestant—is stated to have declared that he never knew a stupider act, and that "it must have cost the devil no little contrivance to have placed such a stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel." Of the Emperor Ferdinand also it is said that but for this outrage to Christianity he would have been inclined to join the Reformation. There was no lack of wide consciences who took shelter under the authority of the great Reformers to do the same, Nor did bigamy satisfy in one known instance, for the Markgraf Leopold Eberhardt of Württemberg indulged himself in three wives at once. Even as late as 1787 the Berlin Consistory, quoting the precedent of Luther and Melancthon, sanctioned a morganatic marriage between Frederick William the Fat, of Prussia, and a *Fräulein Voss*; the Queen, a Princess of Darmstadt, giving her consent on the condition that her gambling debts were paid. The consequences of such dereliction of all those standards by which society is held together need no description. The times may be over in Germany when such scandals can be openly enacted in high places, but the morganatic marriage, "nine times out of ten the infatuation of a Grand Duke for an opera dancer," remains an expedient disgraceful to the country which invented and permits it.

What between the laws of caste and those of marriage, the German woman, it must be owned, has an unenviable position. As, in Germany, his supposed inferior birth is always a bar to a man, so her supposed inferior sex is always a reproach to a woman. It is curious, for instance, that these multitudinous and undying titles, so all-important in the person of the man, lose all their significance when borne by a woman. A baron or count gives his title alike to sons and daughters; and the ladies, even when only blessed with a "von," assume the unlimited use of the coronet on linen and writing-

paper; but unless they consent to remain old maids, of which there are too many, these coronets go for nothing! If they marry, this inherited rank departs altogether into space. Birthright does not exist for the German lady. An English baroness or countess in her own right—and this every German baroness and countess assumes to be—retains her title, let her marry whom she will; and transmits it at her death to her eldest son; or, if her husband be of hereditary rank, to her second son. A Spanish lady does more, for she raises her husband, if a commoner, to her own rank. Louis Napoleon, had he lost every other dignity, would at least have remained Count Thèba. But no such prerogatives fall to the lot of the German lady. She shares her husband's title if she marries a man of her own station; otherwise she falls between two stools. If she aspires to one above her, she can neither share, nor her children inherit, his rank. If she condescends to one below her, she forfeits her own rank, and is not even allowed to transmit it to her offspring. It is the old fable of the wolf and the lamb; there is always an excuse for eating her up.

Altogether Germany is not, and has apparently never been, the Paradise of women. There is no language in which appear so many proverbs uncomplimentary to the trustworthiness of ladies, whether in morals or in money, as in German; no literature where, with few exceptions, their characters are made so barbarous or so weak; no country where they meet, high or low, with so little respect, and where there is so little social union between the sexes. It is true the German ladies have not spoken for themselves. They may say both of the proverbs and the literature, as the lion in the fable, that had they written them, the tables would have been turned on the other sex. Still, the proverbs remain a proof of what German men wished German women to be thought, and the literature of what they wished them to be. In this lies the clew to the causes that underlie this state of society—viz., the character of the man himself. Woman seeks to fulfill the beau idéal that the man of her race has conceived of her; what he wants and wishes for, she, generally speaking, strives to be. The structure of German life, it must be confessed, as well as the tendency of their writings, is not indicative of a lofty ideal in this respect. If we look back to the dim history of the Northern peoples, we find their characteristics pretty much the same. The area where German is now spoken was occupied as now by several races, all contending with each other, in prehistoric fashion, till the times for their united southern exodus had come. The man of these races was a strong, rude savage, distinguished equally by a courage and barbarity of a Zulu type, with the rudiments of power and government in him, but untempered by any of those finer gifts which arose by intermixture with antique blood. The women of these races seem to have possessed a full natural dowry of grand normal instincts. When roused to the defense of their country, they turned into heroines and furies, sparing no cowards

in the conflict, not even their own husbands or brothers. When carried into captivity they became Lucretias, sacrificing their lives rather than their honor. But when under the normal rule of home, they evidently consented to be what the men most wished them to be, and sank into overworked household animals, "to be bought, sold, lent, or let"—this being the condition of the female sex apparently most consonant with the beau idéal entertained of it by the Cimbrian and Suevian mind.

A period elapses, wrapped in darkness, till, in due course, minstrels and Sagas become vocal, and scenes of strength, violence, bloodshed, treachery, and revenge meet us in the "*Nibelungen Lied*," equally in the person of man and woman. This is an aristocratic epic; in which the common herd, doubtless hardly raised above the brute, do not appear, but queens and princesses alone, who hurl stones and spears; murder and burn; bind their husbands fast with their own mail-studded girdles, and hang them up, bound hand and foot, on a hook; and are evidently, in their turn, the type of Amazon and fury in whom the warrior and freebooter of the time must be supposed to have delighted.

Again dark ages intervene, the gloom pierced only by lofty spires and pinnacles, betokening the art that first appears on a nation's stage, and we begin to discern the Germany of real history. But the religion to which these buildings were dedicated was devoid of the semblance even of civilization; and Rome perhaps nowhere appeared in a form of such unredeemed and barbarous superstition as among the contending princes, spiritual as much as secular, who rent and convulsed the common Fatherland. The Reformation brought on gentler manners. The wars of the seventeenth century are believed to have exterminated two thirds of the scanty population, and stamped out whatever free institutions had taken root in the land. The unnatural character of the Thirty Years' War, as well as its desolating prolongation, was chiefly owing to the source of all the evils which have afflicted the long-suffering land—namely, to its inauspicious subdivisions. Petty interests interfered with union of action. Schiller says truly: "The possession of lands and dignities extinguished courage; the absence of them made heroes." The princes became lukewarm in the cause of Protestantism, as soon as they found that there was much to be lost instead of gained by it. The Protestant Church had power neither to withstand nor to renovate. It sent up its wail to Heaven in hymns of intensest pathos, telling of sword, rapine, and famine. All that remained after war had exhausted what she fed on were the miserable dregs of feudality, as shown in the monsters of petty rulers; the contemptible caricatures of courts, Germanized on the worst French fashion; and the parodies of rank. Man was the obsequious minion of the lowest forms of tyranny, and Woman, a slave's slave. The knight of early romance and the gentleman of later times have both been unrepresented in a country teeming with

the richest gifts of nature and the highest powers of the human brain. We need but to fill up the outline thus given to understand why German women have figured as the worst of tyrants, the lowest of courtesans, the dullest of pedants, and the meekest of slaves. To their credit be it said, the last-named category is now the all but universal one. There are no women in the world with higher capacities, nobler energies, and more tender and devoted hearts. Their sole fault consists in their being too true to the instinct which governs the female sex universally, for evil and for good. They strive to be what the other sex most affect. For the German man wants a Hausfrau—an upper servant without wages—a sayer of stock phrases—a locker up and a giver out—an acquiescer in a life of drudgery, in a sphere of narrow prejudices and false proprieties—and in *morganatic marriages*—never a companion. And the saddest part of all is that, descending as she does from generations trained according to this standard, the present German woman loves to have it so!

To return to the subject of marriage. Such being the device appointed to preserve the purity of "immediate" blood, let us inquire what are the legal guarantees for maintaining the sanctity of the hymeneal tie among those who are of equal station. Under whatever aspect, the Germans have held very curious and exceptional views as regards marriage. Two ceremonies were customary, that of betrothal and that of wedding, but neither of them required the intervention of the Church. The blessing of a priest was as superfluous as the consent of the lady. Even when the article called "a woman" was no longer hireable or lendable, it continued to be salable, and apparently nothing else. Marriage among the Germans, for long after the introduction of Christianity, was simply a purchase, "*pretium puellæ*;" and even till late in the middle ages "*ein Weib zu kaufen*" was the common expression for getting engaged. The woman was never free. She had always a guardian, generally her father; and the pecuniary transaction which clenched the betrothal took place between him and the suitor. "*Verlobung*" (betrothal) was the conclusion of the bargain; "*Trauung*" (marriage) the transfer of the property.

The farmer buys a cow, and fetches it home when he has a stall in which to accommodate it; but though he has not entered into actual possession, he is already the owner. . . . By Teutonic law both espousal and marriage were only civil acts. A priest had nothing to do with the marriage or transfer. That ceremony was performed by the guardian. After the marriage it was customary for the couple to attend mass together. In the "*Nibelungen Lied*," Günther and Brunhild, Siegfried and Kriemhild go to the Minister the morning after their marriage. Luther says in the tract "*Von Ehesachen*:" "However bad a betrothal may be, it is soon settled—no other is permissible; for the betrothal is a true marriage before God and the world. An openly betrothed maid is a wife." This view is clean opposed to that proclaimed by Roman law, by which espousal or betrothal is a promise to unite at some future time in marriage. It is the initiative of marriage, but only that.

How to reconcile the two theories on this subject—Roman and

German—became a constant difficulty. The Church endeavored to introduce the first, the people clung to the second. In both alike the betrothal was jealously guarded. Old German laws unanimously declare the indissolubility of that tie. Breach of betrothal was the same as breach of the marriage vow; either, on the woman's part, punishable with death by Lombard, Burgundian, and Visigoth laws.

On the other hand, there occurred often such a thing as an over-zealous regard for the superior value of betrothal—namely, that parties did not await the form of marriage to live together. This dilemma, being submitted to the Wittenberg Church Consistory, obtained what appears to be the usual accommodating answer from such bodies—namely, that, betrothal being true marriage, persons thus living together did no wrong.\* To this day, it may be added, this indifference to the marriage ceremony remains.†

As Christianity obtained more influence, the position even of the German woman improved. Her guardian retained the contracting power, but she was allowed a veto. And as time went on the positions were reversed; she contracting for herself, and he having the right of veto. The same feeling, however, as to the superfluity of any religious ceremony continued. The Reformation worked no change in that respect, either as regards the Lutheran or Calvinistic bodies. "When Luther laid it down with his fist 'Die Ehe geht die Kirche nichts an; ist ausser derselbe, ein zeitlich weltliches Ding; darum gehört sie für die Oberkeit,'"‡ he summed up the stolid German opposition of two centuries.

But as the German woman gained more power to dispose of herself, great confusion arose. With the growing nonentity of the guardian all control over the more essential part of the transaction was lost. Young ladies, regardless of consequences, began to whisper "ja," without the presence of regular witnesses. When it is remembered, however, that the most piano assent was equivalent to an engagement, an engagement to a betrothal, and a betrothal to a marriage, it is evident that social entanglements, or, still worse, *disentanglements*, were

\* These consistories have nothing ecclesiastical about them, but are only State nominees. A president, who is a lawyer; a "Staats Rath," another legal officer, three "Kammerrathen" (managers of Church finances), and three theologians; all appointed by the sovereign.

† It accounts for the fact that "so little disgrace attaches to a girl who is the mother of illegitimate children. She has been betrothed, and therefore married, in the sight of God, and in the opinion of the public. A few years ago I was in the best inn in the pretty village of M—, a Protestant village in the uplands of Franconia. The landlord's daughter, a fair, modest-looking girl, with honest blue eyes, had her little ones hanging about her skirts, and, though unmarried, and one of the first persons in the village, felt no shame in being so seen. She was betrothed, but the Rath and the Beamer forbade the marriage—i.e. the taking home of the bride—because the bridegroom could not satisfy them that his finances would support a family."

‡ "Marriage does not concern the Church: it is outside it—a temporal and worldly thing, and therefore belongs to the State."

involved, frightful to contemplate. Under such an irregular way of doing business no one could tell whether a young lady were "Braut" or not. Indeed, in the innocence of her heart, she was apt to forget the fact herself, and commit the bigamy of a second "ja," including the last and subordinate act of the drama, marriage to another man! And then, if married life did not go so smooth as she expected, she might, like our Henry VIII.—in the same dilemma between Roman and Teutonic canons—become distressed in conscience, and feel herself under compulsion to break the unlawful bonds, though cemented, possibly, by half a dozen children, and return to her original espousals, which no subsequent tie could neutralize. And all this would be the more likely to happen if the former lover found himself in a similar mental predicament,

This little sketch of the marriage regulations in the Fatherland will serve to show, in Mr. Baring Gould's words, that "however capricious and changeable laws may be, Teutonic feeling on this important subject moves steadily on within its old banks." These old banks being indifference to all religious ministration on the one hand, and a determination freely "to chop and change ribs à la mode Germanorum" on the other. Indeed, these banks have been strengthened and heightened of late, rather than the reverse. Although betrothal had continued, partly by the fault of the Government, to be considered the stronger tie of the two, yet, for many years, a Protestant marriage service and form of benediction had been universally used. Suddenly a change took place. On February 6, 1875, the Imperial Government announced the following law: "Marriage is to be concluded in the presence of two witnesses, by the betrothed persons severally declaring their agreement, when asked by the proper officer whether they announce their intention of uniting in marriage with one another, and by his thereupon proclaiming them to be legally married. A clergyman, or other minister of religion, is not to execute this office, nor to act as substitute for the proper officer." "When the first rocket rushed among the Ashantees, the blacks fell flat on their backs and yelled." The discharge of this law produced a somewhat similar effect among not the Evangelical congregation, but the Evangelical clergy. "They were for the moment paralyzed, and then from one end of the empire to the other they raised a wail of despair." It may be hoped that the wail was not entirely from interested motives, yet there is no doubt that these entered largely into the question, and with good reason. The German pastor is a man of humble origin, and his salary and et ceteras barely support that. The withdrawal of a large percentage of marriage fees was so serious a loss to him that the State has been obliged to make an arrangement by which some portion of the registral fees is made over to the minister of the parish—thus partially neutralizing the only motive for the act, namely, an increase of State revenue. For the new law not only fell in with the religious indiffer-

ence of the people, but with the chronic condition of their pockets—the civil contract being cheaper than the ecclesiastical ceremony. In England the opening of the register offices has not materially affected the Church functions or fees; but in Germany the effect was very different. In the year following, namely in 1876, for instance, out of a hundred marriages there were thirty-four in Darmstadt, forty-four in Worms, forty-eight in Offenbach, contracted before the registrar. And as each of these cities has a certain proportion of Roman Catholic inhabitants—in Worms one third—all of whom, without exception, would proceed straight from the bureau to the church, the inference is certain that not above half the Protestant marriages in towns were solemnized by the pastor. In the country the proportion would be different, for religion has not so completely lost its hold on the rural population.

Shortly before the appearance of this last edict, the Oberkirchenrath—a body quite without meaning, as we have seen, as the organ of a church—had been commanded by the Prussian Government to revise the Protestant marriage service, so as to expunge from it every expression that might be interpreted as ignoring the validity of the previous civil union; in the words of the Act, “to remove the impression that the Church regarded the marriage as one still to be concluded”—by which means the solemnity and real meaning of the religious ceremony were expunged altogether. It is but just to the clergy to add that this order met with the strongest opposition from them, and in September, 1875, some 600 pastors met in conference and formulated their opposition. They might as well have formulated their opposition against the setting of the sun. The great governor of the Government is not the man to permit the slightest opposition to his will, whether on the part of Protestant pastors or Catholic priests. No notice was taken of the remonstrance, and the only result has been the secession and ruin of a few ministers who conscientiously preferred the sacrifice of their places to the adoption of a lifeless marriage rite.

We have now to look on the converse side. Marriage being a mere civil affair, it follows that the same means which serve to contract it will serve to dissolve it, and even to contract it again. At least, this is the practical deduction which has been drawn in Germany. Facility of divorce has always existed in the Lutheran Church; but early in this century the resort to this facility became so frequent that the pastors took alarm. Again there ensued a collision between the spiritual powers—such as they are—and the secular; to the usual discomfiture of the former. The pastors were not prepared to give their sanction to the indiscriminate remarriage of divorced parties. In 1831 a pastor in Pomerania refused to bless the union of a couple whose lives were a public scandal; and this example was followed by a few more. The usual means were accordingly adopted, and a royal order appeared, commanding the Church to lay down such regulations as

would leave no place for the scruples of individual pastors; and in the meantime to provide "a flying squadron of unscrupulous chaplains to be sent about the country and into the parishes of recalcitrant ministers to hallow such unions as they objected to celebrate."

The apparent number of divorced persons in Germany in 1871 was 69,794. We say apparent, for the number who return themselves as divorced does not represent the real figure of those who, having been divorced, have married again. These, it is believed, would bring up the number to three times the amount! making the average for Prussia—the Protestant State, par excellence—no less than ninety in a thousand. In Transylvania it is said that among the German Lutherans two out of every three girls who get married are divorced before the end of the year, and that most married women have had three husbands.

Among the Saxon peasantry a wife or a husband is a thing which may for convenience sake be put aside or changed at pleasure. Divorce is a thing of such everyday occurrence, is decided on so lightly, and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature—indeed, a component part—of Saxon rural life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange; and the woman divorced will often want six or eight months of being sixteen. Among a portion of the Saxons, marriage may be almost said to be a merely temporary arrangement between two contracting parties; very frequently neither expects it to last long, and may have resolved that it shall not. In the village near the Kochel sixteen marriages took place in one year; at the end of twelve months only six of the contracting parties were still living together. In the place where I write this there are at this moment eleven bridal couples intending to celebrate their wedding a fortnight hence. Of these eleven the schoolmaster observed there would probably not be many living together by this time next year. Divorce is so easy, and belongs so intimately to married life, that even before the wedding it is talked of, and, under certain eventualities, looked forward to. "Try to like him," says the father to a girl, "and, if later you find you can't, I will have you separated."

I have talked over this crying evil with the Saxon clergy, and from them have learned how futile the causes generally were. One husband did not believe what his wife had said, and she immediately wanted to be separated, as "she could not live with a man who could not trust her." Another did not eat his dinner with appetite. "Oh!" said the wife, "it seems my cooking does not please you. If I cannot satisfy you," etc., etc. The chief cause of complaint of a husband whose pretty young wife I frequently saw at her father's house, was that she had washed some linen again after his mother had already washed it, and that was an insult to his mother.\*

We have stated the ease with which marriages are dissolved in Germany; there remains again another side of the subject for comment—the difficulty, namely, with which they are contracted. No young man of any class can take a wife till his three years' military service is

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\* C. Boner, "Transylvania, its Products and People," London, 1865, pp. 483, 496, 503. So utterly has all sense of law and restraint on this all-important subject for the welfare of society departed, not only from the Lutheran population but from the Lutheran Church, that the German husbands of too confiding English ladies, married in England by the English rite, but anxious, having dissipated their fortunes, to get rid of the tie, have found Oberkirchenraths ready to lend themselves to the farce of dissolving Anglican marriages, and to the crime of marrying such men afresh. We speak with knowledge.



over, and then, if he belongs to the "upper five hundred thousand," and is also, as usually the case, in the army, a caution, as it is termed, of 15,000 thalers (£2,250) must be deposited in the Government funds, so as to provide for the lady in case of his death—this being a device to save pensions. We are assured that all Government interference with the marriage of the people has lately been abrogated. So many are the impediments to marriage from high official fees, indifference to the rite, and pedantic Government interference, that the statistics of marriage may safely be asserted to be far lower in Germany than in England, though we are not able to ascertain the exact relative proportion of number at the present time. Thus a vicious principle is contrived to work actively in opposite directions, each equally fatal to public morality. For the results we refer our readers to Mr. Baring Gould's account, vol. i. pp. 163-7.

There must be "something rotten in the State" where such laws and usages obtain; and that something is not far to find. It cries aloud from public statute and from private scandal. The great binding principle between crown and people, class and class, man and woman, is wanting. The land which was the cradle of the Reformation has become the grave of the Reformed Faith. Nor is there any present prospect that what England has found to be the chief corrective of a careless and lukewarm period—namely Dissent—will intervene to arouse or replace a moribund Church. Where there is indifference to religion itself, where State and people are in no respect so agreed as in the negation of all creeds, dissent even can have no vitality. All comparatively recent works on Germany, as well as all personal observation, tell the same tale. Denial of every tenet of the Protestant faith among the thinking classes, and indifference in the masses, are the positive and negative agencies beneath which the Church of Luther and Melancthon has succumbed. These are, however, but the secondary causes; the primary ones—what, namely, have led to this indifference—require profounder research than can be bestowed here. Still it is not difficult to point to a few of the leading agencies which have combined to convert the Protestantism of Germany into "dust and dry bones."

The outburst of the Reformation was as inevitable as that of the French Revolution. In both alike the bounds of human endurance had been reached, and in both alike the passions of human retaliation knew not where to stop. It would seem to be a law in human affairs that governments, churches, and doubtless all institutions, are like individuals in this respect, that they can be only truly and safely reformed from within—in other words, *by themselves*. Where reforms are too long delayed; where they are not granted by that timely wisdom which is one of the surest tests of political intelligence, but snatched by long-exasperated impatience, they are sure to go too far—to be less reparative than destructive—because conducted by outsiders unable to distinguish between what is living and what is dead. Such reforms, as all history shows, only bear fresh evils, to need fresh

redress in their turn. The sale of indulgences and other corruptions which had proceeded from Rome were contrary to the teaching of Scripture and immoral in themselves; but the constitution of the Church, its three orders, and portions of its forms and polity, were agreeable to the teaching of Scripture and not immoral in themselves. The leaders of the Reformation swept away the good and the bad alike. The *people* had so little to do with the movement that they may be said not to have comprehended its purport. They were serfs, of the lowest and most oppressed kind. The Reformation presented itself to them in the form of a ray of freedom, all broken and distorted before it reached their perception, but still kindling the spark of desire for an emancipation they could better comprehend—that, namely, from the yoke of their secular tyrants. Hence the outburst of that cruel and vain struggle called the Peasant War, horrible alike in its successes and defeats. Germany was then infinitely more territorially subdivided even than now, among princes scarcely raised morally above their wretched serfs. A few fine examples of true devotion to the cause, even to the sacrifice of liberty and territory—as with the Elector John George of Saxony—shine forth, but with these exceptions the choice between Rome and Luther was only determined by interested motives. The petty rulers had impoverished themselves as much as their subjects by their senseless subdivisions of territory and property, and saw in the Reformation only an opportunity for increasing their own lands and revenues by seizing those of the Church. Zeal for religion was a plausible excuse for spoliation.\* Nor had the precepts of the Gospel that humanizing power which now attends them. No prince thought of alleviating the miseries of his serfs, or of relinquishing or even justly administering those rights over life and death, dictation, and persecution, in the possession of which he took most pride. The chief object to which they applied the newly acquired freedom of the Gospel was to extract from it points of controversy, on which they formed their own crude personal opinions, and imposed them with utmost rigor on their subjects. It mattered not whether the successor to the petty throne held the same views: whatever the reigning “Transparency” of the time entertained, and no other, became in turn the law of the land. The Palatinate furnishes an example of the ensuing alternations, and of the means by which they were enforced. Till 1540, the reigning house continued Catholic. Then intervened the Elector, Otto Heinrich, and the population were commanded to become Lutheran. At his death the Electorate passed to the Zimmer Zweibrücken potentate, who was a hot

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\* This class utilized the cause of religion in two ways for their own advantage. They obtained lands and property for forsaking Rome, and later, in the persons of their descendants, titles and honors for returning to her. After the Thirty Years' War, the emperor held out the bait of higher rank to a number of petty rulers, and the Auerspergs, Lichtensteins, Esterhazys, Trautmansdorfs, etc., were made princes as a reward for abjuring Protestantism.

Calvinist. The Lutheran pastors were ejected and exiled, a ruthless persecution of all who held by the Augsburg Confession was instituted, and "fiery hot predestinarianism was poured into the ears of a bewildered peasantry who had not yet digested justification."

In 1579, Frederick, Count of Zimmer Zweibrücken, died, and his successor was a Lutheran. Accordingly the Calvinist preachers were banished the territory, and the Lutheran ones recalled. In 1585 Calvinism again rose to the top, and Lutheranism again sank to the bottom "like a stone." In the Thirty Years' War the Imperialists seized the Palatinate, and it went back to Rome, but on the restoration of the Elector reverted again to Calvinism. Reckoning the successive creeds entailed by the varying successes of the war, the Palatinate passed through ten changes of religion in less than a century. Toleration was the last thing gathered from the precepts of religion; on the contrary, no Spanish Inquisition ever exercised greater cruelty in matters of conscience than the petty monsters then clothed in a little brief authority. The Lutheran Elector, Augustus of Saxony (1574), haled all the pastors who, by the commands of his predecessor, had preached Calvinism, made them abjure their principles and swear never to preach them again. Six brave men alone withstood him, and, with the exception of one, who escaped, they were all literally tortured to death. After which, the Elector had a coin struck in commemoration of his victory—he being represented in armor holding a scale, the infant Saviour seated on the one side, the Devil and four Calvinists on the other. An old dramatist says, "Mercy and Love are crimes in Rome and hell." Another locality might have been then added.

These things were done in obscure corners of a barbarous country, the very divisions of the land intercepting the circulation of knowledge. There is something unspeakably revolting to the human mind in this combination of petty dominion and boundless tyranny; but never did it assume a more odious form than when religion became the sport of such men's caprices. The latest instance of baneful persecution in matters of religion, always with the exception of the doings of present Prussia, is even ludicrous in its "tea-cup" proportions. It is told of the august house of Schönburg, which, at the beginning of this century, broke into two branches—that of Wechselburg and that of Hinter-Glauchau—with another minor and tiny branch, which was neither Glauchau behind or before, but Glauchau alone. This twig belonged by arrangement to the two other branches alternately. The count who ruled over Wechselburg was a so-called "Pietist;" the count who ruled over Hinter-Glauchau, a Rationalist. Accordingly, Glauchau regularly changed its pastors with its sovereign; the one sect preaching belief in the Atonement and Free Justification, the other laughing both doctrines to scorn. What could unfortunate Glauchauans do under such circumstances? They did that which the whole Protestant Church, more or less, in Germany, has found it necessary to do.

They suited themselves to all creeds by not caring for any creeds at all; only carrying various flags, and hoisting whatever color best pleased the reigning Dictator!

The debasing influence on the German mind resulting from the paltry rank and distinctions obtaining in the country, which we have so constantly to remark, is painfully seen even in the character of Luther. The courage with which he withstood the Pope failed him when confronting the petty princes of his own land. The sanction of a "Zufrau" was not apparently the only symptom of his subservience. Mr. Baring Gould quotes a curious passage of his preaching, though omitting to give precise reference. This was in answer to an appeal from oppressed consciences on an occasion when a prince had been more than commonly tyrannical. "That two and five make seven, thou canst comprehend with thine own reason; but when the "Obrigkeit" (higher power) declares that two and five make eight, thou art bound to believe it, however contrary to thy knowledge and feeling."\* This needs no comment.

We have to consider that the Reformation in Germany swept away the power of Rome as much for good as for evil. Not all Catholic bishops had been tyrants and persecutors like "Jean Sans Pitié." The higher dignitaries of the Roman Church both could and did, however rarely, interpose between the oppressed and the oppressor. They were, at all events, independent in position. The Reformation provided no substitutes in this respect. The pastors, whether Lutheran or Calvinist, were as poor and insignificant almost as their worried and harried flocks, and as much despised by the secular powers. But human nature is so constituted that an earthly Church, in order to command the respect of the higher classes of society, must have earthly dignity. The warning of Protestant Germany was not needed to prove that. We go into that society in Germany which is nearest on a par with the habits, manners, and culture of English gentlemen, and find that a German clergyman has no place in it—that he is, when not despised, ignored as a minister, and looked down upon as a man. He takes no lead in the business of charity, for, as affecting the thoughts and occupation of the middle class noblesse, there is none. He hallows no meal with the preliminary of "grace," for he is never admitted to the table. The clerical class and element is altogether absent from German society, enlisted occasionally in the monotony of country life to take a fourth hand at whist, but absolutely invisible in what is curiously and comically called "die Residenz!"† The truth is, that neither wish nor want for them is felt; for with the cessation of controversial struggles all interest in the Christian religion has ended.

When the Bible ceased to be a *sedes controversiarum* it ceased to be read. When sermons were no longer seasoned with polemical pepper and vinegar, they were no

\* Vol. ii. p. 472.

† Meaning, not the residence of 800,000 souls, as at Berlin, but that of the sovereign only.

longer listened to. As long as the preacher taught that something needed to be pulled down and undone, he attracted attention; when he began to build up and amend, his people turned their backs. Pastors became tired of haranguing empty benches, and gave up holding services. In the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg an inquiry was made in 1854 into the condition of the Lutheran Church, and it was found that no service had been held in the head churches for 228 times, because there had been no congregation.

These statistics as to absence of church attendance might be multiplied to any extent.

It may strike some as contradictory and strange that the attendance at communion should exceed by far, statistically proved, that of church attendance. But this is the lingering result of laws which made qualification for government offices dependent on proofs that the candidate belonged to the State Church; the partaking of the sacrament four times in the year being considered conclusive on that point. Hence it is that a number of persons still proclaim their adhesion by communicating once or twice in the year, though perhaps not entering the church on any other occasion. This was a device natural to a despotic government, as one means of keeping its subjects under its eye. In Russia, certificates of a certain frequency of communion are still required for various official purposes, and were, and perhaps still are, necessary preludes to obtaining a passport.

Altogether, the decline and fall of the Protestant Church in Germany is a subject well worth the investigation of minds which seek to unravel the causes that underlie the phenomena of history. One reason lies on the surface, viz., that a legislature which ignores the mixed nature of the human mind can only end by losing all hold upon it. If man be so constituted as to need freedom in the exercise of his reason on those things which belong to his peace, he is also so constituted as to yearn for some authority in the interpretation of them. Rome gave the one, however arbitrarily, but the pedantic rulers of Protestant Germany, especially those of Prussia, do neither. They have rigorously prescribed to their subjects a form of worship, but have left them free to exercise any amount of license of thought. Their whole aim has been to establish the same system of drill and subservience in the externals of the Church as in those of the army and the bureaucracy; with this difference, that in those two departments they exact conformity as well as uniformity, but in that of the Church, if a man be not disposed to take religion in their way, he has the alternative of leaving it altogether. The bible in the knapsack of every soldier, which strikes some as so paternal a regulation, comes under the category of military discipline. It is a proof of the soldier's subordination to his rulers, not of their solicitude for his religion. For the army chaplains are free to preach against the most sacred tenets of the Christian faith, so long as they preach obedience to military superiors.

The decline of the Protestant Church may indeed be said, however paradoxical it may sound, to have begun with the Reformation—in

other words, with a capricious tyranny in matters of conscience which Rome had never exercised. Its ultimate fall has been brought about in the following manner.

The electors and kings of Prussia were Calvinists, and did all they could to stamp out Lutheranism, but, as the interest in these controversies died away, the princes of that State began to consider less how they could uphold the one tenet and crush the other, than how they could smelt the two together. In 1733 Frederick William I. began the campaign on approved martinet principles, by commanding the Lutherans to give way in certain respects, so as to diminish the points of difference, those pastors who refused being, of course, suspended. Diminution of differences being thus effected, obliteration was next ordered. But Frederick the Great, "who cared for none of these things," rescinded this last order, and the land for a time had spiritual peace. Wars and misery intervened, and for more than a generation delayed further meddlings. But in 1808 Frederick William III. renewed the attack. A new department "for public instruction and worship" was appointed, by which all self-government, equally for Lutherans and Calvinists, was abrogated, and both fell under the individual scepter, or more properly the crozier, of the King. By 1817, peace being restored on all sides, his majesty felt the time was ripe for carrying out his grand scheme—that of uniting the two churches absolutely in one. To a centralizing government uniformity is everything. As it must interfere in all departments, the more these are amalgamated the less trouble they give. Questions of dogma are of less importance in this light than systems of general headings and neat account-keeping. Accordingly a royal edict announced that in future one board would do the work for both confessions, and that meanwhile all definite tests and standards would be dispensed with.\*

This announcement created no excitement in the church, but rather, as our author expresses it, "shook up its pillows and allowed it to sleep more comfortably." The work of fusion was resumed in 1839, when Frederick William IV. (brother to the present emperor) finally abolished the very name of "the Protestant Church," and embodied Lutherans and Calvinists under one denomination, called the Evangelical Church, which he graciously endowed with a service and liturgy of his own composition. The old sects relinquished, without any apparent regret, their customary modes of worship, "not because either were convinced of error, but because both were alike indifferent,

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\* Schleiermacher, the Court chaplain, greatly assisted the monarch in these arrangements. A German, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," June, 1880 ("Modern England," by Karl Hillebrand), speaks of "Christians à la Schleiermacher, who did not even think God and immortality necessary elements of religion, which did not prevent him from remaining for years the highest ecclesiastical authority." We do not quote this to impugn Schleiermacher, who, however latitudinarian, never descended to such insane depths, but to show how lightly such profanity is regarded.

and easily induced to accept a nullity." Only a few country parishes resisted the royal bounty, and the old measures—Falk laws without the name—were forthwith put in force. The ministers were imprisoned, troops quartered upon the recusant congregations, and above six hundred poor peasant families abandoned their little holdings and fled to America. In England we are accused of wanting to reform men's ways by Act of Parliament; in Prussia it is done without Act of Parliament.

We have said that his late Prussian Majesty concocted a Church in which all standards of belief were omitted. It must be owned that this was unavoidable; for even royal infallibility would fail to amalgamate such opposite doctrines as Free Justification and Election. "The primitive Church had rubbed on comfortably with only the Apostles' Creed; why not the Prussian Evangelical Church with no creed at all?" Accordingly the Act of Union set up no confession of faith for people to quarrel about, but simply asserted "God's Word" to be its foundation. The royal theologian forgot that, under his and his predecessors' persecutions and tamperings, that very Word has been so undermined and unsettled in Protestant Germany that few believe in it at all, and they are not agreed.

We have thus endeavored to trace an outline of some of those successive agencies by which the decline and fall of German Protestantism has been gradually brought about, and which have landed it at length on the lowest step of all—a Church without a creed, and a people without belief. It is curious that none of the usual causes, such as prosperity and riches, idolatry, superstition, or even ignorance—all generally supposed to lead to forgetfulness or denial of God—appear in this retrospect, but rather those forms of persecution and suffering usually found to lead the poor and miserable the more to need and seek after him. But the real cause lies deeper below. Livingstone, the great missionary, laid down the axiom that it was useless to attempt the direct work of evangelization among savages until they had risen to the condition of the natural man; and by the same principle the reformation of religion must ever be in great measure powerless among a people who have not attained the condition of the free man. It is not only that the free could or can alone reason rightly, but in a land of such exceptionally searching and multiplied forms of despotism the bondsman was not allowed to reason at all. The Reformation, it is true, professed to give liberty of thought, but the rulers of Germany more than took it away. The Peace of Augsburg, 1555, virtually undid with the one hand what it professed to do with the other. It granted legal recognition of the Protestant States, but also legal authority to them to compel their subjects to be of the same religion as themselves. "*Cujus regio, ejus religio.*" They thus inaugurated a system of greater tyranny even than that of Rome, and which has ended in greater deadness of practice and belief. It cannot be said, in Milton's words, "The hungry sheep look up, and

are not fed," for the very hunger for spiritual food is starved out. Not even superstition survives. Still we are well aware that all religion cannot be said to be extinct in Protestant Germany. On the contrary, it survives here and there in examples of pastoral faithfulness and private piety, the more beautiful from their isolation and rarity. But they shine in the midst not of "a crooked and perverse generation," for the German people are not that, but upon minds from which the very instinct of the want of something higher than their own poor selves—of something which all das Grübeln of their philosophers cannot find out—appears to have died away; upon minds come to a negative state; or to Carlyle's city of Weissnichtwo—a condition like that of pagan Rome before the advent of Christ, when the people ceased to bring sacrifices, cared no more for their idols, and yet had nothing to put in their place.

Were it not a well-known fact that German Catholics and Protestants are all essentially of the same Teutonic blood, one would be tempted to think the Protestants of some fundamentally different race. For how comes it that the element of persecution which has stimulated faith in the one should have well-nigh extinguished it in the other? We have no space to express more than the natural wonder that a period of utter deadness in the Protestant community should have been chosen to harass and decimate the Roman Catholic Church. Twelve dioceses, 788 cures, and about 500 vicariates have been stripped by imperial order—whether rightly or wrongly is not the question here—of their respective functionaries; but, instead of acquiescing and showing indifference, the bereaved flocks only cling the closer to the cause of what they believe to be religion, attend their churches, light their candles, and recite their prayers before a priestless altar!

It is difficult to define the precise meaning of the word *Kulturkampf*; but, if implying, as is supposed, the conflict of science and free thought with traditional dogmas and opinions in religion—the struggle as to which shall educate the people, the State or the Church—it must be owned that the triumphs which the Prussian Government has achieved in Protestant matters are not such as to incline Christians to wish further success to their arms. Meanwhile, in contiguous parishes of Catholic and Protestant populations, one invariable distinction has long been patent to all eyes and conclusions. The path to the Catholic Church is trodden bare, that to the Protestant Church rank with grass and weeds to the very door.

So much has been said and sung, written and ranted, about Liberty—so many crimes committed, so many abuses defended in her name—that it needs some of the courage she imparts to venture a word on a subject so sacred and so stale. There are but two supreme sources of Good for the needs of suffering and sinful man, and neither can flourish purely without the other. Both have their kindred difficulties and struggles, and their infallible signs. Both



require faith and sacrifice, devoted priests and stainless altars; and each can boast a noble and always replenished army of martyrs. The flame in both is kindled by sore friction and tribulation; but once lighted in hearts, as in States, its infallible test is to permeate all things with its ineffable virtue. It is especially the characteristic of liberty to be so adjusted and appointed for the development of the human mind, that, like the air we breathe, we know not how it surrounds us till it be vitiated or withdrawn; so that the highest proof of its perfect action consists in its failing to remind us of its existence. The birth of liberty is slow and difficult. It has, so to say, to precede and teach itself. For men and nations must be free before they can know how to prize or even to use their freedom. The despot's stock pretext is that his people are not fit for liberty. The only answer is that without liberty they never will be. Thus the first stage of its life, and the second of its development, are all-critical, for it needs what, in feudal lands, is rare, a believer in freedom to found it, and what after long subservience is as rare in turn, a people fit to wield it. Despotism is twice cursed—in the slavery it imposes, and in its far worse progeny, the *slavishness* it engenders. Where this debased condition of a people has obtained, liberty is difficult to set in action; for it has as much to undo as to do.

It is this fatal effect of foregone causes that accounts for the political and social riddles presented at the present day by so great and gifted a race as the Germans;—which explains the almost Oriental impassibility of a caste—barbarous, merciless, and powerful in old times—powerless, insignificant, but no less arrogant and obstructive even now. It is this which still maintains the deep and open divisions in the bosom of the Fatherland, the animosity between class and class, the cowardly customs, the rude manners, the low estimation of the female sex, and all that reminds the Englishman that he is not in a land of freedom. And it is especially this which has frustrated and nullified the true objects of the great movement of the Protestant Reformation in Germany.

May some of our readers live to hail the time, under a different reign, when this falsely so-called "fight for culture" may be exchanged for another and far nobler War of German Liberation!

*Edinburgh Review.*

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### THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST.

THERE are many stations of the British Army abroad which officers and men regard with extreme disfavor. The important stronghold which lends its name to these pages, and of which I propose to write,

is without exception the most unpopular of military quarters. "Gibraltar," says the Saturday Review, "is the paradise of the subaltern;" Aden certainly is his place of punishment in this world. The garrison of Aden consists of cavalry, artillery, and native infantry, which are relieved at uncertain intervals, and of an English regiment which passes on this dreary shore the concluding year of its service in the East.

There are many educated people at home who seem to have a very hazy idea of the situation of our great Indian outpost, and no idea at all of its size and importance; others there are whose notions of it are derived from Jules Verne and Mrs. Brassey.

I may, therefore, be permitted to state that Aden, which we captured in January, 1839, is a small volcanic peninsula, situated at the southern extremity of Arabia Felix, and distant about seventy miles from the mouth of the Red Sea—or, to put it more explicitly, from the Babel Mandeb Straits. I may add also that soon after our occupation the peninsula was ceded to us formally by the then sultan of Lahej, whose present successor is our pensioner and ally.

For the globe-trotter, Aden, or, as he prefers to call it, the "Gibraltar of the East," appears to possess attractions. He visits it during the cool season, and his stay is usually limited to a few hours; he has read descriptions of it in the published wanderings of other globe-trotters; he knows what its maintenance costs India; and has possibly a theory as to its strategic importance. The unfamiliar look of the place too its interesting, for in all his rambles he has seen no similar cinder peopled by civilized beings.

The view which meets the eye from the anchorage in the harbor is not readily forgotten. On one side stretching away towards the north is a portion of the Arabian mainland—a vast plain bounded by ranges of sunny grey mountains, which dissolve slowly into the mist at a distance of fifty miles. On the other side, a few cables off, lies the peninsula, an irregular series of coke-like elevations, culminating in dentated peaks at a height of from fifty to seventeen hundred feet. Murky black in color with an occasional broad tint of umber, the cineritious rocks stand up in scarped masses against the sky, and paint with long inky shadows the clear water near the shore. Here and there a gun peeps out of a half-concealed battery; on several small eminences are English houses and barracks; and quite at the base is the Circus—a collection of consulates, stores, curio-shops, and hotels. The port is full of life. Diving-boys innumerable throng to the ship, howling for backsheesh; native boatmen clamor for a fare; steam-tugs drag barges alongside. At a little distance away are several merchant vessels, and a few men-of-war, all centers of attraction for the trading Arab. Yet in spite of the clang of machinery, the shriek of steam-whistles, and the babel of many tongues, there is an air of silence about the scene, too deep to be displaced by any passing disturbance. The lonely stretch of sand, and the dark plutonic upheavals,

uncovered by a blade of grass, and harboring no creature but man, have an appearance of melancholy gloom impossible to describe.

With a view to sight-seeing, and also to avoid the dust and general confusion which reign on board ship whilst coal is being taken into the hold, the traveler goes on shore, and after a couple of minutes' walk from the landing pier, finds himself in the Circus, where, if the day be favorable, he probably sees a collection of people such as he may never again behold.

In addition to specimens from almost every country in Europe, he notices the Yemen Jew with cork-screw curls pendent from each temple, the Hindoo with caste-mark on forehead, the Chinese carpenter, the Seedy boy, the Syrian merchant, the Parsee merchant, the Egyptain, the Arab camel-driver trotting to or from the barrier, the Somali with lime-plastered head—within half an hour all these specimens of so many nationalities pass in review before him. He then hires a carriage, and drives through the Main Pass, beyond the sepoy lines—a distance of five miles or so—to the tanks, which well repay a visit, even though—as is usually the case—they are empty; only once in five years, when a copious downpour of rain falls on the heights above them, are these huge receptacles filled with their many millions of gallons of water. By their side is the only green patch visible in Aden—the only spot wherein a few cultivated plants flourish, and a few trees rear their sickly heads. On the way back, the sight-seer makes commonly a détour to see a couple of small mosques, the Parsee tower of silence, the camel-market, Seerah, and the settlement of the Crater Position. He is afterwards carried through the great and little tunnels, past the Isthmus, and the "Last Retreat," and so back to his starting-place at the Steamer Point. Then after buying, at three times their value, a few bunches of ostrich feathers, which a Jew is anxious to dispose of, he returns to his ship, pleased with his day's performance, gratified at having "done everything," but with no desire to linger any longer on shore.

People often profess an interest in Aden, not the interest which one experiences when gazing on the ruins, or even on the site, of a great city of the past, not the interest with which one views a brick from Babylon, or a broken column at Baalbec. Beyond a feeling of utter loneliness and death-like stillness, this corner of Arabia Felix, to ninety-nine of a hundred visitors, suggests no emotions worth recording. Men speculate on its strategic or navarchic importance, on its trade, on its future; but they seldom think much of its past. To many it would doubtless appear incredible that such a barren offspring of vulcanism could ever have been, before our day, of the slightest importance. Nevertheless it has in spite of natural drawbacks, either alone, or in conjunction with the province of Yemen, of which it has always been the great seaport, managed to focus on itself the attention of some of the most famous rulers of some of the most powerful dynasties of the world, its history carries us back to a time when its Himiarite inhabitants paid

homage to the planets, and built pillars "in honor of the Lord the Sun;" to a time when it was said as a glory to Tyre, that "the merchants of Haran, of Canneh and EDEN, were thy merchants;" to a time when thousands of the Jews of the Captivity found shelter, and even short-lived sovereignty on its shore. From Yemen, Alexander the Great meant to govern the earth. Augustus coveted Aden; Claudius took and burnt it; Ptolemy called it "Arabias Emporium;" Constantine, "Romanorum Emporium." On its coast, where it is said that St. Thomas, the Apostle, preached the gospel on his road to India, Christianity flourished, and built churches, at a period when the Romans occupied Britain, and our Saxon ancestors worshiped Thor in Holstein.

The Abyssinians overran the land of Yemen,\* which, in spite of its name, appears to have been particularly unfortunate. The Persians annexed it. Its chronicles make mention of Prester John. From here Mosailma "the Liar" wrote to Mohammed, "Now let the earth be half mine and half thine"—a style of request which took Abu Bekr and an army a long time to answer. Many minor details of change are noted in its annals. Round the coast, after some centuries of internal strife had weakened the province, sailed Albuquerque, proclaiming his master, "Lord of the conquest, commerce, and navigation of Arabia;" but though he emphasized his declaration by doing as much mischief as he could compass, he made no permanent impression upon Aden, which Varthema describes as "the strongest city in the world on a level with the sea." Hither, too, in humbler and more unhappy manner, came Middleton in his *Peppercorn*, the first of English admirals in those seas, which his countrymen have since made quite their own. Finally on the 18th of January, 1839, we seized without difficulty on this stronghold, which will figure in history as the first, and perhaps not the least, important conquest made during the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Some old traditions not wholly uninteresting, concerning this peninsula, live on in the minds of Mussulmans. It was originally the Garden of Eden—Jannat Eden—and remained so till Divine wrath, excited by Adam's sin, turned it into what it now is. On the top of Seerah dwelt Cain in solitary wretchedness, broken at intervals by visits from the Devil, who taught him to play music. A visionary city exists on the Shum-shum range of hills; and the belated traveler crossing by the mountain path from the crater to the mainland, has seen rise up before him its sparkling minarets and gilded domes, has even entered its marble-paved streets, and stood by the splendidly decked camels, which are found without owners near in this unsubstantial abode of the Jins.

Few natives, however, nowadays, care to get over to the Isthmus by the track which contented their fathers. They prefer the English road. The progress of this little possession since we began to rule over it is

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\* "Yemen" signifies happiness.

very remarkable. We found it divested of every trace of its ancient greatness, without commerce or wealth, on its thirty-five square miles of surface \* a population of seven hundred wretched beings. The inhabitants now number over twenty-two thousand. Eight hundred camels bring daily, from the interior, food and merchandise to the market. Large dhows for trade with Berbera, Zanzibar, and the Red Sea ports are built in the village of Mala. The harbor is full of ships, for the Suez Canal has made the place a coal depot for steamers bound for India, China, the Cape, the Mauritius, and the Persian Gulf. Good business houses have been erected, trade has increased, is increasing, and will probably each year further extend.

Aden is governed by a general officer of the Bombay Staff Corps, who rules in a double capacity of Military Chief and Political Resident. He acts too as peace-maker and umpire between neighboring sultans, whom he keeps out of many a scrape. The success of our government of the settlement is certainly remarkable. Among a mixed crowd of Arabs, naturally as turbulent and lawless as any Afghan tribe, crimes of violence now are unknown by the thievish Somalis, some thousands of whom dwell at the Mala. Near the Isthmus the rights of property are respected; equality in the eyes of the law is regarded as a fact, and not as a fiction; and the lowest Khadim goes to court to press a charge with a confidence in the impartiality of the magistrate which even defeat does not serve to lessen.

So much for a glance at a place which is considered by the English officer (I suspect the soldier echoes his superior's opinion) the most detestable of foreign stations. The bustle and small excitements of Steamer Point do not reach him in his quarters at Front Bay, which, though formerly the mart and shipping haven, where merchants from all quarters of the globe chaffered and bought, is

“Nunc tantum sinus et statio malefida carinis;”

still farther is he removed from the hum of men in his castellated residence at the Isthmus, on the dreary tunnel-approach to which might well be inscribed the lines that Dante saw written over the entrance to Limbo. The description in “Pickwick” of Lant Street may be applied almost word for word to Aden. About this corner of Araby the Blest is a “repose which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul.” Again, “if a man wished to distract himself from the world, to remove himself from within the reach of temptation, he should go to”—Aden. “A house here would not come under the designation of a first-class residence.” The population is also migratory, and the exode—depending on the hour of departure of ships—as often as not takes place at night. Taxes, seldom collected in the borough, are in Aden occasionally a dubious source of revenue; and the water-supply, which in the neighborhood of Bbb. Sawyer was frequently cut off, is here perennially deficient.

\* This area includes the island of Little Aden.

In the early days of our occupation, when the Arab population made frequent vows to slay the Kaffir, and when expeditions into the interior were sometimes necessary to prevent the starvation of the garrison, a little stirring excitement was afforded the troops. Now things are totally changed. The sultans who surround us have lost all wish to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and naturally enough prefer subsidy to slaughter. The infidel has need of the produce of their land, and so pays an indirect tribute. They are therefore on friendly terms with us, and life stagnates in consequence.

The climate is most depressing; there is no shooting to be got near at hand; there are no pleasant hills upon which to perch, when the heat of the plains becomes oppressive. The dozen married English families are scattered at considerable distances from one another. Everything, more particularly horse-keep, is expensive. A racquet-court has been built at the Crater Position, and is frequented by such as are fond of exercise at a temperature of 97° Fahr. or so. Squalls make sailing in small boats unpleasant in a harbor crowded with sharks. A flinty and very dusty road is not considered suitable for riding; and there is no cantering-ground to be met until one gets out into the desert near the outpost of Khor-maxar, where a magnificently equipped and splendidly drilled cavalry troop stands sentinel at the frontier. Men have been known to read, and some do read to while away the time; and Arabic has by general consent been voted the most suitable study to take up. But Arabic is an extremely difficult language, and the climate by most people is felt to be incompatible with much brain-work. The cerebral tissue formed here, say doctors, is of an inferior kind, and so what is read is seldom long remembered. There are, to be sure, notable exceptions which appear to contradict this statement; but they are only exceptions and thus merely probant regulam.

From the end of March to the middle of October, the Aden weather is hard to endure. Inclosed between the isothermal lines of greatest terrestrial heat, lies the southern extremity of Arabia. In May "prickly heat" claims all Europeans as victims; in June this Lichen tropicus, as it is scientifically called, becomes maddening, more especially when accompanied by an epidemic of boils. The terrible Sirius is above us; the sea, the sky, the stones seem all aglow. A breeze blows steadily throughout the day across the rocks, and its breath is as the breath of a furnace. At night the wind dies away, but the mercury in the thermometer remains almost stationary; now and then a fierce sand-storm comes whirling towards us from the desert, penetrates into our ill-constructed bungalows, and after a few minutes passes off, leaving us half choked, and covered with dust "an inch thick, or more," as Van Broek remarked plaintively, nearly three centuries ago. This condition of affairs ceases in October, when the temperature falls to 89° Fahr. The minimum of heat is reached about the end of December, when it is at night sometimes as cool as 72° Fahr.

In spite of the disagreeable weather, the station is remarkably healthy.

There is no malaria; the drinking-water is distilled from the sea and is consequently pure, and the burning sun-heat dries up probably the germ of many a disease. Debility and melancholy are sufficiently common; but with the exception of sun-stroke few fatal ailments occur.

There are persons who profess to like Aden. They have perhaps a reason for their approval, and tastes widely differ. Every year you remain, it is said, the locality grows on you, as 'did the old debtors' prison grow on some antique residents, who, when told to go, begged leave to be let stay on. To most men it is an unlovely wilderness, which neither Lalage, the sweet-smiling, nor any other daughter of Eve, could make dear; and it would take all the eloquence of Mr. Mallock, and all the argumentative powers of his critics, to persuade a British regiment that on this tropical volcano life is worth living.

I have not alluded to the island of Perim at the entrance to the Babel Mandeb Straits, though it is considered an outlying portion of Aden, from which it is distant seventy miles. Its garrison is changed every couple of months, and it is under the command of a Staff Corps Officer, who during his period of banishment has no European within twelve hours' sail of him.

I have omitted also to mention the strange character of the scenery of the interior of the peninsula of Aden, a very correct idea of which may be gained by looking over Mr. Nasmyth's photographs of the moon.

The expense to India caused by our occupation of this settlement has lately excited some attention. We might sell the place, and there would be at least three bidders anxious to relieve us of the burden. The consequences of such an act are too obvious, I think, to need discussion. We cannot abandon the peninsula at the risk of its falling into the hands of another power, or of its sinking back into the miserable condition from which we rescued it. It seems impossible to believe that any one seriously contemplates the desertion of a stronghold, whose capture in 1839 enabled us to deal a death-blow to piracy, wrecking, slavery, and other disorders, which it were a disgrace to civilization to let continue.

This holding now enables us to extend our influence, moral as well as mercantile, along the borders of East Africa. In case of any attempt to interrupt our trade with India, the possession of it would prove of immense advantage to us. But whatever be the future of this little settlement, which we have rebuilt and fortified so carefully, its past has been singularly interesting. Without an adequate supply of potable water, with a rain-fall of not more than a couple of inches in the year, dependent for provisions on a district twenty-five miles away, scorched by heat so great that the market had to be held at "2 o'clock in the night," its trade harassed by iniquitous taxation—by what means such a place first became a flourishing port, it is impossible to conjecture. Nor is it easier to find a reason for the long continuance of

its prosperity. Chaldean, Greek, Roman, Abyssinian, Persian, Turk, Portuguese, swept across it in grand pandemic wave. So small a necropolis of great buried ambitions it were difficult to find. Yet its star, though often declining, never set. The tide of wealth does not usually flow for many centuries through the same channel, and when once diverted, seldom returns. Here, this rule has not obtained. The store whence the Phenicians derived their gums and sweet spices found another market-place when Phenicia sank into decay. When Rome and Persia fell, Aden supplied the States which rose upon their ruins. Often conquered by foreign powers, in the long run it seems always to have regained independence. Fifty years ago it was probably in a lower condition than it has ever been since history first took notice of its existence. It was preparing to enter on a totally new phase of life. Its development since 1839 has been marked. The opening of the Suez Canal has increased its importance. To what height of success it will attain under our rule, and how long the British ensign will continue to wave over it, are problems which time alone can solve.—*Temple Bar.*

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## CO-OPERATION.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.\*

You have asked me to speak to-night on a social movement of first-class importance, and upon which I have been engaged, in my own country, for more than a quarter of a century. This subject is so large that no one can do more than touch upon a small section of it in a single lecture. I therefore must speak of it chiefly as seen in England, where I know it thoroughly. The acquaintance a man gets at second hand with this movement in Europe and America, interesting as it is in itself, does not entitle him to speak with any confidence upon so difficult a topic in countries and among races where indeed the same problems have to be solved, but where the conditions of life, political and social, which prevail are essentially different from those of his own country. The problems, nevertheless, are the same everywhere. The time appears to have come in this nineteenth century when the turn of the people has come, and they are going, if not to control, at any rate to exert a vast influence on the life of nations. But as yet the path is by no means clear for them. The great inventions, steam and electricity, by facilitating communication and stimulating activity of all kinds, physical, intellectual, and moral, have indeed educated them to

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\* An address delivered in the Cooper Union, New York, November 5, 1880.



a point where they feel their power. But how they are to use that power so as to obtain better conditions of life, and a larger and more equitable share of the good things of this world, is still quite in the dark for them.

This is the question which they are asking themselves the world over; and, in imitation of those above them, the first question is not how they are to live more bravely and righteously, I fear, but how they are to obtain wealth. Now, wealth has never increased so rapidly as in our time, and has probably never been distributed more unequally. The substantial effect which all these great inventions and all these facilities for communication produce, is a constant tendency of wealth to get into fewer hands. The big fish are eating up the smaller ones in all waters. The masses of the people are conscious of this. They feel that they are living in a society in which men are engaged in a ceaseless struggle to promote their own interests without regard to those of other men; where, in fact, people in general are almost universally living upon and not for one another. In such society they feel their own weakness. They desire ardently to change the conditions, and seeing that they cannot get their share individually, they look for a society in which they can work for a common interest. In other words, they desire a society where they will be living to some extent for, and not upon, one another. This is, then, the problem which each nation is working out in its own way. In Europe there are all sorts of wild efforts being made for the solution of it, and also, I am happy to say, some wise efforts. On that continent the general movement is best known as that of "State socialism"—the name by which it is called in Germany, the headquarters and center of that dangerous agitation which is troubling all continental statesmen. The principle of State socialism is that the State is by inalienable right the sole owner of the land and of all personal property; and that the duty of the State is to provide employment and secure good wages for all citizens; and to enforce work upon every one. That is State socialism, the central idea of which, modified by race and locality, prevails, more or less, all over the continent of Europe, taking various forms, as in the Nihilism of Russia and the Communism of France and Italy.

Happily, however, in each of these countries, the movement is also represented in a healthy and beneficent form. Thus in Germany, the people's banks, founded by that great statesman, Schultze Delitsch, have spread over the whole country, have developed thrift and independence in a very remarkable manner, and are the great antidotes to the State socialism and Lasalle and Carl Marks. So in France the familistere established by M. Godin, at Guise, and the co-operative manufactories of Messrs. Le Clair, in Paris, are exercising the same healthful influence. It is impossible to speak of these, interesting as they are, in any detail. It is sufficient for our purpose at present, however, to note the fact that, while there is a healthy side to the movement in each European country, the idea of the State interfering

to guarantee the prosperity of all citizens prevails, and is apparently becoming more and more powerful year by year.

In England, on the other hand, the idea of dependence upon the State for the improvement of the condition of the great masses of the people has no hold. The traditions and instincts of our people have proved too strong for State socialism. All that the masses of the English people ask is that the State shall stand aside and only see that they have fair play in working out their own ideas, and in obtaining a better condition for themselves and for their children. But in England, as in all other European countries, the method by which this result is to be arrived at is the same, and the people see that it is only by association among themselves, developing in all directions, that this battle is to be won. Standing alone, they feel and acknowledge their powerlessness, and together they begin to believe that they are able to maintain what they have already won, and to insure further progress in the not distant future. They have thus come into entire harmony with the industrial or zeitgeist of our time.

It is only during the last twenty-five years that in England this great instrument of progress has been available for the masses of the people. Up to the year 1852, all combinations and associations by the working classes for industrial purposes were practically illegal. There was no method by which such voluntary associations could protect their property; they could neither sue nor be sued in courts, nor could they punish defaulting members and servants. In 1852, the first Industrial Provident Society Act was passed, legalizing such combinations. Thus the first step was won, and that has become the practical Magna Charta of the working people of the United Kingdom. The progress which has been made under it may be shortly gathered from the following facts. I pass over the returns of the earlier years, too long to give in detail, but may say briefly, according to the returns for the year 1877, which I happen to have with me, that it appears that in that year 936 societies were registered under the act for England, and 237 for Scotland. These, however, represent only a portion of the societies actually in existence.

The returns many of the poorer societies, scattered through the country districts, found it at that time difficult to make; consequently there were then many associations, and still are some, which do not appear upon the register. But taking the number above given as representing the movement in its completeness, the fact stands that in these twenty-three years in England upward of 420,000 heads of families, and in Scotland 60,000, had entered into association and belonged to registered societies. The capital belonging to these societies had accumulated to upward of £4,477,000 in England, and in Scotland to upward of £323,000. The societies registered were almost entirely devoted to the supplying of members with the ordinary necessities of life. In England the amount paid for goods during that year was in excess of £14,060,000; and in Scotland in excess of £2,000,000. The

total assets were in England £6,200,000, and in Scotland upward of £674,000; while the profits realized in England amounted to £1,248,000, and in Scotland to upward of £175,000.

In order that the rate of progress of the movement may be better understood, I will give the comparative position of one of the leading societies between the years 1871 and 1876. The most prominent and the best known society, of course, is the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers. This society in the year 1871 returned its number of members as 6,021; its capital in round numbers as £108,000; its sales as £246,000; and its profits as £23,000. In 1876, its members numbered 8,800; its capital was £254,000; its sales were £355,000; and its profits were £51,000.

From this specimen of the growth of societies, not selected as one in which the greatest progress has been made, but as an example of the better class of societies, a fair estimate may be formed of the magnitude and power of the co-operative movement among the working classes throughout England.

But no fair idea can be obtained of its scope without taking into account the combination of individual associations into one great society for the purpose of obtaining access to the wholesale markets of the world, which has been successfully achieved by the working folk. The necessity for this was felt soon after the passing of the Industrial Societies Act, and the consequent multiplication of local societies throughout the country. The result was the formation of a wholesale society in Manchester, of which the individual societies became members. To take the year above given, 1871, the wholesale society numbered 235 local societies among its members; and in 1876 the number had risen to 585. Its capital had increased from £24,000 in 1871 to £94,000 in 1876; its sales from £758,000 to £2,697,000; and its profits from £7,800 to £36,000. By this principle of combination results are obtained the importance of which to the smaller societies can scarcely be overestimated. The principle of the movement is perhaps better illustrated by one fact in connection with this wholesale society than in any other equally compact way. The smallest and poorest village store belonging to the wholesale society gets exactly the same advantages as to price and quality in its purchases as does the largest society, such as Rochdale, which numbers its members by thousands and its sales by hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly. Thus the lesson of mutual help is being practically taught.

I may add as another striking illustration of the influence of the movement on the habits of the people as regards forethought and thrift, that during the past few years no less a proportion than sixty per cent of the large profits made by the individual societies have been left in them for reinvestment. As an illustration of the method in which the co-operative store works, and the benefits which it confers, almost without effort, in England, upon its members, I may instance the declaration made at the recent Co-operative Congress by Dr.

Watts, of Manchester, one of the oldest and staunchest English co-operators:

"My experience has been," he said, "that our system of co-operation is literally a creation. It makes something out of nothing, without work or effort or sacrifice on the part of members. In 1860, I joined the Manchester Equitable, paying a single pound for my share. In 1870 I wanted money. I had withdrawn no dividend up to that time, but a very small portion of the wants of my family had been supplied from the store, and when I asked what there was to my credit, I was told that there was upward of £53, which sum I then withdrew. I asked the same question some days ago (in April, 1878), and then found that there was standing to my credit upward of £30, and so far as I was concerned that was a creation. I had done nothing for it. I have avoided going to the meetings at the store, because I was afraid that my words would pass for more than they were worth."

Besides the combination for business purposes in one wholesale society, the corporate societies of the United Kingdom are bound together in a social organization, represented by a yearly Congress at which officers are chosen who carry on the work of the movement in different parts of England in the intervals of the meetings of the Congress. This Congress Board is represented by a newspaper, and is constantly spreading the principles of the Union by the publication of pamphlets and by lectures in all parts of the country.

The bird's-eye view above given of the progress of co-operation in England is necessarily of a meager and unsatisfactory character. I will, however, endeavor to sum up briefly the results which hitherto have been attained. In this combination, which is now composed of upward of 1200 societies, and numbers 500,000 members, the fundamental principles have been publicly accepted that every article shall be sold for precisely what it is; that no sort of adulteration shall be tolerated, and that all dealings shall be for ready money. The beneficent effect of these rules has been felt wherever the societies have established themselves. The credit system which weighed with such terrible pressure upon the poor has disappeared. They have obtained pure articles of consumption for less money, and, what is of more importance, the character of the members has been raised, by the industrial education which has resulted from the management of such association. The members have learned to understand and appreciate the conditions of industrial success, the teachings of economic science, and the real possibilities of trade. It has been a practical training which has dispelled, to a great extent, vague theories by experience; and in the future, even more than in the past, the tendency is to produce harmony between employers and all working people, by revealing to the latter some of the necessities and difficulties which beset the former, and affording them means of ascertaining the real conditions of trade and the prospects of the markets. Above all, the movement has infused hope into lives which

before were weighed down by conditions that seemed to hang over them like a malignant fate, and against which it was scarcely possible to contend with any hope of success.

I may add that education, also, has been promoted in a direct manner by establishing, in connection with the local societies, good free libraries and classes. Almost every society in the Union is now pledged to devote a percentage of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  upon all profits to educational purposes. As the accumulations of the societies grow large they are being used for the purchase or improvement of houses for the members; and the best sort of independence is being developed by the establishment of provident dispensaries and insurance societies. But all such success, genuine as it has been, is only to be regarded as a foretaste of what is possible in the future. The aim of the leaders of the movement does not stop short of a thorough organization of demand and supply, as far as members of the Union are concerned. Already certain cautious experiments have been made in the manufacture and production of articles of first necessity, and further development in this direction may be now confidently looked for. Of course this step will be far more difficult than the one which has already been taken—namely, the organization of distribution. The results are still doubtful, and many persons favorably disposed to the principles of the movement have no faith in the capacity of such combinations to carry on production on a scale which the conditions of industrial life require in our time. My own faith, however, is that it will be done, and that before very long.

There are signs among the employers in England, that the principle of admitting all persons employed in their works to a share of the profits, in one form or another, is growing in strength day by day. The most prominent instance of this, perhaps, is the case of Sir Joseph Whitworth, who has offered to all his work-people an opportunity to invest a portion of their wages in his business, he undertaking to give them the same dividend as he himself obtains. Efforts were also made by Messrs. Briggs in the Yorkshire coal district, and Messrs. Head & Fox in the iron districts, to carry out this idea and practically to take their work-people into elementary partnership with themselves. For one reason or another, which time will not permit me to give, the greater part of these efforts have hitherto not been successful; but from my knowledge of the opinions of the more thoughtful of the great manufacturers and employers of my country, and also of the leaders amongst the work-people, I have every hope that the antagonism which has existed for so long and with results so disastrous is wearing away year by year; and I attribute this result, in a great measure, to the influence of the co-operation movement. There is, of course, the other great branch of the movement, but of this I cannot speak to-night.

Trades-unions are associations for the purpose of defense and aggression. They have been the army of labor whose main function

after all has been that of war. Their power and influence show, at any rate, how vast is the discontent that exists with things as they are. But that which the fighting army has never been able to accomplish will be accomplished through the peaceful working in co-operation of all engaged in industrial occupations. Already in my country that influence has succeeded in establishing a system of conciliation and arbitration in all trade disputes; and in the not distant future we may well hope that that discontent will cease altogether, having given place to the better conditions of industrial life; and that either through co-operative societies or partnerships of industry, the willing and patient worker everywhere will be able to enjoy the full fruit of his labor so as to delight in it once more, as I fear he has somewhat ceased to do of late. As your own poet has sung:

Surely that wiser time will come  
When this fine overplus of might,  
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,  
Will leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood all the healthy life of itself will dance and play;  
New blood in Time's shrunk faces make mirth and labor meet delight half-way.

These lines naturally lead me to the subject of co-operation in America. The need here is undoubtedly less than in any older country. Nevertheless, that such a need does exist has been brought home to me by correspondence and reading before my present visit to this country, and in many ways since I have been among you. I will quote only from one of many letters and communications which I have received and which have led me to this conclusion. My correspondent writes:

There is in this country less of hunger, and there is in it more of misery than any other. The barriers are down, but that only renders the fiercer the struggle for existence—for the kind of existence which it is utterly impossible for the great majority of strugglers to obtain, and in pursuit of which the perpetual hunger of the heart is too often accompanied by the grosser hunger of the stomach. The growing self-consciousness of the American laborer is more and more injecting gall into the condition of his existence.

I do not quote this letter as a statement of the real condition of the labor question in your country. In fact, from my own observation, I believe it to be an exceedingly exaggerated and incorrect one. Nevertheless, unlimited competition is more powerful probably here than in any other portion of Christendom; and the intense individual suffering which it develops must need the alleviation which only the principles of fellow-work and mutual responsibility can supply. This being so, I am happy to acknowledge I have found that the subject has been carefully thought out by persons in this country; that persons in many quarters are ready for the experiment, and that already an organization exists in this city by which advice and rules and assistance can be obtained by any persons intending to open

stores or otherwise to enter upon co-operative work. Of this society we are to-night the guests, and I heartily wish it all success. The movement in your country will start, I believe, from a point different from that from which it began in England. The long period of slow growth which was necessary with us does not seem likely to be required here. You have all our experiences to guide you, and a point seems to have been already reached when a central organization may be formed, equivalent to a great wholesale society. Some such body as our Congress Board in England, that holds the whole movement together, and acts as adviser on all new or difficult questions, would also naturally find its most fitting site in this city; and I trust that very shortly it may be in full operation here.

In the settlement in Tennessee, which it has been the object of my journey here to establish, we have already started a co-operative store, to which all settlers are invited to belong, and which already seems likely to develop into a most satisfactory business-center for that part of the country. I shall be glad if it should prove to be the first society which enters into business relations with the New York center. Of course, there are many necessaries of life which the distance between Tennessee and New York will make it impossible for the settlers to obtain from the city; but for most articles this probably will prove the best center of supply; and, in any case, I trust that the most cordial relations will be established and will become permanent between the co-operators at Rugby, Tenn., and those of the central union in New York. But, if we are to be the first, we shall have to lose no time, for I find from my inquiries within the last few days that there is a number of centers in which societies are either formed or are forming at the present time. To all such persons I would say, if they care to listen to the experience of one who has been long connected with the movement in England, do not go about to rich sympathizers to borrow money for your start. Start upon your own funds, subscribed in never so small installments by your own members. Do not be in haste about starting, but let the cream rise. Collect sufficient capital before taking any definite steps for beginning your store. Choose the best men among you for a committee of management, and when you have chosen them have faith in your leaders.

If you will follow these simple rules your experiment cannot fail. The time seems to me to be ripe for it here, and from the evidence of the last few days, I believe that co-operation has perhaps a better future in this country than in those countries where it is even more needed than here. It is a grand cause to work for, being no less than the subduing of the trade spirit to the only spirit strong enough to tame it, the spirit of Christianity; and which will do that last and greatest work in its own time and its own way, if not with our aid, in spite of us, and, if necessary, over our bodies. Yes, my friends, we have all to learn somehow or other that the first duty of man in trade, as in other departments of human employment, is to follow the Golden

Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." And that, and nothing short of it, is the meaning and end of co-operation.

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### ERASMUS DARWIN.

TOWARDS the close of the last century Lichfield became the headquarters of one of those mutual admiration societies which from time to time exercise an important influence upon the fashion of literature. The leader of the coterie was the Reverend William Seward, a canon-residentiary of Lichfield, who by a somewhat curious arrangement occupied the palace of the non-resident bishop. Boswell talks of him as "a genteel, well-bred, dignified clergyman," and as he held several considerable pieces of preferment and left a handsome fortune behind him, the description is probably accurate enough. Johnson's opinion of Seward was less flattering. "Sir," said he to Boswell on their way from Lichfield to London in 1776, "his ambition is to be a fine talker, so he goes to Buxton and such places, where he may find companies totlisten to him, and, sir, he is a valetudinarian, one of those who are always mending themselves." The Doctor added some remarks about a "hog in a sty," which it is hardly necessary to repeat. Seward had some pretensions to literature. He had edited, in conjunction with one Simpson, an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and he published some verses in Dodsley's collection which are greatly admired—by his family. The rest of the coterie were literary after the same fashion. Amongst those who composed it were "the ingenious Mr. Keir of West Bromwich, and the accomplished Dr. Small of Birmingham;" Sir Brooke Boothby, who "so ably refuted" Mr. Burke on the French Revolution; Mr. Munday of Marketon, "whose Needwood Forest is one of the most beautiful local poems that has been written;" the Rev. Archdeacon Vyse, "not only a man of learning but of Prioric talents in the metrical impromptu;" Mr. Robinson, "a choice spirit of Lichfield;" Day, the philosophical author of "Sandford and Merton;" Richard Lovell Edgeworth, then lately married to his first wife; and if last, not least, Anna Seward, to whose "lettered taste" the phrases quoted above are due. Amongst those who occasionally occupied places in Anna's drawing-room were Watt the engineer and his partner Boulton from Birmingham, Dr. Priestley, the eccentric Lord Monboddo, Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Parr—all, it will be remarked, good Whigs, and all men with some claim to the title of philosophers.

Of this society Erasmus Darwin was the object of reverential admiration, and his voluminous works in prose and verse the theme of their eternal applause. From the candid admissions of his friends



and associates, it may be gathered, however, that it was the philosopher more than the man who was admired. To put the matter plainly, he was an ugly fellow, and his manners were clownish in the extreme. Anna Seward describes him as of "large and athletic frame," but Edgeworth is more candid. Darwin struck him as being "a large man, fat and rather clumsy." He was much pitted with the small-pox, and in conversation "stammered exceedingly." The portraits of him which are extant fully bear out this description, showing him to have possessed a coarse and heavy face with remarkably clumsy features, a nose of the thick Hebrew type, and a mouth of peculiarly bitter and sarcastic expression. Wedgwood's well-known cameo, reproduced in Miss Meteyard's "Life" of the illustrious potter, is obviously idealized beyond the point of recognition. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's less flattering description corresponds far more accurately with Rawlinson's uncompromising portrait. The mouth was indeed the index to Darwin's character. He was sneering, sarcastic and skeptical in no common degree. Anna Seward especially remarks, in that inverted style of which she was so fond, "extreme was his skepticism to human truth." She is also somewhat enthusiastic concerning his sarcastic wit, but it cannot be said that the specimens of his conversational powers which his admirers have preserved are likely to impress the modern reader very favorably. Thus for example, his friend Mr. Robinson, the "choice spirit of Lichfield" before mentioned, had in conversation with him "thrown the bridle upon the neck of his fancy, and it was scampering over the church-yard and into the chancel" (by which we are to understand that he was talking blasphemy), upon which Darwin exclaimed, "Excellent! Mr. Robinson is not only a clever fellow but a d——d clever fellow." On another occasion this same "choice spirit" delivered a mock eulogium upon swearing, ironically dilating on its power to animate dullness and to season wit. Darwin's remark, which appears to have excited great admiration amongst his friends, was: "Christ says swear not at all; St. Paul tells us we may swear occasionally; Mr. Robinson advises us to swear incessantly. Let us compromise between these counselors and swear by Non-en-ti-ties. I will swear by my Im-pu-dence and Mr. Robinson by his Mo-dest-y." If these were the "terrific sarcasms" at which the literati of Lichfield trembled, one is inclined to think that, like the conies, they must have been "a feeble folk." Sometimes Darwin appears to have mistaken rudeness for wit, and to have labored under the not uncommon delusion that when you have called a man a fool you have annihilated him with an epigram. Thus on one occasion a lady who was visiting Lichfield waited upon him with a letter of introduction. Adapting her conversation to her company, as she imagined, she addressed him in the affected manner in favor with the Della Cruscan school. Divested of its absurdity of form, however, her question was simple enough. She wished to know what there was of interest in art, literature or science in Lichfield.

Darwin replied in not less stilted phrase with a recommendation to her to go to the bull-running at Tutbury. The lady was naturally somewhat disconcerted, but after a moment's pause she said: "I was recommended to a man of genius, and I find him insolent and ill-bred," with which she retired from Darwin's presence. Miss Seward is loud in her applause of the Doctor's prompt and ready wit on this occasion; but it will probably be held that the lady had the best of the passage of arms.

Besides being a wit, Darwin was a teetotaler, or almost one, and, as is not unfrequently the case with those who abstain from wine, he was utterly intolerant of its use by other people. On the other hand he was a great eater, especially of animal food, and of fruit both raw and cooked. If he drank wine at all, which he did but rarely, he confined himself to those pleasing compounds known as "made" wines—cowslip wine, currant wine, and what Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty was accustomed to call "Rosolio"—which he diluted with water. It was perhaps as well that the ingenious Doctor should refrain from more intoxicating beverages, for he does not seem to have been gifted with what is commonly described as a strong head. A story is told of an adventure of his which is hardly likely to impress the present generation as deeply as it impressed his own with reverence for his habitual wisdom and temperance. It would seem that on a certain day in summer, whilst Darwin was living at Lichfield, a party was made up by some friends to sail down the Trent from Burton to Nottingham, and thence to Newark. A good luncheon was put on board, together with an abundant supply of wine, and Darwin took his fair share of both. Just before the boat reached Nottingham, he quietly dropped from it and swam to the shore. His friends hurried on to the town, where they found him in the market-place, making a speech to the crowd on the importance of ventilation. The local apothecary urged him to go to his house and provide himself with dry clothes; but to this invitation he turned a deaf ear, assigning for his eccentricities the highly philosophical reason that the internal heat caused by the wine he had taken, would amply suffice to counteract the cold caused by the external application of water. It is only fair to add, however, that this story rests mainly upon the statement of Miss Seward, whose veracity is anything but unimpeachable. Mr. Charles Darwin says, on the authority of one of his step-sons, that this half tipsy freak was the result of a trick played upon him by some gentleman of the party.

In his family relations Darwin appears to have been not wholly unamiable, though it was perhaps hardly to be expected that so eminently philosophical a personage should find much room for commonplace affections in that portion of his anatomy which he was pleased to call his heart. His first wife, whom he married when he was twenty-six, was a Miss Howard of the Cathedral Close of Lichfield, the local influence of whose family was of unquestionable value from

the professional point of view. She was little more than a child at the time of her marriage, and speedily fell into ill-health. After thirteen years of suffering she died, expressing rapturous adoration of her husband with her last breath. He remained a widower for some years, but about 1777, a certain Mrs. Pole, wife of Colonel Pole, came from Derby to Lichfield to consult him about the health of her children. A tender friendship sprang up between them, and, when Mrs. Pole returned to her home, a complimentary correspondence began, which was continued for a considerable time. On Colonel Pole's death, his widow visited Lichfield, and as she was still young, wealthy, and agreeable, she soon had a crowd of suitors at her feet. Somewhat to the surprise of her friends, she rejected them all in favor of Darwin, whose greatest flatterers hardly venture to describe him otherwise than as a somewhat morose and certainly rather ill-favored man of fifty. Despite remonstrance they were married, the bride making only one condition—that their future home should be at Derby instead of Lichfield. Thither they accordingly removed in 1781, and there a new family grew up around the philosophical doctor. His children by his first wife had been educated and launched upon the world, the high reputation which he enjoyed serving as an excellent introduction to their professional career. Their father's affection for them seems to have been, however, somewhat feeble, though not quite so wholly extinct as Miss Seward tried to make out. On the strength of a hearsay report she ventured on a most cruel charge of selfishness and heartlessness on the occasion of his eldest son's death, which she was afterwards compelled to retract unreservedly. According to her story, the suicide of his unfortunate son produced no other remark from Darwin than the exclamation "Poor insane coward!" after which he never mentioned his name, and devoted himself to the task of realizing his property. But though this tale is utterly unfounded, Mr. Charles Darwin is forced, in his somewhat laudatory sketch of his grandfather's life, to admit that his own father, Dr. Robert Darwin, had been treated by him "somewhat harshly and imperiously, and not always justly." Mr. Darwin adds, "Though in after years he felt the greatest interest in his son's success, and frequently wrote to him with affection, in my opinion the early impression on my father's mind was never quite obliterated."

With such a man, and such a society as that by which he was surrounded, Johnson could have but little sympathy. His leading characteristic, next to his genuine and unaffected warm-heartedness, was, as Mr. Carlyle has pointed out, a sincere and manly simplicity, which naturally rebelled against the mannerisms and affectations of Darwin's provincial coterie of admirers, and he must have felt besides an internal consciousness of genius, which would effectually remove him from association with "the ingenious Mr. Keir" and the philosophical Mr. Day. Politics and religion both interfered, moreover, to keep him out of the Darwinian clique. His own creed was simple enough, and

might be summed up in the five words, "Fear God : honor the King." Theirs was much more philosophical. Whether there was a God at all, was a matter about which they were by no means certain. On the whole they thought that it was perhaps as well to admit the existence of a "Great First Cause," but they knew very little about him, and they troubled themselves still less. Instead of a religion, they had a neat philosophical system which explained everything and accounted for everything. Natural science was as yet in its infancy, but the philosophers of the eighteenth century imagined that they had explored all the secrets of nature when—to use the simile of Newton—they had picked up a few shells on the sea-shore of Eternity. It is amusing and at the same time humiliating to read the dissertations of the early chemists, with their infantile babble about "fixed air," "phlogistic and anti-phlogistic substances," and the like, and then to turn from them to the self-satisfied speculations of the Darwinian school, who seem to have imagined that they had arrived at the end of all knowledge, when in truth they were only on its threshold. Johnson unquestionably realized the limitations of human attainment, and shrank from identifying himself with an imperfect science, which began by doubting all that he believed most firmly, and which, whilst denying the existence of a living and personal God, offered a handful of chemical products as a substitute for him. Nor was his political faith less offended by the speculations of the philosophers whose cosmopolitanism was already leading them to sympathize with the enemies of their country, and who a few years later allied themselves with the forces which convulsed Europe. Whenever, therefore, he visited Lichfield, he avoided as much as possible the literary clique of which Darwin was the center. For Darwin himself, whom he met only once or twice, he entertained, according to Duppa—who in this matter repeats Anna Seward—a strong dislike, which on his part Darwin cordially returned. Nor did the dilettante science and philosophical liberalism of Miss Seward's tea-table possess any greater attractions for him. He went there now and again, but his strong sincerity and robust convictions affrighted the timid, trembling skepticism of the excessively refined lady who presided over it. Finding himself without a welcome, he remained amongst the friends of his youth, and we can perhaps hardly wonder at his choice. Miss Lucy Porter, his much-loved step-daughter, who was not ashamed to help her friend by serving behind the counter of her little shop on market days, is on the whole a more agreeable figure than Miss Anna Seward, engrossed in the composition of elaborate impromptus, to be let off for the edification of her clique at the first favorable opportunity. On her side Anna Seward fully returned Johnson's dislike, and almost contempt, and lost no opportunity of manifesting her hostility to him both before and after his death. Thus she repeatedly speaks of him by Churchill's nickname of "Pomposo ;" she calls him "the arrogant Johnson ;" asserts that he "liked only worshippers ;" and after his

death started a ridiculous and cruel story of an uncle who, she was wont to declare, had been hanged. His greatest offense in her eyes, next to his obstinate toriyism, was that he did not share her reverence for Darwin. "It is curious," she remarks in one place, "that in Dr. Johnson's various letters to Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, published by that lady after his death, many of them at different periods dated Lichfield, the name of Darwin cannot be found, nor indeed that of any of the ingenious and lettered people who lived there, whilst of its mere common-life characters there is frequent mention." \*

If, however, Johnson neglected and despised Darwin, Miss Seward fully made up for his want of appreciation. Speaking of his "Botanic Garden," which was first published in 1781, she says:

We are presented with a highly imaginative and splendidly descriptive poem, whose successive pictures alternately possess the sublimity of Michael Angelo, the correctness and elegance of Raphael, with the glow of Titian; whose landscapes have at times the strength of Salvator, and at others the softness of Claude; whose numbers are of stately grace and artful harmony; while its allusions to ancient and modern history and fable, and its interspersions of recent and extraordinary anecdotes (amongst which, by the way, is the fable of the Upas Tree), render it extremely entertaining.

Anna's enthusiasm was shared by others. Prefixed to the poem, after the fashion of the seventeenth century, are a number of commendatory verses by different writers. Unfortunately three of the five authors—the Rev. W. B. Stephens, R. Polphele, and F. N. C. Mundy—are totally forgotten. Cowper and Hayley joined in laudation of the "sweet harmonist of Flora's Court," and assured him of his right to a high place amongst the poets. "We," says Cowper—

We deem the bard, whose'er he be,  
And howsoever known,  
Who would not twine a wreath for thee,  
Unworthy of his own.

Hayley in a fanciful copy of verses describes Nature presenting Science with Darwin's poem, in which both see themselves reflected, upon which Nature exclaims,

Yes, in this mirror of the bard,  
We both embellished shine,  
And grateful will unite to guard  
An artist so divine!

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\* Yet Johnson had a very high opinion of Lichfield people. Under date 1776, Boswell writes: "He expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who he said were 'the most sober, decent people in England, the genteel in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English.' I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy," adds Boswell, "for they had several provincial sounds, as *there* pronounced like *far* instead of *fair*; *once* pronounced *woonse* instead of *unuse* or *wonse*. Johnson himself never got entirely free of these provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company and calling out, 'Who's for boonah!'"

This with delight two poets heard,  
 Time ratifies it daily;  
 Trust it, dear Darwin, on the word  
 Of Cowper and of Hayley.

The "Botanic Garden," concerning which these pretty things were said, is dead now beyond all hope of resurrection, and it would be utterly forgotten were it not for the immortal parody of its second part—the "Loves of the Plants"—which Canning, Gifford, and Frere contributed to the *Anti-Jacobin* under the title of the "Loves of the Triangles." As Mr. Hannay, a fine critic, whose genius was wasted in journalism, has remarked, "Other poems live in spite of ridicule; Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants' in consequence of it. The Attic salt of his enemies has preserved his reputation." Turning back to it, one wonders how such frigid, tawdry, turgid stuff could ever have found readers and admirers. Yet it was singularly successful in its day. The booksellers paid the author a great price for it—Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck says, for the copyright or for the edition, she is not sure which—ten shillings a line,\* and brought it out in a sumptuous fashion, with costly botanical plates and illustrations after Fuseli. Cowper honored it with a criticism in the *Analytical Review*, which mainly serves to prove that a great poet may be but a second-rate critic—especially when he praises a brother poet for excellencies to which he himself makes no pretension. The distinctive merits of Cowper's poetry are its directness, simplicity, and naturalness. Darwin's poetry is the very reverse of all this, and accordingly we find Cowper praising the "fine writing" of the "Botanic Garden." "The descriptions are," he says, "luminous as language selected with the finest taste can make them, meeting the eye with a boldness of projection unattainable by any hand but that of a master." Cowper's accustomed fine sense of propriety seems, indeed, to have wholly deserted him in writing this review. He selects, for example, as a matter for special commendation, Darwin's expression "eyetipt horns" as applied to the snail, and declares that an ordinary writer would not have said so much in half a dozen labored couplets—which may be true, but which, considering that the impression which it is designed to convey is utterly inaccurate, is wholly beside the question.

Mathias, "the nameless bard" of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and author of the "Pursuits of Literature," criticises the "Botanic Garden" with much more justice. In the course of one of his voluminous notes he says:

I wish men would peruse the treatise "*De Causis Corruptionis Eloquentiæ*" before they attempt by prettinesses, glittering words, points, conceits, and forced

\* The "Botanic Garden" contains 4,334 lines, which at this rate would make the copy money £2,167. Mr. Charles Darwin says that he has heard his father say that a thousand guineas were paid before publication for the part which was published last, i.e. for the "Economy of Vegetation," which contains rather more than one half of the poem.

thoughts, to sacrifice propriety and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case when writers in prose or verse (if I may be allowed to use Sancho's phrase a little metaphorically) "want better bread than is made of wheat." Modern ears are absolutely debauched by such poetry as Dr. Darwin's, which marks the decline of simplicity and true taste in this country. It is to England what Seneca's prose was to Rome. "Abundant dulcibus vitilis." Dryden and Pope are the standards of excellence in this species of writing in our language, and when young minds are rightly instituted in their works, they may without much danger read such glittering verses as Dr. Darwin's. They will then perceive the distortion of the sentiment and the harlotry of the ornaments. It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would, in the words of a true poet, "Look through Nature up to Nature's God." Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy, but I will not cease to repeat that good writing and good poetry require something more.

The origin of the "Botanic Garden" was somewhat curious. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the Linnæan system of botany began to make its way amongst scientific men, and Darwin was one of the first to take it up. His zeal in the matter was, however less contagious than might have been expected, and of all the coterie of Lichfield he succeeded in enlisting only two recruits for his botanical society. These were Sir Brooke Boothby, and a proctor of the Cathedral Close—one Jackson, whom Anna Seward calls a "turgid and solemn coxcomb," but of whom we know nothing more. The three formed the Botanic Society of Lichfield, and regularly published "Transactions" after a fashion which created an impression in other quarters that that sleepy little city was really a headquarters of scientific research. In process of time Darwin thought it desirable to establish a garden for experimental and scientific purposes, and for this he had a model ready to his hand. Mr. Sneyd, of Belmont, father to two of Richard Lovell Edgeworth's wives, possessed a remarkably picturesque garden on his moorland property. It consisted of a deep glen amidst the rocks, through which a mountain stream made its way. This glen he caused to be cleared out and planted, while at the bottom he excavated a chain of small lakes communicating with each other and fed by the stream. These lakes covered an area of about five acres, though they were nowhere more than seventy feet wide, and at the end of the glen the water fell over a rocky cascade of some forty feet in height. On the model of this garden Darwin laid out "a little wild umbrageous valley," in the immediate neighborhood of Lichfield. It is worth while to quote a sentence or two from Miss Seward's account of this garden:

"It was," she says, "irriguous from various springs, and swampy from their plenitude. A mossy fountain, of the purest and coldest water imaginable, had near a century back induced the inhabitants of Lichfield to build a cold bath in the bosom of the vale. That, till the doctor took it into his possession, was the only mark of human industry which could be found in the tangled and sequestered scene. One of its native features had long excited the attention of the curious: a rock which in the central depth of the glen drops perpetually about three times in a minute. Aquatic plants border its top and branch from its fissures. No length of summer drought abates, no rains increase, its humidity; no frost congeals its droppings," etc.

To this paradise Miss Seward was accustomed to resort, and by her own account on her first visit she wrote an invocation beginning

Oh come not here, ye proud whose breasts infold  
Th' insatiate wish of glory or of gold,

and extending over twenty-three couplets. The verses were presented to Darwin by the author, and elicited from him the declaration that they ought to form the exordium of a great work.

"The Linnæan system," said he, "is unexplored poetic ground, and an happy subject for the muse. It affords fine scope for poetic landscape; it suggests metamorphoses of the Ovidian kind, though reversed. Ovid made men and women into flowers, plants, and trees. You should make flowers, plants, and trees into men and women. I will write the notes, which must be scientific, and you shall write the verse."

Miss Seward replied with engaging modesty that the subject was not a proper one for a "female pen," and begged him to undertake the work, which, after a due amount of pressing, he at length consented to do. The forty-six lines composed by Miss Seward were, with some alterations, incorporated in the exordium of the first part of the "Botanic Garden," and published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and afterwards in the Annual Register with Darwin's name. As it was not until after his death that Miss Seward laid claim to these verses, and as the details she gives on other points are curiously inaccurate, it is possible that there may have been some mistake in the matter, and that these verses, as well as the remainder of the poem, may be Darwin's own property. The whole matter is, however, confused and inexplicable, and may probably be set down as one of Miss Seward's romances.

As a poem the "Botanic Garden" has been praised too highly, and laughed at with too little mercy. Its form lent itself readily to satire, and the genius of Canning and his colleagues of the Anti-Jacobin has made the "Loves of the Triangles" immortal. It may, however, be doubted whether they would have troubled themselves with the absurdities of the "Loves of the Plants," had not the author belonged to that school of English politicians who sympathized with the French Revolution, who clamored for parliamentary reform, who applauded the secession of the American colonists, and whose zeal for liberty was so great as not unfrequently to degenerate into licentiousness. If Darwin had refrained from eulogizing Franklin, sneering at kings, and praising the "new morality," he might, with impunity, have carried on his eternal personifications and have published the eccentric notes by which he explains them. In that case, however, the poem would have passed into oblivion even sooner than it did. At its best it is about on a level with a fairly good Newdigate prize poem; at its worst it is dreary bathos. It is easy to understand the indignation with which Gifford or Canning would receive a passage like the



lowing (from the second canto of the "Economy of Vegetation"), which may serve to illustrate the politics of the author:

So, borne on sounding pinions to the West,  
When tyrant Power had built his eagle-nest ;  
While from the eyry shrieked the famished brood,  
Clenched their sharp claws and champed their beaks for blood,  
Immortal Franklin watched the callow crew,  
And stabbed the struggling vampires ere they flew.

The patriot flame with quick contagion ran,  
Hill lighted hill and man electrized man ;  
Her heroes slain, awhile Columbia mourned,  
And, crowned with laurels, Liberty returned.  
The warrior Liberty, with bending sails,  
Helm'd his bold course to fair Hibernia's vales ;

Firm as he steps along the shouting lands,  
Lo ! Truth and Virtue range their radiant bands ;  
Sad Superstition wails her empire torn,  
Art plies his oar and Commerce pours her horn.

Long had the giant form on Gallia's plains  
Inglorious slept, unconscious of his chains ;  
Round his large limbs were wound a thousand strings  
By the weak hands of confessors and kings !  
O'er his closed eyes a triple veil was bound,  
And steely rivets locked him in the ground ;  
While stern Bastille with iron cage inthralls  
His folded limbs and hems in marble walls.  
—Touched by the patriot flame, he rent, amazed,  
The flimsy bonds, and round and round him gazed ;  
Starts up from earth above the admiring throng,  
Lifts his colossal form and towers along ;  
High o'er his foes his hundred arms he rears,  
Plowshares his swords and pruning-hooks his spear ;  
Calls to the good and brave with voice that rolls  
Like heaven's own thunder round the echoing poles ;—  
Gives to the winds his banner broad unfurled,  
And gathers in its shade the living world !

A passage such as this, published while all Europe was trembling beneath the shock of the French Revolution, naturally aroused the wrath of English constitutionalists, and when they found, two or three pages back, such lines as the following, a burlesque suggested itself as a matter of course:

Gnomes ! as you now dissect with hammers fine  
The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine ;  
Grind with strong arm the circling chertz betwixt  
Your pure kaolins and petuntses mixt ;  
O'er each red saggar's burning cave preside,  
The keen-eyed fire-nymphs blazing by your side.

The poetic taste of the time was in truth at a miserably low ebb, and those who professed to be its arbiters seem to have been at least as ignorant as their pupils. Witness the following criticism by Horace Walpole:

The "Triumph of Flora," beginning at the fifty-ninth line, is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined ; and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and

comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos are, in my opinion, the most sublime passages in any author or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted.

These are certainly big words, and when we remember what English literature can boast in the matter of sublimity, we look with some curiosity to discover what it is which so enraptured the critic of Strawberry Hill. It will perhaps excite some amusement in the reader's mind to discover that the sublimest passage in literature in his opinion was the following:

"Let there be light!" proclaimed the Almighty Lord,  
 Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;  
 Through all his realms the kindling ether runs,  
 And the mass starts into a million suns;  
 Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,  
 And second planets issue from the first;  
 Bend as they journey with projectile force,  
 In bright ellipses, their reluctant course;  
 Orbs wheel in orbs, round centers centers roll,  
 And form self-balanced one revolving whole.  
 Onward they move amid their bright abode,  
 Space without bound, the bosom of their God!

In its way this passage may be admitted to be not without force, but it is the force of rhetoric rather than of poetry, and, curiously enough, it may be paralleled in half a dozen places in the volume. And as the really striking passages are few and far between, whilst page after page is filled with technicalities and personifications, it is easy to understand why the great popularity of the poem rapidly passed away. Darwin failed as a poet, not from any deficiency of learning or through any want of power to master the technical mysteries of the poetic art, but because he started on a false theory. Miss Edgeworth says that he had an idea that poetry consists in "painting to the ear," by which not very lucid phrase she apparently intended to say that the poet's task is to do by words what the painter does with his colors and canvas. If Darwin ever expressed himself to this effect, it needs no elaborate argument to prove that he knew but half the domain of the poet, and that of that loftier part of his mission which deals with human passion and human affection he had no idea whatever. Now, as a very acute critic has remarked of another didactic poet, "no poetry can maintain its ground unless it deal with either the heart or the intellect," and it cannot be said that the "Botanic Garden," laborious and learned though it be, touches either the one or the other. Science and fiction are jumbled together, but the admixture is, to use a Darwinian metaphor, mechanical and not chemical. The poetical machinery is at best a clumsy and laborious allegory, so enigmatical in character as to render necessary a constant reference to the notes; absurd in itself, and beyond conception wearisome through its repetitions. As another writer has observed:

Darwin had the eye and the ear of a poet, and the creative mind; but his

writings have served to show that these are of little avail without the heart, and the heart was wanting in him.

One other point appears to call for remark. Darwin's theories of versification were very singular. Miss Seward mentions that he "ever maintained a preference of Akenside's blank verse to Milton's;" he had also a contempt for sonnets, especially for those of Milton, though it might have been thought that those on "The Late Massacre in Piedmont," "On his Blindness," and "On his Deceased Wife" were majestic enough in rhythm and cadence even for a poet who placed those qualities in the first place; and, finally, he fancied he could improve upon the versification of Pope by exceeding him in polish and by making every line as sonorous as possible—a process which, when applied to mean and commonplace matters, has a curiously ludicrous effect. No better illustration of his failure in this respect could be afforded than the passage descriptive of Brindley's labors in connection with internal navigation, a passage which, we may remark by the way, Miss Seward describes as "supremely happy:"

So, with strong arm, immortal Brindley leads  
His long canals and parts the velvet meads;  
Winding in lucid lines the watery mass  
Mines the firm rock or loads the deep morass;  
With rising locks a thousand rills alarms;  
Flings o'er a thousand streams its silver arms;  
Feeds the long vale, the nodding woodland laves,  
And Plenty, Arts, and Commerce freight the waves.

Following these prosaic verses comes a long prose description of a monument which Darwin suggested as an appropriate adornment to the cathedral of Lichfield, while at the foot of the page is a note dilating upon the scandal of leaving so great a man unhonored. The incongruity of all this with the purpose of poetry hardly requires to be pointed out, but the explanation of its appearance is simple enough. Darwin was an enthusiastic admirer of Brindley and his engineering schemes, and took a very practical interest in their execution. At one time he even went so far as to contemplate the construction at his own cost of a small canal to connect Lichfield with the Grand Trunk at Fradley Heath, which, according to his grandson, was to have been only a foot deep and to have borne only boats of four or five tons, burden, which could be dragged by a man. That scheme was abandoned, but the existing canal was in a great measure due to his initiative.

Thirteen years after the publication of the "Botanic Garden," Darwin produced his "Zoonomia; or, the Laws of Organic Life," a work in which speculation and empiricism are curiously mingled. He seems to have been perpetually engaged in contemplation of the mysteries of generation and reproduction, but it cannot be said that his guesses are invariably happy. Thus, in one place he maintains that man was originally an oyster, sprung into being by chance, and that

by time alone he became first an amphibious and then a terrestrial animal. In the "Zoonomia" he threw over all speculations of this kind. The design of this book was to reform the system of medicine, by putting forth a new science of life. Henceforward the origin of humanity was to be traced to "filaments." He does not recognize a God, though in his posthumous poem, "The Temple of Nature," he makes patronizing reference to the Great First Cause; and his creed at the "Botanic Garden" and "Zoonomia" period may best be judged by what we learn from his contemporaries. Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, in the interesting fragment of autobiography which was published by her family a few years ago, allows us to see with tolerable clearness what his views really were. It is hardly necessary to say that he laughed at the idea of Christianity. On one occasion some person expressed a hope that he would one day accept it, and in reply he said: "Before I do, you Christians must be all agreed. This morning I received two parcels, one containing a work of Dr. Priestley's proving that there is no spirit, the other a work by Berkeley, proving that there is no matter. What am I to believe among you all?" From such a man it is obvious that the religious sense was in some way absent, and he certainly lost no opportunity of proving that it was. Consulted on one occasion by the friends of a devout young lady in very delicate health, he recommended them to "toss her religious books into the fire except 'Quarles's Emblems,' which may make her laugh." He further lost no opportunity of declaring himself a materialist in the grosser sense of the term. He often used to say, we learn from Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, that "man is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal, and one placed in a material world, which alone furnishes all that the human animal can desire. He is gifted, besides, with knowing faculties, practically to explore and apply the resources of the world to his use. These are realities. All else is nothing. Conscience and sentiment are but mere figments of the imagination. Man has but five gates of knowledge, the five senses. He can know nothing but through them; all else is a vain fancy; and as for the being of a God, the existence of a soul, or a world to come, who can know anything about them? Depend upon it, my dear madam, these are only the bugbears by which men of sense govern fools; nothing is real that is not an object of sense."\*

It is hardly necessary in this place to vindicate the spiritual nature of man. A doctrine so universally implanted in the human mind is not likely to be destroyed because a handful of "philosophers," whose vanity is at least equal to their attainments, choose to invent a new god for themselves. Nor can it be said that Dr. Darwin's new

\* Mr. Darwin disputes Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's accuracy in this as in other matters. It may be that, writing as she did after the lapse of many years, she may have fallen into some errors of detail, but of her general truthfulness it is impossible to entertain a doubt.

theories were much to be preferred to the old. His notion, as developed in the "*Zoonomia*," is that all life originates in sensitive filaments. "Give me," he says, "a fiber susceptible of irritation, and I will make a tree, a dog, a horse, a man." Elsewhere he says ("*Zoonomia*," vol. i. 493):

I conceive the primordium or rudiment of the embryo, as secreted from the blood of the parent, to consist in a single living filament as a muscular fiber which I suppose to be the extremity of a nerve of locomotion, as a fiber of the retina is the extremity of a nerve of sensation; as for instance one of the fibrils which compose the mouth of an absorbent vessel. I suppose this living filament of whatever form it may be, whether sphere, cube, or cylinder, to be endued with the capacity of being excited into action by certain kinds of stimulus. By the stimulus of the surrounding fluid in which it is received from the male, it may bend into a ring and thus form the beginning of a tube. This living ring may now embrace or absorb a nutritive particle of the fluid in which it swims, and by drawing it into its pores, or joining it by compression to its extremities, may increase its own length or crassitude, and by degrees the living ring may become a living tube. With this new organization or accretion of parts, new kinds of irritability may commence.

And so on. Enough has probably been quoted, however, to show the nature of the philosophy which this materialistic leader professed. We need not attempt a discussion of its value. Voltaire, in a famous passage of not very decent sarcasm, has said all that is necessary on this subject. Nor need we trouble ourselves very much about some other speculations of the same kind in which Darwin indulged. He may be found, for example, speaking with approbation of a philosopher—unnamed, but presumably himself—who thought it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers or stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosed themselves from the parent plant. From these he imagines that other insects may have been formed in the course of a long period of time, some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws from their ceaseless efforts to procure food or to protect themselves from injury. "None of these changes," he adds, "are more incomprehensible than the transformation of tadpoles into frogs or caterpillars into butterflies."

In spite of all the apparent philosophy of these speculations it may be doubted whether Darwin possessed a really scientific mind. The ideas upon which his "*Botanic Garden*" is based were derived entirely from a study of the Linnæan system, and—not to speak pro-analy—that immortal work itself is apt to remind the reader of those histories of England in rhyme which enterprising schoolmistresses indite with the object of assisting the feeble memories of their pupils. The religious and moral reflections of these latter specimens of "goody" literature have their counterpart in the outbursts of rather weary skepticism—religious and political—in which the "*Botanic Garden*" abounds. Nor is much more to be said for the imagined identity of animal and vegetable life, which Darwin appears to conceive to have been completely made out. That Nature is a great and harmonious whole was known long before the philosophers of the eighteenth century began to speculate concerning her operations. A

hundred and fifty years before, one Francis Bacon, enlarging upon an idea which was familiar enough to the students of the Platonic philosophy, had worked upon these lines, and it is impossible to think the theories of development and evolution, as propounded in the passages quoted above, either a legitimate deduction from or a worthy completion of the Baconian idea. In these speculative matters, as in the practical work of his profession, it is to be feared that Erasmus Darwin must be pronounced an empiric after all. The present generation can only judge him by his books, and it must be admitted that they do not afford the reader a very high idea of his genius as a physician. He is, it is true, accredited with many wonderful cures. He jumped into celebrity, for example, at Lichfield, by the treatment of one Mr. Ings, who had been given over as dying by the local practitioner. Darwin reversed the treatment and saved the patient. Another case was that of a lady who was suffering from internal hemorrhage. It is related by Miss Seward, with a very circumstantial account of her own offer to allow the doctor to take from her sufficient blood for the operation of transfusion. Darwin found that the London physicians had been treating her with stimulants—wine, brandy, and so forth—and keeping her upon the strongest food, in its most concentrated form, with the natural result of increasing the hemorrhage. He adopted a milk diet, with abstinence from wine and everything that was likely to set up inflammatory action, and he succeeded in effecting a cure. The ulceration, from which the bleeding had arisen, had time to heal, and nature to reassert itself. For the rest his practice would seem to have been pretty much that of his contemporaries, though he was certainly in advance of the majority of them on questions of sanitary science, such as ventilation, drainage, and pure water. He appears to have even antedated the modern practice with regard to the administration of stimulants in cases of fever, but his remedies seem to the non-professional reader of "*Zoonomia*" somewhat startling in their severity. He was a great believer in the value of bleeding, and his lancet was constantly in requisition. Even in his own case he used it repeatedly for the relief of angina pectoris—a disease which would be treated by modern physicians with the strongest stimulants. Miss Seward gives a long and circumstantial account of the manner of his death, and of his personal appearance during the latter part of his life. Some of the details have been repudiated by his family, but sufficient is left unchallenged to prove that the frequent bleedings to which he had subjected himself had seriously injured his constitution. According to her story he was actually entreating his wife and daughter to bleed him at the very moment of his death. That part of the tale may fairly be dismissed as another example of Miss Seward's too fertile imagination. All that is necessary to record in this place is that he died somewhat suddenly on the 18th of April, 1802, in his seventy-first year, at Breadsall

Priory, near Derby, where he had been living during the last two years of his life.

His wife placed over his tomb, in Breadsall Church, a tablet recording "the rare union of talents which so eminently distinguished him as a physician, a poet, and a philosopher," of which she believed that his writings would remain "a public and unfading testimony." The latest of his admirers, Herr Krause, offers an interesting comment on this anticipation in the excellent monograph on Darwin's scientific writings, which has recently been introduced to English readers by Mr. W. S. Dallas.

"Erasmus Darwin's system," he says, "was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge, which his grandson has opened up for us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy."

*Temple Bar.*

Handwritten notes at bottom right: "H. S. Dallas" and "1881"









